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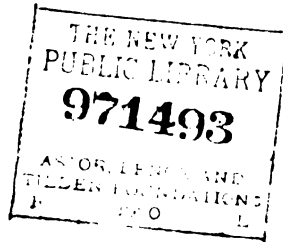
VOLUME XXIV.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE
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VOL. XXIV.

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No. 1.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION.*

EVEN our busy, thrifty modern world finds time to reproduce the old books of devotion; besides giving us occasionally a new one which is earnestly welcomed by all who would be rich towards God. For the most part, the old are better than the new; indeed, it is no disparagement even of a book so precious as "The Still Hour" to say, that the old are always better, for in our times it is the left hand that writes the Meditations and Prayers, whilst the right hand holds the microscope, or the geologist's hammer, or perhaps unwinds the telegraphic wire which is to girdle the solid earth. We gladly recognize a favorable sign of our religious times in the appearance during the last month of a new American edition of the Confessions of St. Augustine. This is a fresh indication of the want which has called forth such books as the *Theologia Germanica*, the *Lyra Catholica* and *Germanica*, and has multiplied editions of Thomas à Kempis, Herbert, and Keble.

* The Confessions of Augustine. Edited, with an Introduction, by William T. G. Shedd. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

It is now some time since the religious life of our community began to manifest itself in this direction. What was indiscriminatingly called Transcendentalism, and denounced as simply destructive or hopelessly visionary, was to a very large extent the expression of a healthy and most Christian desire to realize the life of God in the soul of man, to enter into a real communion with Him who is always with us, to pass through creeds and forms, and even to go beyond the "Christ after the flesh," and find Him who is God over all forever blessed, the Perfection of all beauty, Truth and Love absolute and unchanging, yet also the Life of our lives and the Soul of our souls, to abide in which is blessedness, to depart from which is death. We are firmly persuaded that great good has already come, and that far more good is still to come, from the positive element in that movement so perplexing to many, and so unhappy in some ill-considered denials. It was an unspeakable relief from the dryness and coldness which afflicted our churches, both the orthodox and the heterodox, and made hearts that would believe and love as sad as the hearts of our New-England husbandmen must have been, until the former and the latter rains, falling together in sweet summer showers, revived the earth and put an end to the drought of this year's spring-time. And many, who in these days of confusion and transition wandered far from the old paths which the feet of the saintly have pressed for ages, are now gladly and thankfully returning, and the faith which they find again will be richer and infinitely more satisfying than the faith which they lost; the old forms will be filled with a spirit such as never animated them before. The mistake was in casting away the traditions of the past, instead of seeking to verify them in the heart's experience, — a mistake, by the way, which man seems destined to repeat in all ages; but which never proves fatal for those who are of the truth.

We desire distinctly to commend and express our delight in the tendency which multiplies books of devotion side by side with new discussions of Trinity and Atonement, and the

philanthropic appeals with which the platforms resound, and our newspapers are crowded. Of course it is a tendency which may easily become extreme. It is so common for those who do not care to keep the Second Table, which enjoins the love of man, to betake themselves most assiduously to the First Table, which enjoins the love of God, that a warning against such self-deception or hypocrisy is no better than a commonplace. Unquestionably, it is too often the case that persons who shrink from the cross which practical Christianity imposes are tempted to substitute devoutness for righteousness, and retire to luxurious apartments to read elegantly-bound *Meditations* and *Confessions*, when they ought to be abroad testifying in some manly or womanly way for truth and humanity. It is to be feared that not a few lives which were rich in the beginning with aspirations, and even purposes, have passed first into dreamy slumber, and then into torpor and spiritual death, through "leaving the other undone." Another peril, that of running into mysticism, against which we are sometimes warned, can hardly be a very serious one in our bustling superficial age. Where railroads, and factories, and telegraphs so abound, the mystics will be very few. Asceticism, too, will scarcely make itself felt beyond the forty days of a very mild Lent. And it should always be remembered that the *affections*, even when they are stimulated to the pitch of excitement, are easily brought under the beneficent control of reason, good judgment, and knowledge, and will redeem the whole being, and consecrate the outward life, whilst the *passions* promote bigotry and bitterness, and lead on to madness. The command to *love* God with all the heart can be safely obeyed. To abide in love is peace and blessedness; to abide in fear is to be compassed about by the terrors of hell.

It would require a volume to point out with any fulness of detail the great benefits which would be secured for our Christianity by more abundant acts of meditation and prayer, and a more faithful use of sacred times. We can only very briefly indicate a few of them.

1. "*I called upon the Lord, and the Lord answered me.*"

We are satisfied that no amount or weight of evidence for the being and glory of God will in any way compensate for the assurance that comes through praying. As man is to be distinguished from the brute by the mystery of self-consciousness, — the fact that the mind makes itself an object of thought and knowledge, — so the true child of God is to be distinguished from the merely natural man by a consciousness of God, a direct inward vision of Him through the "light that is within us," like that which brings the outward world before the mind through the eye, which is "the light of the body." If I have called upon God and know that I have been heard, as indeed the spirit can know, — if I not only have the *idea* of a Perfect Being, but am wonderfully helped and comforted when I turn aside from my outward work to commune with an Invisible Person, a Real Presence of Majesty and Love, — then I am a believer indeed; and though I may be greatly edified by the tokens of this Invisible God in nature and providence, I do not depend upon these for my persuasions, and when the life around me offers only mysteries, the soul does not lose its confidence, or quit its hold upon the Unseen and Ever Present. If we would know God, we must put ourselves in his way. If we would hear him knocking at the door of the heart, we must keep still and listen. It is true, indeed, that the religious convictions which come to us in this way are not matters of demonstration, and cannot be pressed upon others, whether they are prepared and inclined to receive them or not. Are there any religious convictions of this sort? Does the Holy Spirit ever delegate his office? But what is not matter of demonstration may be matter of testimony, and may stir up souls that are willing to be instructed, to make trial of the Infinite Love which ever broods over us. Moreover, the consolations of prayer are facts which call for some reasonable explanation. Who is it that so builds us up? Is it an exaltation of your own spirit which makes you as it were a God unto yourself, so that you are really

praying to yourself? That may be if the dearest experience of human life is founded upon an illusion, if prayer is only a form of meditation, if there are really no hearing ear, seeing eye, and helping hand of the Great God. The child's way of finding out whether father or mother is present is to call, Father!—Mother!—to call till an answer comes, or until it is plain that there can be no answer. So it should be in our search after the Father in heaven. If men took one half as much pains to find God as they expend upon the objects of human knowledge, He would presently be a reality again in his own world; that which is perfect would come, and that which is in part would be done away. Of course we can look for no such precious results from any mere saying of prayers and droning of litanies, or uttering of pious commonplaces, that, full as they once were of meaning, are insignificant from our lips;—it is the heart that must speak, and we must tell the Father, in the most artless manner, and as much in detail as we please, just what is upon the mind, trying to turn full round and gaze into his face. There is a solid reality here, quite independent of physical excitement, of any mere fancies or imaginings. The spirit within us answers to the spirit above us. For the time, at least, the darkness and estrangement come to an end. In our humble earthly, human way we are at one with God. The everlasting reality of the Divine Sonship gains yet another instance on earth and in time; the Second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, is again incarnated; and one who has only borne the image of the earthy bears also the image of the heavenly. The business of the outward life tends continually to draw us away from the true centre, and to obscure the vision which we may have of the Perfect One; we must come to ourselves by a distinct effort of the soul; and when we truly come to ourselves, our first desire is to get back to the Father whom we left, and our first journey must be that way. We do not intend the least disparagement of those fascinating studies by means of which we read in the outward world the very

mind of God. It is instructive and cheering to know that the least and the greatest bear one and the same testimony to that supreme Wisdom and Love; but it is a fact beyond all dispute that they who would find the highest God, the infinitely glorious in nature, must already have Him in their own hearts; only the Son in us can reveal the Father, only the Son is the way to the Father, and many — alas! how many in our day! — trace creation o'er and find it to be a *Kosmos*, a thing of wondrous beauty, and yet scarcely find God in all; certainly no God that they cannot refrain from speaking of; certainly not the God that David found when he considered the heavens the work of the Divine fingers, the moon and the stars which He had ordained; certainly not the loving Creator and sacred Providence revealed to the follower of Christ, wherever the birds fly and the lilies bloom. When the heart is right in the sight of God, the least blade of grass will be a sermon upon the Divine Being and Glory, whilst to the dull and unilluminated soul a whole library of Bridgewater Treatises will avail nothing. An inspired psalm or hymn, awakening a response in the soul, brings us nearer to God than a sunset or a flower. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" to the heart which is open to God. The Lord who rejoices in his works admits us to share his joy. Of course one will hardly begin to pray until he has some measure of faith in prayer; but when we have once entered upon this inward life, every step forward is a step away from darkness into light, every earnest meditation makes God more real to us, we lessen by just so much the distance between ourselves and Him, for the distance is exactly proportioned to our forgetfulness. Only continue in prayer, and atheism, speculative and practical, will be impossible.

2. Another service which is rendered by books of devotion besides this revelation of God, is in the aid which they afford us in the construction of what is strictly called Theology, that is, a true doctrine of God. When we leave the treatises upon controversial divinity and take up Thomas à Kempis, Tauler,

St. Augustine, we are all at one. So we all accept and rejoice in the Bible, and are always willing to let it speak for us whenever the words are treated with any sort of fairness, because the Bible is so pre-eminently the book of the Spirit, the soul and not the body of divinity, addressing the heart so much more than the understanding, and giving great quickening affirmations and objective facts, not propositions and definitions. So we all sing the same hymns, though we cannot repeat the same creeds. Our single question about a theology is this: *Can you pray it?* No matter though you can argue about it with the utmost sharpness of analysis and cogency of logic, no matter though you can marshal Scripture texts this way and that, in support of it, no matter even though it seems to have on its side the vote of nominal Christendom,—if you cannot pray it, if it is not the truth of truths to you in your hour of solemn communion with God, if you cannot conclude it inevitably from what the heart craves and rejoices in with joy unspeakable, then you have not yet struck the rock under your feet which will never be shaken, or escaped from the winds of doctrine into the still air of the believer's rest. We see no end to the dispute about Trinity and Unity so long as men give themselves to mere logic fence, and fling texts at each other. "My Father is greater than I," quotes A. "I and my Father are one," quotes B. "The Word was God," quotes B. "Yes!" responds A; "but the article is wanting in the Greek,—not *the* God,—divine, but not the Supreme Being." So we go on, to the weariness of many, and the conviction, one way or another, of but few. Turn to the books of devotion,—take up *the* Book of Devotion, and treat it as such,—not as an armory from which you are to draw weapons of offence and defence, but as a garden of delights and a fruitful vineyard, where the soul is to be fed upon that which is really good,—and somehow the confusions and oppositions are at an end. The soul finds its present God,—finds Him in the Father, by the Son, through the Holy Spirit, one glorious Personality,—and

the mission which the Gospel begins and finishes is a mission of the Comforter. Every devout man believes that there is, and ever has been, and ever will be, so to speak, a human side of Supreme Deity; that human side is the Word, that by which the Absolute and Eternal utters himself; — were there no Word forever in God, an essential element in the Divine nature, God would not be a Father; but since there is a Word in the beginning, God is a Father in the beginning, and creates the Son in the beginning, to be the object of his love, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, and all time and space manifestations point to, struggle towards, and culminate in the perfect Sonship; the mystery of human life, the problem of human history, is solved when the Desire of the nations appears, and human eyes see and human ears hear One, who, though found in fashion as a man, is ever in the bosom of the Father, disclosing Him to the world without any hinderance of selfishness. The coming of the Son is the central fact of man's history, — a Gospel indeed; men who saw it with their own eyes told the tale to their children, and they again to theirs, and all humanity has been redeemed, inasmuch as he was human, very man. But glorious as this Gospel of one Son, in whom humanity was exalted to the right hand of the Father, is found to be, yet the devout Christian does not live by a departed and historic Christ, by recalling his words and studying his doctrines; that Master commended his disciples to the Ever-present God, for whose special and peculiar coming into the world He had in some mysterious and to himself very suffering way prepared, — they were to do nothing, indeed they do not seem to have been prompted to do anything, in furtherance of their great work, before they had been brought into communion with the Spirit, and that presence is variously and convertibly described as the Father in us, the Son in us, the Spirit in us, and we worship the God whom we know to be a Father because we have seen Him in the Son, and we worship Him in spirit, and so in truth, as with us and in us

in very deed. Here is no confusion of persons. Here is no division of the Divine Essence. Here is no worshipping of a creature. Here is no glorying in a man, no following of one, who, however good and wise, comes in his own name. Here is a God who has become *for us* living and loving, helpful and present, because we have been baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Now read what the author of the *Theologia Germanica* writes of our relation to God through Christ: "How shall my fall be amended? It must be healed as Adam's fall was healed, and on the self-same wise. By whom, and on what wise, was that healing brought to pass? Mark this: man could not without God, and God should not without man. Wherefore God took human nature or manhood upon himself, and was made man, and man was made divine. Thus the healing was brought to pass. So also must my fall be healed. I cannot do the work without God, and God may not or will not without me; for if it shall be accomplished, *in me, too, God must be made man*; in such sort that God must take to himself all that is in me, within and without, so that there may be nothing in me which striveth against God or hindereth his work. Now if God took to himself all men that are in the world, or ever were, and were made man in them, and they were made divine in him, and this work were not fulfilled in me, my fall and my wandering would never be amended except it were fulfilled in me also." Now any one may see at a glance that this is a totally different thing from hearing Christ as our Great Teacher, or from meditating upon Christ as our Great Exemplar, — that it proposes salvation to us upon the one condition that we will believe in the Lord, and suffer the Spirit which "they who believe on him should receive" to come and dwell in our hearts. Tell me that all this will be verified by the experience of the earnest and devout seeker, and you tell me a profound and most precious truth, the real *medulla theologiæ*, or marrow of theology. Tell me, on the other hand, that some inferences of yours

from this Christian doctrine of God, some inferences as to three Divine and coequal and proper Personalities (what must ever be, as it seems to us, to the mass of men, three Gods), are just as emphatically indorsed by the experience of the pious, and that only the evil heart of unbelief can question them; and I say, You dogmatize, you have left the oratory, and entered the school of science and debate; I cannot *pray* to three, only to the One who is in all and over all. So far as the *Theologia Germanica*, the ancient book of meditation, goes, we follow with the whole heart; it is theology for us as well as for the old German world. When men are on the whole exemplary, but do not love to pray, we may be sure that there is something wrong in their theology; their God is not a being to whom it avails to pray. Presently, under the stress of life, they are surprised, as it were, into a genuine act of devotion, into praying a real prayer; and if they continue to plead and confess, their theology will be growing richer and richer; it will gather up the affirmations and pregnant clauses of the most various creeds, it will be more orthodox than orthodoxy, and more rational than rationalism, — a true Gospel harmony, a veritable concord of the ages, — the wisdom of the child indeed, and yet of the child of God, who has been led by the Spirit into all truth, and so can not only confute the doctors, but shall even judge angels, and say, “Though an angel from heaven should teach any other doctrine, let him be accursed!” Find for us thirty-nine books of devotion, and they shall be our thirty-nine articles: and yet there is no need, for who shall take better care of the Church of God than the Lord and his Apostles took of it, leaving behind them no thirty-nine articles? — and how plain is it that unbelief, coldness, deadness, shelter themselves behind articles as securely as anywhere else, — indeed, purchase for themselves the freedom to question and scoff by ever-renewed acts of subscription, and by nominal assents?

3. One more advantage to be gained from books of devotion must be just hinted at. By making God real to us, they

make our souls strong for obedience to the Divine commandments. The precepts of the Gospel would be utterly disheartening, were it not for the Life of the Gospel, the Grace which is by Christ Jesus. It is easy to say to men, Work ! but how, — with what motives, helps, and encouragements ? If we would follow the Saviour, it must be in the strength of the bread which comes down from heaven. Jesus says to us continually : “ If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.” What the persuasion of a fate or destiny is to the natural hero, the Gentile warrior, the sense of the unseen Presence is to the Christian. “ I am sure and certain,” said Luther, — and if he could not have said it he would not have been Luther, — “ when I go up to the pulpit, or to the cathedral, to preach or read, that it is not my word which I speak, but my tongue is the pen of a ready writer, as the Psalmist says. The holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Therefore we must not separate nor part God and man according to our natural reason and understanding. In like manner, every hearer must conclude and say, I hear not St. Paul, St. Peter, or a man speak ; but I hear God himself speak, baptize, absolve, excommunicate, and administer the holy sacrament of the Lord’s Supper.” “ Ah, God ! ” added he, “ what an unspeakable comfort a poor, weak, and sorrowful conscience might have and receive, if it could but believe that such words and comforts were the words and comforts of God himself, as in truth they are ! ” Now it is a law of our spiritual life, that if we would find God and abide in God we must seek him, — a law of which the most perfect humanity, the Divine Man, afforded the completest illustration. He in whom God dwelt ever sought God, — praying by night as he labored by day. “ *And as He prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered.* ” Mystery as it is, it is none the less a recorded fact, and it must not

be sacrificed to any theories. What the sinless Christ needed — at least craved — must be indispensable to us in our alienation. Otherwise, God is little better than a name or an abstraction. St. Augustine says: — If I said to my soul in my time of affliction, *Trust in God!* she very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, being a man, was both truer and better than that phantasm she was bid to trust in." When men have really learned to pray, God is no more a phantasm, but an almighty and most helpful Person, whose human image is Christ. What our generation needs to be reminded of continually is this, — that "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God;" that prayerfulness is one of the remedies, and a chief remedy, for careflessness and sinfulness. Most confidently do we say to weak, struggling mortals, You have tried to conquer that passion, you have tried to love, to be patient, to be pure in heart, and you have continually failed: ask God to help you, bring the sentiment of piety to second your feeling of conscientiousness, try to gain some inspiration, and your work will be more than drudgery, and because you love God you will keep his commandments. In the multitude of our transgressions we must turn again and again to Him who is never turned away from us, and light shall at length triumph over darkness.

God has given us those who can help us in this thing, — the penitents and saints of the earth. Their words are providentially recorded, and their books are cherished for the precious help which they minister. Their hearts were fashioned like our hearts. We share their deep sadness and their pure joy. We descend with them into hell: we go up with them into the heavens. The blessed life that is in them passes into our souls. We may be unable to accept the whole of their creeds, but our spirits are wonderfully refreshed by their heart-speech. The books of Christian devotion will outlast the books of Christian divinity. The Hymns of the Ages will be sung long after men have ceased to read

or intone the formularies of the Ages. There is ever an ear for what the Spirit saith unto the churches. The words of the truly devout are more precious than gold.

Of course the Confessions of St. Augustine are not new or strange to our readers; but they can scarcely have had the opportunity to become familiar with them in so excellent a form, or with so admirable an Introduction, as have been given to them in this edition. Professor Shedd, well seconded by his publisher, has done a good work, and, as is very plain, a work of love, in bringing us so near to this mighty thinker and mighty lover. In the good providence of God, few of us have gone so far astray outwardly as the great African, yet with all our hearts we can echo his acknowledgments of unworthiness, and join with him most earnestly as he cries out, "Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days!" Too late, and yet not too late, since the Ever Near and the Ever Merciful has forgiven all, and made us welcome to the home which we left in childhood.

E.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LAST REMEMBRANCE.

THE sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window, when I awaked. Was it the same sun which looked on us the evening before with a long, lingering glow, like that of a departing friend, as if it would bless the bond of our souls, and which had passed away like a lost hope? And now it shone upon me as a child, who rushes into our room with beaming eyes, to wish us joy on some gay feast-day! And was I the same man who, only a few hours ago, broken

in spirit and body, threw myself on the bed?—and now I felt in myself again the old life-courage, and a confidence in God and man that refreshed and enlivened my spirit like the fresh morning air! What, indeed, would become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger conducts us, and, when he closes our eyes in the evening, who assures us that he will open them again in the morning,—that he will bring us to ourselves again? It required courage and faith when the first man threw himself into the arms of this unknown friend; and if there were not in our nature something helpless, which, in regard to everything that we ought to believe, forces us to faith and resignation, I doubt whether any man, in spite of all his weariness, would have shut his eyes of free will, and entered into this unknown dream-land. This consciousness of our weakness, of our weariness, gives us confidence in a higher power, and courage for a free abandonment of ourselves to the beautiful order of the whole, and we feel ourselves strengthened and refreshed, when, even for a short time, whether waking or asleep, the fetters are unloosed which bind our immortal to our earthly selves.

What yesterday passed through my mind darkly, only as the fleeting evening mists, became now quite clear to me. We belonged to each other; that I felt. Whether as brother and sister, as father and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and forever remain together. It was only requisite to find the right name for that which in our stammering speech we call love:—

“Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father,—anything to thee!”

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world recognizes nothing which is nameless. She had herself told me, indeed, that she loved me with that pure, all-embracing love out of which all other love springs forth. Her alarm, her consternation, when I acknowledged to her

the fulness of my love, remained inexplicable to me, but it could not shake my confidence in our mutual love. Why, indeed, should we wish to understand what passes in the souls of other men, while yet in ourselves everything is inconceivable? It is indeed everywhere the unintelligible which enchains us the most, whether in nature, in man, or in our own breasts. Men, whom we understand, whose moving powers we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our romances, and nothing more destroys for us the pleasure in life and in mankind than that ethical rationalism which undertakes to explain everything, and denies all the miracles of our souls. There lies in every person something inexplicable, whether we call it fate, inspiration, or character, and he neither knows himself nor human nature who believes that he can lay open, without having this ever-returning mystery, the action and the motives of men. I consoled myself now in regard to everything about which I had been in despair in the evening,—and at last there seemed no longer any cloudlet to obscure the sky of the future.

In this mood I stepped out from the confined house into the free air, as a messenger was bringing me a letter. It was from the Countess, as I saw by the beautiful, even handwriting. I opened it breathlessly,—I hoped for the most beautiful thing which man can hope for. But I was thrown back at once. The note contained nothing but a request that I would not visit her to-day, as she was expecting visitors from the Residenz. No affectionate word, no account of how she was! Only at the end a P. S.: “To-morrow comes the Hof-rath,—therefore not till day after to-morrow.”

Here were two days torn at once from the book of life. And if they were only wholly torn away—but no, they hung over me like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through; I could not give them away like an alms to a king or to a beggar, who would yet gladly sit two days longer on his throne, or on his stone by the church door! I

stood as if petrified for some time ; but then I remembered my morning prayer, and, as I had said to myself, that there was no greater infidelity than despair, that the smallest and the greatest things in life were parts of a great plan, to which we must conform ourselves, however difficult it might be. As a rider, who sees a precipice before him, I drew back the bridle. "Let it be because it must be," I exclaimed to myself ; "but God's earth is not the place for sighs and complaints." Was it not blessedness to hold in my hands these lines which she had written ? and the hope of seeing her again in a few days, was it not greater felicity than I had ever deserved ? Only the head always above water !—so say all good life-swimmers ; when this cannot be, it is better to go under at once, than to let the water run in before at the eyes and mouth. And if it is difficult for us to think constantly of the Divine Providence in all the little misfortunes of life, and if we are afraid, and perhaps with reason, to step out of the common goings-on of life into the Divine Presence on occasion of every contest, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet always as an art ;—and what is more disagreeable than a child who becomes unruly, and grumbles crossly at every loss, at every uneasiness ? Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is shining again,—like a flower which trembles and shakes in a spring shower, and is already again blooming and giving out its perfume while the sun is still drying the tears on its cheeks.

Soon a bright thought came to me, how, in spite of fate, I might yet live over these two days with her. I had been wishing for some time to write down the precious words she had said to me, and the many beautiful thoughts she had confided to me ; and so my days passed in the remembrance of the beautiful hours we had passed together, and in the hope of a still fairer future, and I was by her and with her, and lived in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and of her love more than I had ever yet felt it, when I held her hand in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now! — how often have I read and re-read them! Not as if I could ever forget a word that she had said to me; but these pages were witnesses of my happiness, and something looks at me from them like the glance of a friend, whose silence says more than any words. Memory of past happiness, memory of past suffering, silent sinking into a far past, where everything disappears which surrounds and constrains us, when the soul prostrates itself as a mother on the green grave of her child, who has already slept there for long years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of perfect resignation, — this we may indeed call sadness; but there is a blessedness in this sorrow, which those only know who have loved and suffered much. Ask a mother what she feels when she binds around her daughter's head the veil which she once wore as a bride, and thinks of the husband who is no longer with her. Ask a man what he feels, when a maiden whom he loves, and from whom the world has separated him, sends to him after her death the dried rose which he gave her when a boy. They may both weep, but their tears are neither tears of sorrow nor joy, — they are tears of self-sacrifice, with which man consecrates himself to God, and sees tranquilly go from him the dearest of his possessions, trusting in God's love and wisdom.

But back into remembrance, back into the living presence of the past! — The two days passed so quickly, that I trembled as the joy of reunion always pressed nearer and nearer. I saw how on the first day the carriages and riders arrived from the town, how the Castle was animated with gay-looking guests. The flags were waving from the roof, music resounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was alive with pleasure gondolas, songs were heard over the waves, and I must listen, for I thought that she too was hearing these songs from her window. On the second day all was motion, and not till noon did the guests begin to depart; and late in the evening I saw the Councillor's carriage also going back alone to the town. Then I restrained myself

no longer. I knew she was alone,—I knew she thought of me; she wished me at her side. And yet I must pass another night without at least pressing her hand, without telling that the separation was past, and that the next morning would awaken us anew to happiness! I still saw the light in her window. And why should she be alone? why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I was already standing at the Castle,—was just about to pull the bell. Then I stood suddenly still, and said: No! no weakness! Thou wouldst stand before her ashamed, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow thou mayst approach her, as a hero returning from battle, and for whom the garland of love is being wove, which she shall bind to-morrow around his brow.

And the morning came, and I was by her,—actually with her. O, speak not of the spirit, as if it could be without the body! Full existence, consciousness of joy, is only where mind and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritualized body. There is no spirit without body, unless it be a ghost; no body without the spirit, except it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit? Does there not look out from it a divine intention, a creative thought, which sustains it, which gives it life and being? That is its spirit, only that it is dumb in the flower, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. Real life is everywhere corporeal and spiritual life; true enjoyment is always material and spiritual union, and the whole world of memory, in which I had lived so happily for two days, vanished like a shadow, like a mere nothing, when I stood before her, and was actually in her presence. I wanted to place my hands on her brow, on her eyelids, on her cheeks, in order to know, to know certainly, that she was really true,—that it was not merely the image which hovered before me day and night, but a real being, who was not mine, and yet should and would be mine,—a being in whom I could believe as in myself, a being far from me, and yet nearer to me than I was to myself, without whom my life

was no life, even my death no death, — without whom my wretched existence would be breathed away like a sigh into infinite space. I felt it, as my thoughts and my looks overshadowed her, that now in this moment the blessedness of my being was complete; and a shuddering passed through me, and I thought of death, and it seemed to have no terror for me, for death could not destroy *this* love, — only purify, ennoble, and render it immortal.

It was so beautiful to be silent with her. On her countenance was impressed the whole depth of her soul, and as I looked at her, I saw and heard all that lived and was treasured there.

“Thou troublest me,” she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. “Are we again together? Be tranquil! Complain not! Question not! Be welcome to me! Be not vexed with me!” All this looked out of her eyes, and still we did not venture by a word to disturb the power of our reunion.

“Hast thou received a letter from the Councillor?” was her first question, and her voice trembled at each word.

“No,” answered I.

She was silent a little while, then she said: “Perhaps it is better so, and that I should tell thee everything myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaint, without displeasure. I have been much to blame, of that I am conscious. I have gone into thy life without reflecting how light a breath will often scatter the petals of a flower. I knew the world so little, — I did not think that a poor, suffering being like me could inspire anything more than compassion. I came to meet thee affectionately and openly, because I had known thee so long, because I felt myself so well in thy presence, — why should I not speak it out? — because I loved thee. But the world does not understand this love, and does not allow it. The Councillor has opened my eyes. The whole town talks of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the

Prince, and he desires me never to see thee again. I mourn deeply that I must cause thee this pain. Tell me that thou forgivest me, — and then let us part as friends.”

Her eyes had become filled with tears, and she closed them that her tears need not be seen. “Maria,” said I, “for me there is but one life, it is with thee, — yet also but one will, and that is thine. Yes, I confess it to thee, I love thee with all the ardor of love, but I feel that I am not worthy of thee. Thou standest high above me in nobility, in elevation, in purity, and I can hardly seize the thought of calling thee my wife. Maria, thou art wholly free; I require no sacrifice. The world is large, and if it is thy will, we will never meet again. But if thou lovest me, if thou feelest that thou art mine, O, then let us forget the world and its cold judgment! On my arms will I bear thee to the altar, and kneeling will I swear to thee to be thine in life and in death.”

“My friend,” said she, “we must never will the impossible. Had it been God’s will that such a bond should unite us in life, would He then have sent me the sufferings which make me incapable of being more than a helpless child? Do not forget, that what we call fate, circumstance, condition in life, are in truth only the appointments of Providence. To oppose ourselves to them is to oppose ourselves to God, and were it not childish, it might be called criminal. Men wander here on the earth, as the stars in the sky. God has pointed out their path on which they meet each other, and when they should go apart from each other they must separate, — their opposition would be in view, or it would destroy the whole order of the world. We cannot comprehend it, but we can trust. I myself do not yet understand why my inclination for you was wrong. No, I cannot, I will not call it wrong. But it *cannot* be, it *must* not be. My friend, this is enough, we must submit ourselves in humility and in faith.”

In spite of the tranquillity with which she spoke, I saw how

deeply she suffered, and therefore I felt it would be wrong to give up so readily the struggle with life. I controlled myself as much as I could, that no passionate word might increase her sufferings, and said : —

“ If this is the last time we shall meet in this world, let us see clearly to whom we make this sacrifice. If our love is opposed to any higher law, I would bow myself, as you do, in humility before it. It would be to forget God, to act against a higher will. It may seem sometimes as if man could deceive God, as if his small cunning could gain something from Divine Wisdom. This is folly, — and the man who begins this Titan struggle will be shattered and annihilated. But what is opposed to our love? Nothing but the tattle of the world. I respect the laws of human society, — I respect them even when, as in our time, they are artificial and confused. A sick body requires artificial medicine, and without the limitations, and considerations, and prejudices of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible for us to hold together the human family as it now is, and to attain the object of our earthly life together. We must sacrifice much to these Deities ; and like the Athenians we send each year a heavily-laden ship of youths and maidens as a tribute to that monster who rules over the labyrinth of our society. There is no heart that is not broken, there is no man of real feeling who is not forced to clip the wings of his love before he can find rest in the cage of social life. This must be so, there is no other way. Thou art not acquainted with life, but if I look round among my friends, I could tell thee many tragic volumes. One of them loved a young maiden and was beloved by her. But he was poor, she was rich. The parents and cousins quarrelled and despised each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because society regards it as a misfortune that a woman should wear a dress made from the wool of an American plant, and not from the web of a Chinese worm.

“ Another loved, and his love was returned. But he was a

Protestant, she was a Catholic. The mothers and the priests made a difficulty, and two hearts were broken. Why? On account of the political drama which Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. performed together three centuries ago.

"A third loved, and his love was reciprocated. But he was noble, she was plebeian. The sisters quarrelled and were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, a few hundred years ago, one soldier killed another, who threatened the life of the king in battle. This gave him a title and honors, and his great-grandson must atone, with the failure of his life, the blood which was then shed.

"The statisticians say, that at every hour a heart is broken, and I believe it.

"Thou closest thy eyes, and I feel that I have said too much. The world has made the holiest thing in life the most commonplace. But, Maria, enough! Let us talk the language of the world when we must talk and act in it and with it. But let us preserve a sanctuary, where two hearts can speak the true language of the heart, undisturbed by the confusion of the world without. Society respects this reserve, this courageous opposition which noble hearts, conscious of their rights, make against the common course of things. The reserves, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasitic plants. It is beautiful, when a green ivy, with its thousand roots and tendrils, adorns a firm granite wall; but it must not thrive too well, or it will force itself into all the joints of our building, and destroy the cement which holds it together inwardly.

"Be mine, Maria,—follow the voice of thy heart. The word which now trembles on thy lips decides forever thy life and mine, my happiness and thine."

I stopped. Her hand, which I held in mine, corresponded with its warm pressure to the feelings of our hearts. Within her all was commotion, and the blue heaven which lay before me never seemed so beautiful as now when the storm clouds were quickly passing over it.

"And why dost thou love me?" she said gently, as if she wished still to delay the moment of decision.

Why? Maria! Ask the child why it is born,—ask the flower why it blossoms,—ask the sun why it shines. I love thee because I must love thee. Yet if I must say still more to thee, let this book, which is at thy side and of which thou art so fond, speak for me. ‘The best should be the dearest, and in this love, neither use nor unuse, neither good nor harm, gain nor loss, honor nor dishonor, praise nor blame, nor anything of this kind, should be considered; but what is in truth the noblest and the best, that should be the best loved, and only for that alone, that it is the noblest and the best. Towards this should a man direct his life inwardly and outwardly. From without: when among creatures one is better than the other, there then does the eternal good strive and work more in one than in the other. Now in whom the eternal good most shines, lightens, works, and is known and loved, that is also the best among the creatures; and in whom it is least, that is also the least good. Now just as a man handles and goes with the creature, and perceives this difference, so shall the best creature be the dearest to him, and he should diligently adhere to it, and unite himself with it.’ Maria, since thou art the best creature whom I know, therefore do I seek thee, therefore thou art dear to me,—therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living within thee, say that thou art mine; deny not thy inmost feeling. God has given thee a suffering life,—he sends me to thee, in order to suffer with thee. Thy sufferings shall be my sufferings, and we will bear them together, as the ship bears the heavy sails which convey it at last through the storms of life into the secure haven.”

She became more and more tranquil. The light blush played on her cheeks like a silent evening sky. Then she opened her eyes wide,—the sun shone out again with wondrous splendor.

“I am thine,” said she: “God wills it. Take me as I am,—as long as I live I am thine, and may God lead us together into a fairer life, and reward thee for thy love.”

We embraced each other ; my lips pressed with a light kiss the lips on which the blessedness of my life had just hovered. Time stood still for us,—the world around us had vanished. Then a light sigh escaped from her breast. “ May God pardon me for this bliss,” she whispered. “ Now leave me alone,—I can bear no more. Till we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver ! ”

These were the last words which I heard from her lips. But no. I had gone home and was lying on my bed in disturbed dreams. Midnight had passed, when the Hofrath came into my room. “ Our angel is in heaven,” said he ; “ here is the last greeting which she sends thee.” With these words he gave me a note. It contained the ring which she had once given to me, and which I had given back to her, with the words : “ As God wills.” It was folded in an old piece of paper, on which she had before written the words which I had said to her when a child : “ What is thine, is mine. Thy Maria.”

We sat together an hour without saying a word. It was an intellectual powerlessness which Heaven sends us when the burden of grief is too great for us to bear. At last the old man got up, took my hand, and said : “ We see each other to-day for the last time, for thou must go from here, and my days are numbered. There is but one thing which I must say to thee,—a secret which I have borne about with me my whole life, and acknowledged to no one. I long for some one to confess it to. Listen to me. The soul which has gone from us was a beautiful soul, a pure, glorious mind, a deep, true heart. I knew a spirit beautiful as hers,—even more beautiful ! That was her mother. I loved her mother, her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life, in order to procure for her and for myself an honorable position in the world. The young Prince saw my betrothed, and loved her. He was my Prince, he loved her truly, he was ready to lay everything at her feet, and to raise

her, the poor orphan, to the rank of a Princess. I loved her so much that I sacrificed to her my love and my happiness. I abandoned my home, and wrote to her to release her from her obligation. I never saw her afterwards till she was on her death-bed. She died at the birth of her first daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and have redeemed her life from day to day. She was the only being who still bound my heart to life. Bear life as I have borne it. Do not lose a day in vain regrets. Help mankind wherever you can, love them, and thank God a human heart like hers has been given you on the earth, to know, to see, to love, and to lose."

"As God wills," said I, and we separated for life.

And days, and weeks, and months, and years have passed away; my home has become a strange land, and the strange land a home to me. But her love has remained to me, and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has love to her fallen into the living ocean of humanity, penetrating and embracing millions,—millions of "strangers," whom I have loved so much from childhood.

Only on still summer days, like to-day, when one lies alone in the green wood on the heart of nature, and knows not whether men exist without, or whether one lives alone, wholly alone on the earth, then memory springs up from the grave, the buried thoughts rise again, the whole power of love returns to the heart, and streams back to that beautiful being, who looks at me again with those deep impenetrable eyes; and then it is as if the love to millions vanished in the love to one,—to my good angel,—and my thoughts are dumb before the inexplicable riddle of finite and of infinite love.

LITTLE MABEL.

LITTLE MABEL.

BY REV. J. G. FORMAN.

A LOVELY child they called Mabel,
When she had seen five summers bloom,
Up with the angels went to dwell,
In the Good Shepherd's heavenly home.

In the still room the casket lay
From which had fled her fleeting breath,
And sadly fell the light of day,
And mournfully the shade of death.

Within that home was bitter grief,
Such as God sends our faith to prove :
And anguished hearts sought their relief
In Him whose words and life were love.

Fair was the sweet and childish face :
Her form was cast in Beauty's mould :
Her head possessed a sculptured grace,
With wavy locks of burnished gold.

But from her eyes the light was gone :
Her hands were crossed upon her breast :
And flowers by loving hands were sown
Within the cradle of her rest.

As the last look of love was given,
I viewed that sweet, pale face once more,
And, thinking inwardly of Heaven,
I saw what seemed the heavenly shore.

The vision rose upon my sight :
The air was balmy and serene :
The stream of Life looked fair and bright :
The heavenly hills were clothed in green.

And as she reached the pastures fair,
Where the Good Shepherd's flock doth dwell,
A song of angels filled the air,
"Welcome the little lamb, Mabel!

"Welcome another child from earth!
Welcome, with joy, her heavenly birth!
With guardian angels she shall dwell:
Welcome the darling child, Mabel!

"Translated from a world of sin,
Where woe and death have entered in,
Her spirit now with us shall dwell:
Welcome the sainted child, Mabel!

"Here, where the Saviour's love is told,
Within the heavenly Shepherd's fold,
Shall her pure spirit ever dwell:
Welcome the darling lamb, Mabel!"

And when the angels' song did cease,
And on the air had died away,
My heart was filled with inward peace,
And thus I heard the Shepherd say:

"Up, in the heavenly dwelling-place,
Their angel spirits do behold
The glory of our Father's face,
More radiant than shining gold.

"They look upon his smile of love;
They share his kind and gracious care;
In bright, elysian fields they rove,
And feel his presence ever there."

Thus heard we, on the heavenly shore,
His voice, like music on the sea,
And to our hearts came, o'er and o'er,
The words, "Arise and follow me."

THE OLD AND THE NEW UNITARIANISM.

UNITARIANISM, in its strict and extra-denominational sense, means that form of doctrine which holds sacred the numerical unity of the Godhead, in opposition to all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism. Christian Unitarianism maintains this numerical unity along with a supernatural revelation of God to man in Jesus Christ. Recent discussions have created a fresh interest in the inquiry. What was the belief of the primitive Church on this subject, and how does the theology of the first three centuries interpret the theology of the Bible?

The theme grows in importance and interest as it becomes better understood: for the more clearly we apprehend that primitive theology which wrought such amazing results upon society, the more shall we see its Divine adaptations, not only to ourselves, but to the wants of man in all ages of the world. We will endeavor to give in a popular way what we conceive to be the unquestionable results of learning and scholarship, and we will endeavor to deduce some of the important lessons of history on this subject.

The theology of the first three centuries was Unitarian.* Not a trace of the modern doctrine of three equal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears. We would not put this affirmation so strongly unless the credit of all sects, whose opinion is of value, acknowledged that this is so. Neander and Guizot on this point are both of them full and decisive.

Three forms of belief are traceable in these early ages. The first is the *Humanitarian*. It asserted that Christ was simply a man, having a divine mission like the old prophets, *virginum et hominum*, distinguished from other men, not by his nature, but by the special work he was set apart to do. This was the faith of an obscure Jewish sect that dwindled and died. It was a view of Christ from the Jewish standpoint.

* We mean by Unitarian the doctrine of one God in one person.

which very soon disappeared. It made no progress, and inspired no living and working energy.

The second form was known as the *Monarchian*. It asserted the Deity of Christ, but it denied all essential distinctions in the Divine nature. It asserted that Christ himself was the Father, and therefore it was called the Patripassian theory, since it assumed that the Father suffered in Christ. Sometimes it varied its statements a little and took the form of Sabellianism, which taught, that while there is but one Divine essence and substance, there are three evolutions out of it in time,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These are not eternal distinctions in the *nature* of Deity, but temporal modes of revelation, to cease when the purpose for which they were made is accomplished. There is reason to believe that the Monarchian form prevailed in the first age extensively among the laity. It was embraced by single-minded people, unlearned and unreasoning, who had found a Saviour in Christ, and who clung to him with warm devotion, and were intolerant of any theorizing upon the subject.

But this did not and could not satisfy the philosophic mind of the Church. It could not be received by such thinkers as Clement, Justin, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Athanasius. They saw it was not the doctrine of St. Paul or of St. John, and that neither reason nor exegesis could be brought into its service. Hence what is called the *subordination theory* became the Catholic doctrine,—in fact, the real Church theology, which prevailed from Apostolic days down to the Nicene Council in 325, and under which the Church was compacted and unitized, and led on to its glorious conquests and victories. This theory we will now endeavor to describe.

It is said by some to have been borrowed from Plato, or brought into the Church by Platonizing converts. Of this there is no other evidence than a striking resemblance between it and the doctrines of the later Platonism; and we may just as well suppose, as Mosheim does, that the later Platonists stole it from the Church, as that the Church stole

it from them. What is more credible than either supposition is, that there is divine truth descending into all receptive minds, and the more purely it is received, the more striking are its resemblances and the more full the recognition from its mutual beholdings.

Certain it is, however, that the Christian Fathers were warm admirers of Platonism, and thought it almost Christian; and this fact helps us pretty surely to their meaning and the interpretation of their theology. What, then, is the Platonic conception of the Deity, which they admired so much as resembling their own?

Plato makes an essential distinction, not merely in the *manifestations*, but in the intrinsic *nature* of the Deity. First and highest is the Agathon, the SUPREMELY GOOD,—the originating, underived, eternal fountain in the Godhead. But he did not believe, as the Pantheists do, that this flows down continuously into nature, or first comes to self-consciousness in man. The Supremely Good creates for itself a Nous, or Logos, and this is none other than the Divine Intellect itself. This is eternally begotten out of the first Good, for into this the Agathon forever flows. The Nous, or Logos, is the First Fair, the Eternal Pulchritude, the Everlasting Beauty; for in this existed spiritually the forms and patterns of all material nature before the worlds were made. Material things were not created out of nothing, but out of the Divine Logos; they existed there as perfect and glorious archetypes ere the archetypes took on their material vesture and unrolled this natural scenery of the universe, when, as Milton says, himself Platonizing, it showed

“In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea.” *

It will be thus seen that Plato teaches two hypostases of

* “How dimly toiled the mystic sage,
This precious truth to find,—
That THINGS ARE PICTURES OF IDEAS
That fill the Eternal Mind.”

the Divine nature, one subordinate to the other ;—the Good, and the Nous—inferior to the Good, and always produced out of it. The Good is the eternal fountain of being, and the Nous is the Designer, the Demiurgus, or World-Maker, through whom the good comes into fair and glorious types ere they take shape in the realm of matter.

Or, to put the same conception into more popular language,—there is the same distinction in the Divine nature that there is in the faculties of man. There is Goodness, which in a perfect man is first and highest, the creative fountain in his nature, flowing down through all his inferior being. But this must have an Intellect into which it may flow and run down into moulds of beauty and beneficence ; and so this latter is begotten and shaped out of the former, for a good man's thought is always the child of his love. Only we must bear in mind that in the Platonic theology Goodness and Intellect are not merely abstract principles of the Divine nature, but hypostases or veritable DIVINE SUBSTANCES, distinct eternally, yet one acting through the other, the Nous being always the medium and servant of the Agathon.*

It is doubtful whether Plato went any further than this, or whether the third hypostasis in his trinity was what Cudworth claims for him. But there is no question as to what the system became in the hands of his disciples.† They make a third hypostasis,—“a soul of the world,” an emanation

* Plato is thus expounded by Porphyry : “Plato thus declareth concerning the First Good, that from it was generated a certain Mind incomprehensible to mortals ; in which, subsisting by itself, are contained the things that truly are, and the essences of all beings. This is the First Fair or Pulchritude itself, which proceeded or sprung out of God from all eternity, but notwithstanding after a peculiar manner, as self-begotten, and as its own parent.” — *Cudworth's Intellectual System*, Vol. II. p. 370.

† The most noted expositors of the later Platonism are Philo Judæus, Plotinus, and Porphyry, the first of whom flourished soon after the birth of Christ, the other two in the third century. Philo was an Alexandrian Jew, and an admirer of the Essenes, whose esoteric doctrines he is thought to have adopted.

from the *Logos*, filling all things with infusions of its own life and beauty, proceeding from the Divine Good, through the Divine Intellect, and rolling through the universe in never ceasing waves.

It is important to observe, that, though the Platonists apply the term God to each of the three hypostases of their Trinity, they do not mean three persons in our modern sense of the word; they mean three coessentials, eternally distinct, never to be confounded, the third subordinate to the second and born from it, the second to the first and born from it; as the work of an artist comes from the intellect that planned it, while the intellect is always shaped from and fructified by the love of beauty that wells up as the fountain of all; *love*, *intellect*, and the *power of execution* being the trinal nature of the one artist constantly manifest in the beautiful chisellings under his hand. "For," says Cudworth, "though they commonly affirm their second hypostasis to have been begotten from their first, and their third from their second, yet do they by no means understand thereby any such generation as that of men, where the father, son, and grandson, when adults at least, have no essential dependence one upon another, nor gradual subordination in their nature, but are all perfectly coequal and alike absolute. Because *this* is but an imperfect generation, where that which is begotten doth not receive its whole being originally from that which did beget, but from God and nature, the begetter being but a channel or instrument, and having been himself before begotten or produced from some other. Whereas the first Divine hypostasis is altogether unbegotten from any other, he being the sole principle and original of all things, and therefore must the second needs derive its whole essence from him, and be generated after another manner, namely, in a way of natural emanation, as light is from the sun; and consequently, though coeternal, have an essential dependence on him and gradual subordination to him."

Such was the Platonic Trinity to which the Christian

fathers make constant allusion, and which they claim was borrowed originally from the Hebrew Scriptures. "These three Platonic hypostases," says Cudworth, summing up the matter, "seem to be really nothing else but infinite Goodness, infinite Wisdom, and infinite active Love and Power, not as mere qualities or accidents, but as substantial things that have some kind of subordination one to another, all concurring to make up one Divinity." *

And this is none other than the subordination system of the Christian Church for three hundred years. This the fathers opposed to the Monarchians and Humanitarians as the theology of the New Testament. "Plotinus and Numenius," says Theodoret, "explaining Plato's sense, declare him to have asserted three eternal, Good, Mind, and the Soul of the Universe; he calling that the Agathon which to us is Father, that Mind which to us is the Word, and that Psyche, or a power of animating and enlivening all things, which our Scriptures call the Holy Ghost." Which borrowed from the other, it is not our purpose now to inquire. Certain it is that some of the Platonists admired the Book of John as much as Clement, Origen, and Justin admired Plato. "The beginning of John's Gospel," says one of them, "deserves to be writ in letters of gold."

In the theology of the first three centuries, Christ is the Logos, the Eternal Word, the Divine Intellect, always produced from the Father, through whom this fair creation was modelled and evolved, and who became incarnate for the salvation of mankind. The Logos did not come and inspire or commission a man named Jesus Christ; he is himself the

* Page 408. Plotinus sums it thus: "Wherefore we ought not to entertain any other principles, but, having placed first the simple Good, to set Mind, the supreme intellect, next after it, and then the universal Soul in the third place. For this is the right order according to nature, neither to make more intelligibles nor fewer than these." (p. 384.) Again: "How should we consider this second hypostasis otherwise than as the circumfused splendor which encompasseth the body of the sun, and from that always remaining is perpetually generated anew." (p. 393.) Philo is to the same purpose. (p. 397).

Christ, born as such into the world, and shining upon it as the very wisdom of the Father. They do not deny, but assert, that Christ had a finite nature and a human soul ; but so far forth as he is an object of worship, he is the Logos, or second hypostasis in the Divine nature. Unlike the Monarchians, who represent the Deity as a "monad," a bare unity, they represent him as a Divine Organism, one principle of his nature lower down than another, eternally distinct, yet both within the Divine self-consciousness, in virtue of which the Divine nature is capable of coming down to man and adapting itself to his wants, yet never ceasing to be Divine. In place of bald unity there is *gradation* in the Divine, even as in human nature, from the highest or inmost, which no one can approach, to the outermost, where God comes down into a lower self-consciousness, and accommodates himself to all exigencies and affairs. "By this means," says Cudworth, "there will not be so vast a chasm and hiatus betwixt God and the highest creatures, or so great a leap and jump in the creation as otherwise there must needs be. Nor will the whole Deity be screwed up in such disproportionate height and elevation, as would render it altogether incapable of having any intercourse and commerce with the lower world ; it being according to this hypothesis of theirs brought down by certain steps and degrees nearer and nearer to us."

It becomes perfectly evident what the Christian Fathers mean when they speak of Christ as begotten of, dependent upon, or derived from and inferior to the Father. *They do not mean one being begotten from another being.* No such heathenish conception is intended as that of one God the Father of another God. This is not their idea of the relation of the Father and the Son. And when they speak of Christ as consubstantial with the Father, they do not mean two beings with a common divine nature, after the manner of James and John with a common human nature. It is true that they use such illustrations when they wish to emphasize the truth that there are eternal essentials in the Godhead

never to be confounded. But they are careful to emphasize this other truth, that these essentials make but one Deity, even as heart and reason and their effluence make but one person in man. They use this very illustration. Athanasius quotes Dionysius to this effect. "For reason is the efflux of the mind, which in men is derived from the heart into the tongue, where it is become another reason differing from that in the heart, and yet do both these mutually exist in each other, they belonging to one another; and so, though being two, are one thing. Thus are the Father and the Son one thing, they being said to exist in each other."*

Then there is the constantly recurring illustration of the sun and the splendor that flows from it. "The Son is in the Father, as may be conceived from hence; because the whole being of the Son is proper to the essence of the Father, he being derived from it as the splendor from the light and the river from the fountain." That by the Father and the Son being *homousion*, or consubstantial, they do not mean two beings with a like nature, but one being having a Divine organism, might be largely verified. The three hypostases make up one entire Divinity, according to Athanasius, "not as three individual men are coessential with each other," but as the tree is consubstantial with the root, or the branches with the vine, "root, stock, and branches making up one entire thing, even as the three hypostases, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, make up one entire Divinity." He denounces the Arians because they "conceive of incorporeal things after a corporeal manner." And again: "Neither do we acknowledge three hypostases, divided or separate by themselves, *as is to be seen corporeally in men*, that we may not comply with the pagan polytheism."†

We have not space to quote Origen, Tertullian, Justin, and Clement of Alexandria, all of whom speak strongly and pointedly to the same purpose. The Father is the Supreme

* Cadworth, p. 454.

† Ibid., p. 491.

Good, and the Son or Word is the Divine Reason, always produced from or born of the Father, not in the natural sense, but as man's word or embodied thought issues from the invisible deeps of the heart, or as the splendor of the sun is produced perpetually from the body of its fires. And the Holy Ghost is begotten of both the others, and is the Divine Love in action, transfusing life, or being shed down through the hearts of men.*

We are now prepared to understand what were the merits of the "Arian controversy," the sound of which has not yet died away. Arius, in opposition to the Logos doctrine of the Church, denied that Christ as the Word is eternally begotten of the Father. He was created out of nothing. There was a period when he was not. He is an inferior finite being, separate from God though superior to angels. He was before all time, and he created the worlds. Arius calls him God in a subordinate sense, and worthy of divine honors, though not the honors accorded supremely to the Deity. This was the very doctrine of Paganism, and was vehemently opposed, as an attempt to import idolatry into Christian worship. To worship a creature, though in a subordinate sense, was precisely what the heathen did, for they acknowledged One Supreme above their local and created deities. The Catholic Church, says Athanasius, does not believe more than the Homoeousian Trinity, "lest it tumble

* Athanasius reiterates: "It appears from the similitude used by us, that we do not introduce three principles, — we not comparing the Trinity to three suns, but only to the sun and its splendor." Tertullian uses the same illustration, entering the same protest against Tritheism. Dionysius of Alexandria says: "God is an eternal light, which never began and shall never cease to be; wherefore there is an eternal splendor also coexistent with him, which had no beginning neither, but was always generated by him, shining out before him." Clement, referring to the Platonic hypostases, says: "I understand this no otherwise than that the holy Trinity is signified thereby." Origen says: "We worship the Father of truth, and the Son, the truth itself, two things as to hypostasis, but one in agreement, consent, and sameness of will." This primitive theology began in the fourth century to split into Tritheism, and the three hypostases became persons. Swedenborg reaffirmed the ante-Nicene doctrine.

down into Arianism, which is the same with pagan polytheism and idolatry,"* since it introduced in like manner the worshipping of creatures together with the Creator.

It will be seen, then, that to the Trinitarians of the first three centuries, and not to their antagonists, belongs the honor of preserving the unity of Christian worship. More than this. Their Logos doctrine preserves the integrity and authority of Christianity as a revelation of God, and not the prophesyings of a man or an angel.† If Christ is a creature, said they, then he is mutable and his word is not eternal. But if he is the Logos itself, the incarnation of God, the Eternal Reason, in whom the Father shines full-orbed upon man, then God in his own nature and person is revealed, and Christianity is a body of unchanging truth out of the Divine Substance. God is not hidden in eternity, a "monad" which we cannot approach, but he has come near to us, down all the Divine gradations, and is not, as Arianism affirms, on the other side of an impassable gulf. "The Father, by the Word, in the Holy Ghost," says Athanasius, "does all things. And thus is the unity of the whole Trinity conserved, and one God preached in the Church; namely, such as is above all, and by or through all, and in all. Above all as the Father, the principle and fountain, through all by the Word, and in all by the Holy Spirit."

The book of John, not only in the Golden Proem, but in its whole drift, from beginning to end, is the support and

* Cadworth, p. 446.

† The following is the creed of Arius which he presented to the Emperor Constantine:—"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ the Lord, his Son, begotten of Him before all ages, God the Word, by whom all things were made which are in heaven and which are on earth, who descended and was incarnate, and suffered and rose again, and ascended into heaven, and will come to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Spirit, and in the resurrection of the flesh, and in the life in the world to come, and in the kingdom of heaven, and in the Catholic Church of God from one end of the earth to the other." (Dr. Sykes's Enquiry, p. 41.) The creed is carefully worded, ascribing to the Son exalted honors and attributes, but avoiding the Church doctrine of his eternal generation and Supreme Divinity.

defence of the subordination system of the ante-Nicene Fathers, and to that they appeal. No wonder the Apostle is charged with Platonizing, for the Logos theory is all there. No sane interpreter will suppose that the terms Father and Son, as used by the Evangelist, describe a natural relation, as if the Deity, like Jupiter, had begotten and brought up a favorite child! And yet the words "only begotten," "all things are *delivered* unto me," or "*given*," and the like, are constantly pressed into the service of Arianism, as if they described one being begotten and endowed by another being. "Must not he who is begotten," it is demanded, "have a derived existence? — must not the Son be a being inferior to the Father who begat him?" Why not push the thought into its last logical and shocking absurdity, and say that the Deity sustains the conjugal relation also? Why not be consistent and done with it, and say that in the Christian heavens, as in the heathen, there is some one, "*conjux et soror*," of whom sons are born? Away with this hideous Naturalism! For any finite and created being to stand up before men and say, "I am the only begotten of the Almighty;" — for a Washington or a Howard, however "endowed" or "developed" or "commissioned," to proclaim, "He that hath seen me hath seen God," — "All power is given me both in heaven and upon the earth," — "No man knoweth God but myself, and he to whom I reveal him," — "All things that God hath are mine," — "God judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto me," — would be the height of insanity or the height of blasphemy. But it is language which describes most perfectly the subordination system of the early Christian Church. For reason is a lower principle than love; the understanding is an hypostasis lower down and more external than that of the good, — is born of it, filled with it, fertilized by it, takes from it its excellence, glory, power, and beneficence, — yea, without it must wane and die. To it all judgment is committed. And if the Divine nature, like man's, is not a bald and abstract unity, but

a DIVINE ORGANISM of eternal hypostases, distinct, but, as the early Fathers contended, "inexistent," then the Divine Logos, of which Christ is the incarnation, is eternally begotten of the Infinite Love, has all things given it of the Father, has the judgment of the world committed to it, is the medium through which all things were made, in which was the glorious plan and paradigm of the creation from all eternity, through whom all the firmaments of suns and stars were unrolled, in whom we behold the Father's glory full of grace and truth, and through whom the Comforter descends on our souls as the showerings of perpetual grace.

There are some indications that modern Unitarianism is to reaffirm and emphasize the Logos doctrine of the early Church,—the only form of Christian Unitarianism which in the long run ever had much working and renovating power. In our judgment Unitarianism could not render a more signal service to the age, or build in any other way an effectual barrier against a distracting Tritheism without, and an encroaching and deadening Pantheism within. Arianism lacks coherence and vital force, is essentially ditheistic and idolatrous, elevating a creature to a place of power and honor due to no finite being, making a finite being the creator of the universe, just as the Gnostics did, thus robbing the Creator of his glory and dividing it with another. It is unphilosophical, destroys the simplicity, beauty, and power of Christian worship, removes God out of sight, and, though it pays to his Son, "created out of nothing," honors which it calls "subordinate,"—they are honors which are due to the one God alone. He only is Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier, and Judge, and he cannot discharge himself of his own Almightiness; there can be no sub-deities in his dominions, and around him must gather all the splendors of the Godhead to make Christian worship renewing, and give the soul a centre to all its aspirations and loves. Hence Arianism, by a logical necessity, tends constantly either to ascend into the lofty Unitarianism of the Logos doctrine, or else to sink into Hu-

manitarianism. Between these two extremes the theologic horizon is likely to be cleared at last. Or rather, between the Logos doctrine and Pantheism; for Humanitarianism cannot rest till it swamps there. Because, take away the Logos, the Divine Nous revealed in the incarnation and ever beaming from the face of Jesus Christ, and out of whom alone the archetypes of the universe were evolved and took forms on the plane of nature, — take this away, and there is nothing left between the All-good and nature itself. The Good flows down unbroken, a dumb and unconscious energy, and takes its first phasis and manifestation in trees and flowers and boys and girls. Not in his Logos, where the All-good comes down into personality, but in mute nature or in man will be seen the first aspect and presentation of the Godhead, and to this ghastly result we hasten when the Logos doctrine is lost. There is no Intellect or conscious Designer between the Good and the material forms in which it appears, — and this is Pantheism. It only finds a Nous or comes to self-consciousness in human beings, and this is self-worship, — the apotheosis of human nature. Such is the downward slide from Arianism into Naturalism. Whereas the Logos doctrine of the Church, such as it was before the Church became apostate, and such as we doubt not it will ever be with growing majesty and effulgence, — one God revealed in his eternally begotten and Incarnate Word, and the Comforter coming through that Word to bring men into unison with himself, — supplies all the wants of the heart, and makes all forms of Tritheism and Polytheism fade away before it.

The idea that God created worlds, and that he gives the Holy Spirit through another being, and is to judge the world through a substitute, and one “created out of nothing,” is anomalous and monstrous. For creation is the function of Omnipotence alone. It is not a mechanical work put forth a great while ago and terminated. It is God ever flowing down into nature and constituting its inmost life, thus creating it all the while. It is the Infinite Good producing

itself according to and through the Infinite Wisdom, thus making all natural things the fresh prints and copies of the Infinite Mind. As if this attribute could be imparted to a creature while God kept off in the eternal silence ! As if another could wield his omnipotence ; as South puts it, as if God could “thunder and lighten by proxy” ! The Logos doctrine is the highest and most reasonable philosophy, while at the same time it unfolds an evangelic and all-renewing theology.

S.

 THE DEW.

'T is not the copious rains alone
Which bless the parched soil ;
The gentle dews, that nightly fall,
Reward the sower's toil.

Unseen, unheard, the dews descend,
Like slumber on the mind ;
And on the thirsty hills and fields
A blessing leave behind.

In the cool stillness of the night
The drooping plants revive,
The grass and every tender herb
With their sweet influence thrive.

See, lifted on each pointed blade,
How bright the dew-drops shine !
And learn in trusting, humble faith
To trace the Hand Divine.

That, though no clouds their fulness drop,
In answer to our prayer ;
Still we may own, from day to day,
Our God for us doth care.

J. V.

SEEING GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. E. F. BARRETT.

MATT. v. 8. — "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

THESE words form a portion of the divine Saviour's sermon on the mount,—a sermon which may be regarded as an abstract of Christianity,—a comprehensive summary of the Christian religion. And they express that sure and everlasting connection existing between virtue and happiness, purity and peace, which is everywhere taught in the spiritual sense of God's Word. Who does not recognize in them at once the sign and seal of inspiration? Clearly do they seem to have emanated from the same fountain of truth and goodness which furnishes the sunshine and the rain, causing the grass to spring forth, and the flowers to blossom. All nature is vocal with the self-same utterance; and the experience of myriads of regenerated human spirits affirms the truth of the declaration that the pure in heart are blessed.

Three things are suggested by the text, which claim especial attention:—

1. Who are the pure in heart?
2. What is meant by their seeing God?
3. The blessedness promised.

1. Who are the pure in heart? None are so absolutely, but only relatively or approximately. Even the angelic heavens themselves are not pure in the sight of God. But they whose motives are pure and innocent,—whose ruling love is, in its noble unselfishness, allied to the Lord's love,—whose governing purpose it is to do always the will of the Heavenly Father,—such are called, in the language of Holy Writ, "pure in heart." The *heart*, as all Christians know, is used in Scripture, as it is also in familiar discourse, to denote the will-principle in man, or the affections of the will,—the love-element, whether good or bad. Thus the Psalmist prays: "Incline my *heart* to thy testimonies;" — "Let my

heart be sound in thy statutes;" — "Incline not my *heart* to any evil thing." And in the Gospel of Matthew (ch. xv.), we read, "For out of the *heart* proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." In these, and many other like passages, it is plain that the *heart* is used to denote the dominant love, or the affections of man's will. And so, too, in familiar discourse, we speak of persons of warm affections, of a large, generous, and unselfish will, as warm-hearted, or large and generous-hearted; while those of an opposite character — all mean, calculating, and selfish people — are familiarly spoken of as cold-hearted, heartless, or without heart. And Christians who desire more of God's love in their wills are in the habit of praying that their *hearts* may be filled with his love.

The *heart*, then, corresponds to the will of man. And this is one of the correspondences which has never been lost sight of in the Church; for all Christians give a spiritual meaning to this word. As the heart is the seat and fountain of life to the body, so is the will the seat and fountain of life to the spirit. And as the blood, distributed to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, must be first cleansed and prepared for its office by the pure breath of heaven in the lungs, else the body will pine and sicken, so must the affections of the will be enlightened and purified by God's own truth received into the understanding, else the soul will not be in health, — the spirit will not bloom with an immortal vigor. There is a most beautiful and perfect analogy here. It is the pure air of heaven which can alone purify the blood and render it capable of imparting health and joy to the body; and so, too, it is the pure truth of heaven — the precious truth of God's own Word — which alone can purify the affections so that these shall impart health and gladness to the spirit. It is the noxious exhalations from the earth which render the atmosphere foul and unwholesome; and so it is the still more noxious exhalations from our own earth-cleaving minds, — the vapors that arise from passion,

prejudice, and all selfish and evil feelings,—which defile the Lord's truth, and unfit it for imparting health and elasticity to the spirit.

The pure in heart, then, are all whose wills have become regenerated and cleansed through the power of divine truth. The state of the natural or unregenerate heart is one of supreme selfishness. The natural man is full of evil inclinations, unholy passions, and filthy lusts, all originating in the love of self. And the love of self, which is the ruling love of us all in our unregenerate state, is essential impurity. It is this which defiles the inner sanctuary of the Lord,—the human soul,—rendering it “the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” It is this inward spiritual defilement to which the Lord refers, when He says by the mouth of His prophet: “Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes.” Also when He says: “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes. And I will save you from all your uncleannesses.” (Ez. xxxvi. 25–29). By the *clean water* wherewith the Lord promises to cleanse His people, is plainly signified divine truth from Himself; for it is by means of truth from the Word of the Lord,—truth received, understood, and reverently obeyed,—that the supreme selfishness of the natural heart is overcome, and thus the soul's impurity washed away. And in the degree that we are cleansed of this defilement of self-love, and the Lord puts his spirit within us, we are regenerated,—born again,—renewed in the spirit and temper of our minds,—made pure in heart. We are animated by a love similar to that of our Divine Master,—a love that centres not on self, but pours itself forth in deeds of mercy, kindness, and beneficence on those around us. Then only is our love like the Lord's love, when our ends and aims are similar to His; .

when we seek not our own good, but the good of others ; when our great and abiding purpose is to employ whatever gifts have been bestowed on us in a manner most useful to the neighbor. The Lord's love is like the beams of the unwearied sun. It is continually pouring itself out, — continually seeking to impart itself to others, — continually seeking to save and bless, — continually striving to make men receptive of its own unutterable delights. With what unspeakable tenderness does that love yearn to deliver us from the pollution of guilt and sin ! How it follows us all our lives, through all the crooked and filthy ways where Satan delights to lead us ! How it frustrates our selfish hopes, wounds our natural pride, balks our vaulting ambition, disappoints our worldly expectations, hedges up the pathway which our unbridled self-love marks out, and all for our own good, that it may open up within us a purer and nobler life ! How it sends sickness, sorrow, pain, suffering in myriad forms, — all ministers of mercy to check our wanderings in forbidden paths, block up some gateway to the realms of woe, and lead us on to heavenly mansions ! Yes ; it is in the very nature of true love to seek never its own, — to have no thought of itself, its own ease, pleasure, or advancement of any kind ; but to watch and strive and labor and wait and sacrifice and suffer for the good of others. And such is the Lord's nature, for He is Love itself, and this is Purity itself. And in the degree that we become conjoined to Him through a life of religious obedience to his precepts, we become like Him ; He dwells in us, and we in Him ; our hearts are the abode of His pure and unselfish love ; we live to do good, and to be mediums of heaven's light and warmth to those around us ; it is our delight to watch and labor and suffer for the welfare and happiness of others ; we are pure in heart.

"But oh !" you will say, "how far off this state of pure, unselfish love seems from me ! How different from *my* state ! It seems as if I never could reach it ! I long for that sweet innocence, that heart purity of which you speak, but it does

not come. I desire to be unselfish, — to live and labor for the good of others, or from a genuine love of use, — but I can't do it. Self-love seems to mingle more or less in all my motives. Some selfish considerations enter into all my plans and purposes. I do nothing from genuine love of the Lord or the neighbor." Undoubtedly you are right, friend ; and your case is not peculiar. You have described what is probably the state of most, if not all of us. But happy are you if you can really see and acknowledge yourself far from the full stature of angelhood or of regenerate manhood. This proves, at least, that you have taken one step in the right direction. This acknowledgment is itself a germ, a seed-form of the kingdom. It has within it a breath of heavenly life, — a spark, at least, of the Lord's own love, which may in time be kindled into a heavenly flame.

Yes ; without doubt we all are yet very far from the state of the pure in heart, — too far, possibly, to have a very distinct view of what that state really is, — too far, undoubtedly, to discern all its beauties and glories ; and a long and weary way may lie between us and that heavenly Canaan. But that need not discourage us, so we be sure that our faces are set in the right direction, — that we are really travelling towards the promised land. Suppose we have as yet but a mere spark of heaven's pure love in our hearts. The kingdom of heaven is, like all other things, always small at the beginning. But as the Lord's own love is the all in all of that kingdom, it has within it a principle of life which may go on unfolding and strengthening through all eternity, making the heart more and more pure, because a more perfect receptacle of the divine life.

2. But it is said in the text, that the pure in heart " shall see God," as if this were their peculiar privilege, — a great and glorious reward. What is the meaning of this language ? Does it mean simply that they shall enjoy an external and ocular view of God ? — that they shall behold Him with their bodily eyes merely, as we see the forms and

colors of natural objects? This would be natural seeing. And if there were only a natural sense to the Scripture, we might be forced to conclude that this is all that is meant. But the Bible, we know, contains a spiritual sense throughout. There is, therefore, a spiritual as well as a natural seeing. And to see spiritually is to perceive with the mind, that is, to understand. Saul *saw* that the Lord was with David; that is, he had an understanding, or mental perception of the fact. And the Psalmist says: "O, taste and *see* that the Lord is good;" that is, you will perceive or understand his goodness, by tasting it, or receiving it into your own soul.

Now, when or how do we see a finite human being? I mean the real man. We see his body with our natural eyes, just as we see hills, rocks, and trees. But the body is not the real man; therefore we do not truly see the man by merely seeing his body. The body is but the outward form. The mind is the man; and to see a person truly, we must see his mind,—that is, we must understand his mental characteristics, his varied powers of thought and feeling; we must see his manhood,—his generosity, his magnanimity, his wisdom, his meekness, sincerity, humility, and love,—or, if he possess not these, then their opposites. It is mind only that can see mind; and we can truly see, that is, can fully understand, only those characteristics of mind, those thoughts and feelings, which we ourselves have had, and therefore know by experience. The measure of this kind of mental or spiritual seeing is in ourselves. Thoughts which we have never had, love which we have never felt, tastes and feelings which we have never experienced, aspirations which we have never known, emotions with which our bosoms have never throbbed,—what can we really know of them, or how can we *see* them in another in the sense of truly understanding them? An ox, or other animal, may indeed see the *body* of a man; but does he or can he see the *man*? Can the ox see or truly understand those sublime traits which enter into

our idea of humanity? Can he see those lofty powers of thought and calculation and analysis, which soar into the heavens, and penetrate the earth, and, wandering through the realms of nature and of spirit, seek to comprehend the universe? Can he understand our human susceptibility to the power of the beautiful or sublime in art or nature? Can he see man's *moral grandeur*,—that greatness of soul which scorns all meanness and defies all peril, which reverently heeds the voice of duty, and at her bidding cheerfully offers up life and all that makes life dear, a willing sacrifice on the altar of country, humanity, or religion? No, you will say, the ox sees nothing of all this. Then he does not see the real man; he sees only the outward form, the mere shadow. And the obvious reason is, because he has no eye for such discerning. He cannot understand or know any of these sublime human traits, because he has experienced none of them,—because he has nothing in himself by which to interpret or measure them.

And so it is always. In the true spiritual sense of this word *see*, only a human being can see a human being. Yea, more,—only like ones can see like ones. Only persons of varied and liberal culture can truly see, that is, can understand or appreciate, the great masters in literature. Only those of refined tastes and feelings can see or appreciate people of taste and refinement. Only those who have been sorely afflicted, whose hearts have been softened and made sympathetic by pain, misfortune, and sorrow, can truly see, that is, can come near to and sympathize with the sick, the unfortunate, and the sorrowing. Who but the bereaved know the pangs of bereavement? Who but a wife knows a wife's affection? Who but a mother knows a mother's love? And who but the virtuous, pure, and unselfish can fully appreciate deeds of lofty heroism, disinterested benevolence, and noble self-sacrifice for the good of humanity? The selfish, base, and grovelling are not thrilled by deeds like these. They do not perceive their grandeur; they do

not feel their power or worth ; they do not understand their nature ; they have no eye for the beauty of heavenly-mindedness or the excellence of true human love. Nor can they really *see* the mind of him who has attained to this great spiritual elevation ; for their own minds, through the medium of which alone another's can be seen, are not on the same level, but on a plane far below. Did the selfish and carnal-minded Jews see the divine Saviour ? They saw him, indeed, but through the medium of their own perverse and impure minds, — as you may see a beautiful object through an irregular and dingy piece of glass. You see it, and you do not see it ; that is, you do not see it truly. You see it all distorted, — not a beautiful, but a hideous object. So the character of the Saviour, as seen through the medium of the Jewish mind, was terribly distorted, — the very opposite of his true character. To their eyes, he had no form nor comeliness. They had nothing in themselves whereby to measure or interpret his moral grandeur. They did not — could not — see him.

It is true then — nothing can be more true — that among men two minds understand, and thus *see* each other, by being like each other. And the more nearly they are alike, — the closer they approximate spiritually, — the more truly do they *see* each other.

And, pursuing the same train of thought, we may learn what it is to *see God*, and who they are that see Him truly. We see or understand Him by drawing spiritually near to Him, — by being spiritually re-created in His own image and likeness, — by becoming like Him in the spirit and temper of our minds, having in our hearts a love that resembles His in its sweetness, its purity, its tenderness, its noble, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity. Love is the prime essential element in the Divine character, — pure unselfish love, — the love of others out of itself. And in the degree that our natural love of self is supplanted by this higher and purer love, such as dwells in and comes from the

bosom of God, we come to see and know God. We understand His character through the indwelling of His spirit in ourselves. We see Him through the medium of our renewed and regenerated will, become now the abode of His pure love. And the more unselfish we become, the more willing and desirous we are to live and labor and suffer for others, the more do we become like God and the more truly do we see Him. We see Him, that is, we understand Him — we know Him — by virtue of what there is of His own life in us. It is this alone, — his disinterested and all-embracing love, dwelling in our hearts with a living and operative energy, leading us to think, feel, and act in a manner similar to what he does, — it is this which reveals to us the true character of God. Therefore the Apostle truly saith: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

To impure, selfish, and sinful natures, therefore, the true God must remain forever invisible. No external vision or revelation can ever disclose to them his true character. In the language of an eminent Scotch divine, "They might be taken to heaven and stand before the everlasting throne, yet would the lustrous purity of its great Occupant be all dark and unapparent to them. Divine Being, in its wondrous manifestations, might play around the unrenewed mind, but it would be as a luminous atmosphere bathing blind eyes, or sweet music rippling around deaf ears; the heavenly effluence would not pass inwards, — could make no thrill of appreciation, no sympathetic delight within the soul. There must, in short, be something God-like in us, before we can see and know God; we must be like Him, before we can see Him as He is." * "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Yes, purity of heart, such as I have briefly explained, this is

* Rev. John Caird's Sermons.

“the golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity.”

It is this which, first revealing God within, dissipates man's moral darkness, and then reveals Him in the world without. For to the couched eye God's love is visibly stamped on all the face of nature. Love paints the clouds, and gems the sky, and colors the landscape. Love beams in sun and stars, breathes in the sighing winds, warbles in the melody of brooks and birds, rustles in the waving grain, and sings evermore in the silent music of the rolling spheres.

Nor in Nature alone do the pure in heart see God. They see Him alike in history, in providence, in their own private experience, in the written Word, and especially in the person of Jesus Christ, the living incarnation of the Word. Ah! we may have whatever theories we choose about the person of Christ, — we may adopt whatever philosophy we please of the Incarnation, — we may use whatever solemn phrases, or with the lips apply to him whatever titles we will, Redeemer, Saviour, God, Divine Humanity, — but if there has been no inward revelation of Christ to us, if we have not experienced the mighty power of his love working in our hearts to vanquish self and deliver us from the thralldom of sin and hell, then we have not truly known him as Redeemer and Saviour, — then we have not seen “God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.” But the pure in heart have seen him here — have been with him and learned of him — have experienced the all-conquering power of his love. They have come out of great tribulation; they have known the subtle workings of evil; they have seen the cunning snares and felt the fiery darts of Satan; they have been with Christ in the wilderness; they have suffered with him in the garden; they have followed him up that memorable hill, bending beneath the cross; ay, have descended with him into hell, and with him have risen triumphant over the powers of darkness. And all this, through the wisdom, love, and power of Christ, the great Captain of their salvation. He has

given them the victory over selfishness and sin, made them meek and gentle and pure and loving like himself. Verily, then, the pure in heart see God in Christ as others cannot, for they see and have felt the redeeming power of Divine Love. They know their Redeemer from inward experience of his redeeming grace.

3. And the promised blessing is theirs. What is that blessing? Life — true life — forever more; the life of disinterested neighborly love; the freedom of souls delivered from the bondage of selfishness and sin; the joy of thankful, humble, trustful, loving spirits; the delight of doing good and communicating happiness to others; the unutterable peace and bliss which God's own love diffuses through all the chambers of the soul. For the delights of pure unselfish love are its own exceeding great reward, — greater than human imagination can conceive. As saith the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Or, as a later servant of God, who was favored with an experimental knowledge of the joys which the pure in heart experience in the other world, has said: "I perceived that this joy and delight came as it were from the heart, diffusing itself very gently through all the inmost fibres, with such an exquisite sense of pleasure as if every fibre were a fountain of joyous perceptions and sensations, compared with which the delight of corporeal pleasures is as the gross and sordid earth to the pure and subtile aura."*

Such is the happiness that awaits those whose hearts become so cleansed of their defilements as to reveal, in their purity and unselfishness, somewhat of the character of our Father in the heavens. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

* Swedenborg's *Arcana Cælestia*, 545.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

DEACON and Mrs. Chase were strict and reverent members of an Evangelical church, in a secluded New-England village, and kept unbroken and undiluted the strong old faith of the Puritans. "Sister Chase," as the good Deacon's grave wife was called in the church, was a devout, earnest, praying woman, who was also ready at every call of duty, and kept her lamp always trimmed and burning.

With meek and conscientious fidelity she also sought to train up her children in the way they should go, not omitting the occasional application of Solomon's prescription; yet many a confession she made upon bended knees, and many a tear shed in the night hours over her own short-comings and the departure of her family from the path of rectitude.

But with this laboring and praying mother there was one stereotyped style of goodness, and it was to produce this in all under her charge that she labored. Servants and children alike were expected to become passive, unquestioning, tame-spirited recipients of her theology, or they were in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." No matter if nature had made a fiery impetuous Peter, grace must make him a docile undemonstrative John. Good Mrs. Chase understood duty better than she did human nature, but sometimes her ignorance of the one led her into a misinterpretation of the other. She had four children, two meek, submissive girls, and two boys, one of whom was too young as yet to be the object or cause of much anxiety, the other, with whom our story has most to do, a fiery, impetuous, fun-loving school-boy of ten years, rejoicing in mischief, and not repenting very effectually, except when he felt that he had given pain to one he loved; and he loved as he did everything else with an *animus*.

With this boy, this erratic, wilful, master Fred, lay Sister Chase's sorest trouble. "Where could he have got such a

nature?" she asked herself in perplexity. "Certainly not from me; and if it were in their father, why have not the other children inherited it?" Mrs. Chase was a firm believer in total depravity;—if she had ever been sceptical on that point, she would have been restored to soundness after a short experience in managing Fred. When the boy's erratic propensities began to manifest themselves in his babyhood, his mother was puzzled, for the young tyrant would lie awake when all Christian babies ought to be asleep; he would scream from no conceivable cause, and manage to fight strong battles with those two red fists of his when he should have quietly submitted to his morning ablutions. As soon as he grew large enough to run about the house, which was earlier than any other child of the family, he was "into everything"; nothing could be kept safe from his depredations unless out of his reach, and the quiet, nicely-kept furniture of the Chase domicile received more scratches, dents, and belaborings generally, than during the entire previous period of its household use. After a while these practices were checked by wholesome discipline; but what was kept under in one place would crop out in another. At church he was the severest of trials, for sitting still was a virtue which refused to be engrafted upon Fred, though it was natural to his sisters. At family prayers, while the rest listened to the service, Fred described diagrams on the carpet with the toe of his shoe, or rummaged with one hand among the promiscuous collection which he carried in his pocket, or planned the next chestnuting excursion, and was off with a whoop and a bound as soon as his father had said "Amen." Not one deliberate act of malice, or violence, or mischief, did Fred plan or execute, but he was boiling over with animal spirits, which must find vent somehow; and the perpetual air of constraint about the family, the subdued tone, and the solemnity of his mother's appeals to him to repent and give his heart to Christ, only drove him to the opposite extreme. In vain did she tell him, when his merriment became unbearable, that "the laughter of fools was like the crackling of

thorns under a pot ; ” — he hated the author of those words, because he somehow felt, though he could not say it, that mirth was a part of his nature, and could not and would not be ignored. In vain did she tell him that the “ way of transgressors is hard,” and that she feared he was “ in the broad road to death ; ” the only hard way for him was the way of precision, and grave, steady application. If she had told him *these* were the ways of transgressors, he would have fully believed her. The good mother had in her heart consecrated this first-born son to God, and her fondest hope was to see him a minister of the Gospel. She used to take him alone into her room, and read to him and pray with him, and weep over his want of interest when he would break into the story of young Samuel or Timothy with “ What time is it mother ? May n’t I go pretty soon ? ” By the time he was ten or eleven years of age he had begun to consider himself as a sort of reprobate, given over ; — “ it was of no use for him to try to be good as he could see, and yet he did n’t see what he had done that was very bad, only he could n’t be as mother wanted him to be, and he supposed he was an awful sinner, for he had always been told that he was ; ” — and he began to do from perversity what he had formerly done simply from excess of spirits and love of merriment. About this time the church to which Mrs. Chase belonged had a new minister, — not very young, nor very attractive at first sight. His predecessor, a cold, grave man, who preached sound doctrine, but took no personal interest in the youth of his flock, had been rather a dread to Master Fred, to whom he looked like a perpetual exclamation-point, in view of his misdeeds ; but the new minister, who came to stay a few days at Deacon Chase’s while the parsonage was painted, was entirely a different sort of man. Fred eyed him askance and came very reluctantly to be introduced to him ; but there was something kindly in the minister’s manner as he said, after the first salutations, “ Was it you I saw feeding the rabbits this morning ? ”

Fred colored with a glow of conscious pleasure as he said, “ Yes, sir,” and added, timidly, “ I tamed them myself.”

"Ah!" said the minister, "I should like to visit them with you by and by."

Fred hardly felt satisfied in his own mind as to the propriety of a minister's taking an interest in rabbits; they were worldly concerns, he supposed, and he had got the idea that everything which was not religious was sinful. However, he led the way triumphantly, when the minister was ready to visit the rabbits, and could not help feeling a kindly leaning towards the man who could be in his company for hours without looking or speaking reproaches. In a day or two a pleasant cordiality had sprung up between the pastor and the erratic boy, and one evening the latter was delighted and surprised by the pastor's asking him to go the next day to show him where the woods were, for he loved forest rambles. Fred could hardly sleep that night for anticipation, and was up at the dawn of day. As he passed the door of the minister's room he heard him praying, and softening his steps and hushing his whistling, he glided down stairs more quietly than he was ever known to do before. They were off as soon as breakfast was over, two or three miles into the thick woods, and Fred leaped over the rocks and turned aside the refractory bushes, and moved intruding branches and stones from the minister's way; he showed him where the partridges had their haunts, and the wild rabbits were to be entrapped, and the rare wild-flowers were to be found, and gathered the choicest berries on cool green leaves for his new-found friend.

"Do you love the woods and all the wild things and curious places," he ventured to ask at length, as the minister mounted a high rock which overlooked a secluded little pond.

The minister replied, "Certainly I do; and I love a good boy's company too," he added with a smile.

"Well, I don't think you are much like old Mr. Cranston. I thought it was wicked to love such things," he added with boyish bluntness.

"Come up here, and sit down on this mossy place, and let's talk about it a little," said the minister. "What made you think it was wicked?"

“Why, I supposed it was n't serving God, and it is n't work, like making hay or anything of that sort, and so I thought it might be wicked; or at least I did n't know that pious people and ministers ever cared about such things,” Fred replied with a little hesitation.

“Did not Jesus go out into the fields, and alone upon the mountains, and often cross the lake with his disciples in their fishing-boats?” said Mr. Barry; “did he not speak of the birds and the flowers? God made them all; don't you think he meant we should love them? It says in the Bible, ‘He hath made everything beautiful in his time,’ and as God has ‘given us all things richly to enjoy,’ I think we should be very ungrateful if we did not enjoy them.”

“Well, then, you don't think play is wicked, do you?” asked Fred with earnestness.

“There may be wicked plays,” replied the minister, “but play in itself is not wicked, any more than eating and drinking, and running, and fifty other things. If we have bad thoughts in our hearts, and act and talk badly, then our play is wicked; but if we have innocent feelings, and play so as to do no harm to others, play is not only right, but necessary.”

“But I have heard people say, ‘Don't waste your precious time in play,’” said Fred.

“If a boy neglects his lessons or duties to play, it would be wasting his time,” said Mr. Barry; “but when a child's tasks are done, he *ought* to play,—God has made it a necessity for children to play;—the kitten plays, the young of all creatures play; it is nature's way of developing the muscles and bones, and making them strong, and it is good for the mind, for it teaches *thought*. You have mistaken some well-meant teaching, my boy,” he continued; “but do your work *well*, and then play in good earnest; only avoid sin, and play will do you *good*, not *harm*.”

“I do play,” said Fred, as he leaped off the rock, for he never sat still more than five minutes; “but I'm glad you have told me this, for now I shall not feel as if I was doing

wrong so much as I did before," — and he began to toss pebbles far out on the sparkling water.

The minister sat still thinking a while longer, and then they turned their steps homewards.

"I hope Fred did not quite wear your patience out, sir," said Mrs. Chase that evening to the minister, "for he is troublesome company generally."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Barry; "on the other hand I found him very interesting and agreeable company. I think he is a lad of great promise."

"Indeed, sir," replied the mother, "I am glad if you have discovered good in him, or promise of good, for I have been greatly exercised on his account, and so has his father. We have found him hard to manage, and he does not love religious things at all, and we have feared that he was firmly set in the way to destruction. He is entirely unlike his sisters; but yet I know God's grace is able to change him, and I hope it may."

"But his nature is entirely unlike theirs," said Mr. Barry, "and will continue so, even after conversion. That is, his natural characteristics will remain the same. Your two daughters have professed religion, yet before their change of heart, I venture to say, they were quiet, gentle, reverent children. Now Fred is ardent, energetic, impulsive, and so he always will be, unless disease breaks him down; but Christian grace may modify that nature, and engraft on it virtues which will make him one of the brightest ornaments of the Church. Just now the animal nature predominates, and so it will, probably, for some years to come. But he is not irreverent, and he has his moments of serious thought, I doubt not, only it will be necessary to guard against one or two serious dangers in dealing with such a nature as his."

"To what dangers in particular do you refer?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"I think there is great danger of so forcing religious instruction upon his mind as to disgust him with it, and

produce aversion to what he should love," said the minister. "More can be done for him by acting always with cheerful, faithful piety before him, by loving him warmly and bearing with his faults patiently, than by direct reproof and exhortation. He knows what is right and wrong as well as any one, and has an active conscience, and he will cure his own faults of outward conduct by and by, and the labor of love will not be lost on him unless his disgust is excited toward serious things by a reiterated enforcement of them upon him; then, too, I should wish to discriminate between boyish caprice, and mirthfulness, and deliberate sins. By treating the former as seriously as you would the latter, you will outrage his sense of justice."

Deacon Chase had come in while the minister was speaking, and finding that they were speaking of Fred, he said: "I tell my wife, sometimes, I'm afraid she governs him *too much*."

"Do you think that is possible?" said Mrs. Chase.

"I do, certainly," said the minister. "That is, the same amount of coercion and strictness of dealing necessary for one child may be ruinous to another, because he is mentally constituted so differently. Love and patience and sympathy may work wonders for a boy of Fred's temperament, when they would be thrown away or comparatively powerless on an opposite nature."

"Well, I have been afraid of sparing the rod, or leaving any duty undone towards him," said the mother; "but perhaps I have overdone the thing;" — and so the conversation ended, but not without Mrs. Chase's resolving to try different tactics.

The next day there was a meeting of the "Maternal Society," of which Sister Chase was a member, and, it being a quarterly meeting, the children were expected to attend, and to have a prepared lesson on Scripture topics. Fred had always attended this meeting with extreme reluctance, and prepared the necessary lesson ungraciously, the more particularly because it took his Wednesday afternoon, which was a

half-holiday. School was not in session now, however, but Mrs. Chase resolved not to insist upon his going. About the middle of the forenoon, happening to pass through the sitting-room, he saw his two sisters with Bibles and Commentary busy with their lesson for the meeting.

"Getting the Sunday-school lesson?" said he. "O, I know, it's the day for that old 'ternal meeting! Well, I suppose I've got to get it too, then," and he muttered some uncomplimentary things about the good sisterhood who composed it.

His mother heard him from the store-room where she was at work, and, opening the door, she said, in her quiet way: "You need not get the lesson, my son, I shall not require you to attend the meeting."

"Good! good! hurrah!" shouted Fred; and, bounding out of the house, he performed two or three somersets on the grass in the front yard, and then strolled around the house to the wood-pile, where he took up a hatchet and began to hack a log, but with little alacrity.

"I wonder what's come over mother?" he said to himself. "She used to be so determined that I *should* go, if I teased her ever so hard to let me stay away. I suppose I've troubled her by acting so about going. I've a good mind to get the lesson and go, just to please her,—and I'll surprise her too."

Dropping the hatchet he ran into the house, and, having extorted a promise of secrecy from his sisters, he ascertained where the lesson was, and stole up to his room; and having soon learned it, he dressed, came down, and, mounting the boughs of an apple-tree in the front yard, he remained until his mother made her appearance, when, to her surprise, he jumped down beside her, saying, with an arch look, "I am going to the meeting with you, mother."

He would have given anything just then for a smile or a loving caress; but his mother only said, in her quiet, grave way, "May the Lord bless it to the salvation of your soul."

Fred was a little chilled, but he thought, "Well, I *know* she's glad, any way," and consoled himself with that.

The next week Mr. Barry went to housekeeping in the old parsonage; the garden was a waste of weeds, but the minister was bent on reclaiming it, and he knew of no one whose company he should better enjoy in the work than Master Fred's, whose heart needed cultivation of the right sort quite as much as the parsonage garden. The boy entered with delight into the pastor's plan, and daily they were together for hours. Every little opportunity for putting trust and confidence in Fred was improved by Mr. Barry, and soon he was entirely won. He would have learned the whole of the Westminster Catechism, or the two books of the Chronicles if necessary, to please his friend, so loyal was his attachment; and so, day by day, good seed was sown, which met with no opposition, and while the boy was pleased with the idea that he was helping his pastor, the latter was no less pleased to observe the gradual but certain change going on in the mind of his young parishioner. Led, instead of driven, he soon began to *think*, and his keen and active mind found delight in considering topics under his friend's judicious guidance which once had been his aversion. Honest doubts were treated with respect, child though he was, and questions which, had he proposed them to his parents, would have been rebuffed as atheistic, were kindly answered, and the beauty of a serene faith shown him in contrast, not by exhortation, but a benignant example.

The years glided on, and the once wild, erratic boy, was a communicant at the Lord's table, then a student in the pastor's study; the sympathy between the two deepened into a profound and lasting friendship, and after his college course was ended, he returned thither to pursue his theological studies.

The good deacon has long since gone to his reward, and the praying mother exchanged her tears for songs of praise; but the boy, who was the trial of their earlier years, lives an active, honored, and beloved pastor, whose energies are unflagging and whose courage dauntless in doing his Master's work.

H. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

A WORD FROM OLD TAGHKONIC.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON MAGAZINE, CALLED "THE MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND INDEPENDENT JOURNAL."

SIRS :—

I am very old. I belong to the oldest geologic formations. I existed, and had a name, long before you were born. My name is Taghkonic. From time immemorial that has been my name. My Indian children called me Taghkonic. They transmitted the name to my adopted Anglo-Saxon children, who always call me Taghkonic. It is a pleasant sound in their ears. And were you to ask one of them, if *that* — pointing to me — if *that* was Mount Everett, they would not understand you ; or if they did, they would give you a look that would make you take care never to ask that question again.

But I perceive that a tourist who has lately put a paper in your Magazine — after the conceit of a State Geologist in Governor Everett's time — calls me Mount Everett. I am astonished that a learned man should have no more respect for antiquity, nor for time-hallowed usages and feelings, than that. What if old Wachusett were christened Mount Choate ? or Saddle Mountain, Mount Winthrop ? Or what if another State Geologist should come along, and propose to call my Sister Housatonic, Banks's River ? — and those who have always lived under the shadow of old Taghkonic, and by the meadows of the Housatonic, were required to say that they live near Mount Everett and on Banks's River ? Why, it would turn my people out of the world ; they would not know where they were !

I mean no disrespect to my distinguished son, Everett. He may be Vice-President, or — better — President of the whole country, and I shall make no objection. In my secret heart, I wish he might be. My people are of a divided opinion about it, for they are always talking and disputing about something or other.

But I take no part in the fluctuations around me. Generations come and pass beneath my shadow ; they look up to me, from their thousand homes, with a thousand home associations and affections.

My form is familiar to them. My name is familiar ; it is an old and venerable household word. They call me

TAGHKONIC.

Sheffield, June 13, 1860.

P. S. The Mountain Scribe desires to observe to your tourist that the waterfall which he calls Bash-bish should be spelt Bash-pish. The name is undoubtedly derived from that given to similar waterfalls in Switzerland, — *pisse-vache*. This name, and that of *Righi*, given to one of the peaks, fully corroborate a tradition constant among the mountain people, that a company of Swiss emigrants once came and spent some time on the Taghkonic.

A WORD IN REPLY.

TO THE MOUNTAIN POWER CALLING ITSELF "OLD TAGHKONIC."

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY : —

That you are "very old," I reverently acknowledge ; and I venture to suggest whether your extreme age has not blurred your memory a little with respect to names.

I have known your Majesty from my youth up, was brought up almost within your shadow, (may it never be less !) and I never heard you called *distinctively* Taghkonic in all my life. That name, I humbly and loyally submit to you, is appropriated to the royal family of which you are only a single, though a most worthy and honored scion, and you have no right to take the name all to yourself. I cannot answer for the Indians, or the people who sit at your feet, but I do assure your Majesty that the name you lay claim to passed long since into history and into literature, not as *yours*, but as belonging to your whole royal line ; and for you to claim it now is very much as if Chimborazo should call himself the Andes, as if Mont Blanc should call himself the Alps, or as if a single Egyptian king should rise up and claim the exclusive title of all the Pharaohs. I accorded to you the honor of being the culmination of the Taghkonic ridge. This is exactly what the best authorities say of you. Hear them. Here is that old standard, Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, which says : "On the western border is the *Taghkonic ridge*, attaining in Mount Washington, in the southwest corner of the State, the height of 3,150 feet." The same is said by M'Culloch

in his admirable work, the richest and surest treasury of geographical knowledge I know of. Thus: "Taghkonik Mountains — *a range which extends fifty miles*. . . . Its highest summits are in Sheffield." So the naturalists. Professor Hithcock, in his "Geology of Massachusetts," speaks of the numerous distinct summits that crown "*the broad ranges of the Taghkonik*." His maps, after Murray, make the Taghkonik range through the length of Berkshire. And in his Elementary treatise, published twenty years ago, he has had the audacity, in one of his wood-cuts, to cut your royal Majesty right in two, or at least one of your family, showing your inner man, your real "character and standing," from which it would appear that you do not belong to the *very* oldest formation, but only to that of talcose slate. And the Professor there only puts you in as one of the "Taghkonik *range*." Mitchell, however, speaks of a Taghkonik peak, meaning, doubtless, your sovereignty, and I doubt not that, by a sort of metonymy, in which scientific accuracy is ignored, you are sometimes made to stand for your race as its worthy representative.

I have before me two double maps, published under the authority of old Massachusetts, one in 1844 and the other in 1852, in both which your Majesty is entitled uniformly "Bald Peak," and never once Taghkonik. Your courtiers right about your royal person are excusable for calling you by the name that belongs to your race, but they can hardly expect to impose their provincialism upon all mankind.

Down here on the flats we are divided into sects, some great ones, some little ones. Sometimes a single sect will tower up and claim to be "*the Church*," unchurching all the rest. Pardon me, but I trust your Majesty is *above* such things, and will leave the rest of your royal line in possession of their titles and honors.

I do not like "Mount Everett" any better than your Majesty. But I took what the later maps gave me in preference to "Bald Peak," which is no name at all, — for who am I, to undertake the christening of your royal person?

As to the waterfall, I found it spelt four different ways, and took the one I liked best. I pronounced "Bashpish" several times to try it, and my mouth involuntarily *pished* at it every time. Bashpish, however, or Bashapish, is the more usual orthography, and let it stand so; for general usage establishes these matters in spite of us.

With awful reverence, I am, as of old, your loyal admirer and grateful vassal,

S.

TRANSITION YEARS.

THE following excellent piece of good sense shows unmistakably which half of the race it proceeds from. But men as well as women are shy of owning their true age after the "transition years." There is dread of growing old from the fact that so many old men get fossilized, and so many old women, after external graces have gone, have nothing left. There is no need of being old if we take care to lay up treasures of heart and mind, for then, as Swedenborg says of the angels, the longer we live, the younger we grow.

THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT.

"I DO not expect ever to be married," said a young lady of twenty-three, some five and twenty years ago. "Ah, M——," replied a facetious old uncle, in a tone of mock pathos, "if you thought you should not be married, you would not sleep a wink to-night." "I do *not* expect to be married," persisted the maiden, "and I have formed three resolutions on the subject: first, that I will not become soured toward the world; secondly, that I will not talk scandal; and thirdly, that I will not be ashamed to tell my age."

The girl read her destiny with a prophetic eye, and perhaps her resolutions have been better kept than resolutions generally are. But then the temptation to violate the first two has been small. The world has proved a very good one, presenting as few sharp corners and as many smooth surfaces as could reasonably have been expected; and if poor Crazy Julia's words — "It's hard work living" — have been echoed now and then, the prevailing and almost constant sentiment has been, "The world is full of beauty and of love." Of course, when one's on good terms with society, there is but little inducement to spend one's breath in circulating ill reports.

As to the last resolution, there are transition years, when it requires some little heroism for a woman, especially an unmarried one, to acknowledge her age. To render a sufficient reason for this may be difficult; let it be set down to the account of vanity. But when one has fairly succeeded in weathering this stormy cape, the navigation is plain once more. "It is more blessed to be approaching age than to be receding from youth," some one has said; and truly it is easier in some cases to say, "I am forty-eight," than it was to say, "I am thirty-three." One even comes to hear the once-dreaded

term, "old maid," applied to herself with perfect equanimity. The words strike the ear, but carry no thrill to the heart. The true woman feels that she can stand on her own respectability, though she stand alone. Had she inflicted a wound on "the holy estate of matrimony," — that sacrament, more frequently abused, perhaps, than any other of God's blessed gifts, — had she done this, by giving her hand without the pure offering of the heart, she might well feel that she had taken a step downward. But standing in the unity in which God created her, she can wrap the mantle of her own self-respect about her, and, while she acknowledges that many a sister woman has in her keeping holy and beautiful treasures which she has not, she will feel that, by the faithful discharge of her own duties, she also performs a perfect work in the world. Many and sacred may be her ties to earthly friends; or, if these be wanting,

"Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melody may wake
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone."

PRAYER-WHEELS.

M. HUC, the Jesuit missionary who travelled in Thibet, gives a description of these devotional machines. The people have evidently got the notion that the *quantity* of one's prayers rather than the *quality* makes them effectual. The problem is how to pray the most in a given time. This is done by machinery. They compose innumerable prayers, wind them in sheets of paper so as to form a cylinder, put a crank to it, and turn them. The more times the barrel turns round, the more prayers are offered. Set it briskly in motion, and if the crank is well oiled it will go of itself for a long time after. These prayer-barrels are put up in all the Lamaseries, or religious houses. Sometimes quarrels arise because one man will stop the prayer-barrel which another has set going, and then start it anew for himself. Sometimes the machines are erected by streams, and made to go by water, thus saving the devotee a great deal of time and labor. Mrs. Child, in her "Progress of Religious Ideas," describes these prayer-

wheels. If, by the way, you have not read that work, you do not know how the contents of great and learned tomes may be extracted and conveyed anew in a style so luminous and pleasing that you will always finish what you have begun. In her account of the prayer-barrels, we fancy a sly, latent reference to prayer-machines in Christian countries, a great many of which are unquestionably set going with more reference to the quantity than the quality, and are kept in motion sometimes when they are a weariness and a burden, under the impression that somehow they must be turned, or God will be displeased. Prayer is aspiration for the good and the true, and for union with Him who is Goodness and Truth, and when this is not in it, the prayer-wheels are a representation, not less apt for being comic, of how we must appear to the intelligences above us. s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poems. By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers. — After reading the author's modest Preface, where he says, "Several of the pieces are based upon the beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg," we expected to find the usual result of attempts at metaphysical poetry. But no; the poetry is good, and the theology is fused and flows through it, set sometimes to very sweet and heavenly music. The first poem, "Birth of a Child," though it has not the wonderful rhythmic cadence of Wordsworth's great Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," that steals away down into the soul like seraph-melodies from over a mystic sea, yet reminds us of that Ode, by the gleams of vast spiritual truths that come through it. How finely the doctrine of "remains" is here set forth!

"O see! a morn in May!
A shining, balmy, breezy one;
The little children out at play
On sweet green landscapes in the sun!
Searching for shells the rivulet's brim,
Watching the silver minnows swim,
Chasing the rainbow butterfly,
Or mocking echo's faint reply.

O trustful, happy, guileless creatures !
 How near ye are to angel-natures !
 Content with what each day is given,
 And fed with manna fresh from heaven.

The little loves and charities,
 The sweet and gentle courtesies,
 Ye from each other thus evoke at play,
 Are treasures inly stored away.
 Into their forms, like dew into the flower,
 The Lord distils his vivifying power,
 And blessings they become forever ;
 States of the mind which perish never,
 But, losing every tint of sadness,
 Return with multiplying gladness ;
 Germs of eternal happiness,
 Which never cease to grow and bless ;
 Strength for the seasons of temptation,
 Means of eventual renovation,
 The bonds that link us to the angels most, —
 The light which may be hidden, but never can be lost."

There is a sweet pensiveness in the next effusion, "Our little Aleck," which is very touching :—

"When thou wert born, my angel boy !
 I wrote a song for thee ;
 The music of that wondrous joy
 Which thou wert then to me.

"Alas ! alas ! the tribute lay
 My heart so fondly gave,
 In requiem echoes died away
 Upon thy little grave.

"Soon, soon, the fountains that supplied
 Thy precious wants went dry,
 But sorrow's never-ebbing tide
 Yet fills thy mother's eye.

"Mute her guitar's untended strings,
 Her book lies on the shelf ;
 She weeps o'er all thy little things
 As if they were thyself ;—

“As if they were that beauteous form
 We left in earth alone,
 The little cage whence bright and warm
 The heavenly bird had flown.”

The volume has 360 pages, including notes chiefly extracted from Swedenborg. The style both of the printing and paper is very beautiful. s.

El Fureidis. By the Author of “The Lamplighter” and “Mabel Vaughan.” Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Presuming that the three hundred thousand or more people who read *The Lamplighter* will also read *El Fureidis*, it will hardly be fair to reveal the plot in advance. *El Fureidis* is the name of a village situated in a lovely nook of the range of Mount Lebanon. The romance is a tale of love amid the rich and dream-colored scenery of Syria, whose beauty and gorgeousness are infused through the narrative. The interest sometimes flags, the descriptions of scenery are sometimes vague and wordy, as derived from books instead of personal observation. But the artistic excellence equals that of the author’s first work, and *Havilah*, the Syrian maiden, is more of a favorite with us than *Gertrude*, the nice Yankee girl. s.

Story of a Pocket Bible. Illustrated. New York: Wiley and Halsted. — The Pocket Bible is made to report what it has seen and heard during an experience of fifty years, visiting all scenes and characters, going into a lawyer’s family, into college, visiting a Catholic priest, a Protestant formalist, going into prison, into the home of the bride to an infidel reformer, comforting, reproving, and converting, and adapting truth to all classes and conditions of men. It is a republication from an English periodical, its author not known. The sketching is sometimes bold and graphic, the human heart discloses its needs and corruptions, and the Divine truth is shown in its adaptations to convict and purify it. s.

Unitarianism defined: the Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By FREDERIC A. FARLEY, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book comprises ten Lectures, prompted by the interest excited by recent discussions concerning the Trinity. Dr. Farley reasons vigorously from his premises, and always makes himself understood. The law-students used to say of Dr. Palfrey’s

preaching, that he always argued as if he expected the Devil to get up and answer him, and that he generally anticipated all which that celebrated logician could urge. Dr. Farley has *not* anticipated all objections, but lays himself open to some pretty sweeping shots, if anybody chose to take up the argument. For instance, he admits, or seems to, in his exposition of the first chapter of John, that the Word which "was God" and was "made flesh" dwelt in Jesus Christ, not as an inspiration which other men have, but as an inborn and normal possession. Then he goes right on to argue stoutly and defiantly against Christ's having a "double nature." In his Lecture on the Antiquity of Unitarianism he makes out the ante-Nicene fathers believers in two Gods, one supreme and the other inferior and derived,—the identical heresy for which the Nicene theologians denounced Arius. All his citations, we think, he misapplies. Against tripersonality his argument is strong and unanswerable; but we should be very sorry if he has told us all on the affirmative side, or that he has here "defined" all there is of positive Christian Unitarianism. We cannot see in the definition any such body of truth and doctrine as is adequate to cleave down the evils of the heart, and make men new creatures in Christ Jesus. Through the whole discussion the best spirit is preserved, and in his greatest earnestness the preacher never forgets the courtesies of debate. s.

Katherine Morris: an Autobiography. By the Author of "Here and Hereafter." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.—This is a religious novel, free from cant and sectarianism, pervaded by a fine religious spirit, and it leaves the best impression which this kind of literature is capable of producing. s.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Seminary. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—The object of this book is to bring vividly before the mind of the reader scenes of sacred history to verify the accuracy of the Bible in geographical details, and to throw light upon obscure passages and local allusions. It is not a continuous personal narrative, but gives the carefully-selected results of travel with reference to the one object of Scripture illustration, and it will be found exceedingly useful as a book of reference for making clear the letter of Holy Writ. s.

A New Age for the New Church, wherein is considered a Condensed View of its Past Stages and Future Prospects, a Review of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word through Rev. T. L. Harris; some Notice of the Authority of Swedenborg and the coming Judgment upon all the Earth. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD, Author of "God in his Providence." — Socrates, when a new thought struck him, stood stock still from sunrise to sunrise. We must stand longer than that to take in all the matter of this pamphlet. Origen, and Swedenborg after him, say that the Bible has three senses, two others lying within the literal. Mr. Harris says it has sixty-three, and Brother Fernald along with him is careering in the forty-third, or the "sub-celestial." We pray they may escape the doom of Icarus, and get safe back to the earth. For ourselves we cannot venture very far within the literal, and always try to keep a firm footing upon it, and find thus more truth than we have turned into conduct. The pamphlet contains some severe strictures, though in a good temper, on the Swedenborgian cultus and sect. We *hope* its statements are somewhat extreme, though the writer speaks from personal experience. The pamphlet may be had of Otis Clapp, Boston, or at the room of the American New Church Association in the Cooper Institute, New York.

s.

Speech of Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, of Michigan, on the Rise and Fall of the Democratic Party. — Hon. Charles Sumner has our thanks for this and other Congressional documents.

The Critic Criticised and Worcester Vindicated, by WILLIAM D. SWAN, is a triumphant defence both of Dr. Worcester and his Dictionary.

s.

The New Discussion of the Trinity; containing Notices of Professor Huntington's Recent Defence of that Doctrine, reprinted from "The Christian Examiner," "The Monthly Religious Magazine," "The Monthly Journal of the Unitarian Association," and "The Christian Register." Together with Sermons by REV. THOMAS STARR KING and DR. ORVILLE DEWEY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. For the American Unitarian Association. 1860. — This volume contains much which, we are persuaded, will prove to be of permanent value, and ought to satisfy those who insist upon the tripersonality of the Godhead as an essential truth of the Gospel,

that the dissenters from this dogma have been at pains to study the New Testament and the history of Christian opinion with all earnestness and in all honesty, before recording that emphatic denial which puts them before the world as Unitarians. We do not see how any persons, uncommitted to sect, still at liberty to form a candid judgment, can read the papers which are brought together within these covers, and still be able to affirm that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are revealed to us in the Testimony as three coequal, coeternal Persons, using the word "Person" in the only sense according to which we can understand it. We would earnestly ask all those who would rejoice in the *truth*, all who are seeking to know God and Christ in an experimental and saving way, to read this little volume, and ask themselves before Him who looks upon the heart, whether Christendom is just to the people called Unitarians, whether their questionings have been fairly met, whether excommunications from churches and extrusions from pulpits are the best, or, in the end, even the shortest methods of dealing with them. We are persuaded that the number of those, even in Trinitarian communions, who are unconsciously waiting for a better statement of the mystery of God in Christ than any recognized creed affords, is very large, and all such persons as well as the Unitarians will find a great deal in this volume to aid them in the attempt to construct a true Christology. May we be allowed to add, that many who are known as Liberal Christians would find their theology much enriched by a careful study of the exceedingly able article from the Examiner, and (as the present writer had no hand in its composition, may he not say it?) the paper by our co-editor taken from our own pages? E.

Morning Hours in Patmos: The Opening Vision of the Apocalypse, and Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By A. O. THOMPSON, Author of "The Better Land," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is no easy work to set in order and clothe in words any human experience, inward or outward, which shall be in any way worthy to accompany as comment or paraphrase the magnificent opening chapters of the Apocalypse. The mysteries of two worlds gather about us in that border land between heaven and earth, and so occupy the mind and heart that we choose to be alone with the Book, and to read its wondrous sentences in the stillness. To those who do not share with us this feeling, the "Morning Hours" will prove interesting and profitable. E.

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THEODORE PARKER AND HIS THEOLOGY.

THE name of Theodore Parker connects itself so intimately with certain forms of opinion, that it becomes impersonal; for Parkerism defines concisely one of the social and religious forces of these times. Now that he has passed away, and the smoke and dust of controversy subside, it becomes necessary more than ever, and much easier, to define and understand what this thing is of which so much has been said, both in praise and in blame. What is there good in it, and what is there bad in it? How much of it is transient, and how much, if any, is permanent?

Let us pause to say something of the man. People whose opinions come very near together, but not quite, often have the bitterest controversies about them. We can be just to Mr. Parker, for his opinions are the opposites of ours, and they are in no danger of being mixed undistinguishably together.

He is a signal instance of what the New England system of education is capable of producing, when it comes in contact with a mind hungering after knowledge. He was born in our neighbor town of Lexington, and it will be important

in the estimate of some of his opinions to remember, that he was the child of a Puritan ancestry, that he was baptized in the old Lexington meeting-house, that he was grandson of Captain John Parker, who commanded the militia at the memorable battle on Lexington Common, where the first American blood shed for freedom "has made the grass more green." Captain Parker's gun hung up in Theodore's study. He took it down once, and loaded and primed it, to defend Ellen Crafts from slave-hunters.

Mr. Parker was an example of all-conquering industry. At an age when other children were in their primary studies, he was reading Milton, picking berries, and selling them at three cents a quart, to buy Ainsworth's Dictionary. He taught school, and kept abreast with the college classes at the same time. At twenty-one, it is said, he had read Virgil twenty times, Horace nearly as often, had studied the natural sciences, and soon after added the modern languages to his acquirements.

He was a member of the Theological School when I entered it, where I was thrown into casual intercourse with him for two years. He was distinguished there more for his devouring appetite for books, than his facility for reproduction. His compositions were crude and juvenile, his power of debate not remarkable, and his manner awkward and angular. But in industry he was a perfect bee, sucking honey through all the alcoves with most intense delight. Pointing one day to the library shelves, he said, humorously but prophetically, "That is the way my books will appear labelled: 'THEOD. PARKER: OPUSCULA.'" This book-devouring he always kept up. His library has seventeen thousand volumes, only three thousand of them in the English language, and it is said — we take it rather extravagantly — that he knew all their contents, even to the prefaces and foot-notes. His scholarship, however, though extending over an immense surface, was exceedingly lacking in delicate adjustments and details.

But his diligence was not the most salient point of his

character. His love of natural justice had more than a Puritan vigor, and all the Revolutionary Parker blood boiled through him, and would not let him rest. All his instincts led him to side with the weak against the strong, to hate the meanness that grinds the poor, that cheats a woman, that robs the African of his earnings, or that robs the friendless of purity and virtue.

Along with this he had a courage such as few persons possess, and which is not the natural growth of our institutions. It demands a good deal of moral force to stand up, year in and year out, and take the abuse of the press and the pulpit, which are thought to represent all the wealth and respectability, and let your name be used as a curse and a byword in nurseries, in prayer-meetings, and in churches. All this Theodore Parker did. When most other pulpits prophesied for Baal, he cast off the fear of man, and prophesied for humanity and righteousness. In the dark crisis which followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, when, if ever, Justice had a claim to be justified of her children, I heard him speak in Faneuil Hall after the best men that the times afforded, and he spoke the bravest words of them all. That his temper imbibed considerable extract of wormwood is certainly true, but he never lost the erectness of his mind,—never ceased, as he would phrase it, to be upright before God and downright before man. Seeing him in Boston once, after reading one of his Fast-day utterances against legal robbery, I crossed over the street to greet him.

“I’ve read your Fast sermon, Mr. Parker, and wanted to speak to you.”

“That is the very reason people here don’t want to speak to me.”

“But you are looking very well ; how do you bear all these buffetings so ? ”

“I did n’t know I had any buffetings,” said he, most serenely.

They had come to pass by him as street noises, which we

get used to, and sleep over as a thing of course, till we can hardly sleep without them.

His sympathies were humane and tender. His friendships were genial and sunny, and drew kindred spirits to him with such magnetic attraction that he almost absorbed them into his own being. The forlorn and forsaken could go to him and be sure of being warmed into life and comfort. The sinner who had fallen the lowest, and been turned from the doors of all the Pharisees, would have found ample room in the large heart of Theodore Parker.

His morality was a lofty Puritanism. The moral rule which he applied to social rights and obligations, to the acquisition of property and the use of it, to trade and bargaining, to temperance and chastity, to the treatment of pauperism, to the duties of the many to the few, the strong to the weak, the prosperous to the perishing, was in the main eminently Christian; but it ought to be added, that he claimed this as the result of his intuitive knowledge, when he owed the whole of it to the Christianity in which he was born and nurtured and consecrated to in that old Lexington meeting-house.

His honesty was sturdy as the oak, bending to no gales nor tempests, but planted indomitably in its own individual convictions. He always said the thing he meant, sometimes in phrase studiously offensive, and unnecessarily so. His partiality to the Saxon idioms brought home his thought to men's familiar associations, and his unmeasured personalities, spiced largely with irony and caricature, held the attention of his audiences where naked argument and pure reason would have failed to do it. If Mr. Parker was ever untrue to his better judgment, it was here.

His intellect was keen and subtile, and bored into everything, determined to find the kernel if it had any. But it had no constructive power, and its range was lateral and horizontal, and lacked both height and depth. He saw sharply through sham-reasoning in other people, could prick

all wind-bladders with the needles of his criticism and satire ; hence was quick to run down a falsehood, but impotent to establish a truth. Notwithstanding his abundant nomenclature about the consciousness which he learned from Kant, few men ever lived with his vigorous mind who had less of intuitive reason. His mind cropped out plentifully into the sensuous understanding, and his attempts to grasp with this the most transcendent truths could end in nothing but failure. We think too, for the balance of such powers as his, he needed a great deal more of the imaginative element, better called by Sir William Hamilton the representative faculty which helps faith to an open view of its objective realities. His intellect was colored mainly by his tempestuous sensibilities. He had not even enough of the intuitive faculty for intellectual sympathy, and hence he could not enter into another person's beliefs so as to understand them and get their outlook. It was hard for him to think that the professed believers in Supernaturalism were not either knaves or fools. In religious matters he almost always misrepresents his antagonists, seldom getting hold of the essentials in the creeds of other men. The real argument for the miracles he never apprehends so as to give it anything like a complete statement, and he never tires at setting up his straw image and knocking it over. The mere letter of the Bible, with his immense industry, is all he ever mastered. Its interior contents were sealed against him with seven seals. Even much of its grand and glorious Orientalism was hidden from him. His mind was so made up of Anglo-Saxon sinew and brawn, that he saw little in the Bible beyond the most rugged literalism, and even its highest moral sublimity and beauty were lost upon him. He reads the Divine epopee of the creation in Genesis, and sees God working six days like a blacksmith and then resting to get refreshed. He reads the story of the first covenant, so wonderfully prophetic of the second, and only sees God "eating veal with Abraham." He reads the

Mosaic books, and sticks at finding God "trying to kill Moses in a tavern." He reads, in Psalm xvi. 7, "My reins instruct me in the night season," and then cites the text among his bristling foot-notes to prove that the Hebrews thought the seat of the soul was in the bowels! The first three Gospels, so admirable beyond all compositions of all ages for the grandeur of a Doric simplicity, he thinks deficient in literary merit, while he admires the Apocalypse, which, judged from his own stand-point, and conned only in the letter, would violate the first rules of good writing, and defy all the canons of taste. He reads the biographies of Christ, and finds in the subject of them the story of an amiable young Hebrew, sinful and erring, but in advance of his times, and he announces as an important discovery that an Alexandrian Jew forged the Gospel of John.

His stores of learning lie dark, his facts are disjointed and without historic integrity. He had no power of reproducing to himself another age in peaceful and uncoloring daylight, like our Prescott and Irving, like Sismondi and Heeren, but he always dyes it blood-red in his own feelings and opinions. He had an intense love of nature, and he luxuriates in its imagery, but in the faculty which gives to the reason its eyesight he was almost totally blind; and this, so far as intellectual equipment goes, determined all his beliefs and proclivities.

Mr. Parker's great virtues were the result of his Christian training and ancestral tendencies acting upon a noble nature. To understand his faults, we must know his system, for they were the inevitable fruits of it.

He has been called the child of Unitarianism. If by Unitarianism be meant what its fathers understood by it, consistent Protestantism, the Bible the only creed, and Christ the only Master, — Liberal Christianity, in short, as it was transmitted from John Robinson, — Mr. Parker not only was not the child of it, but flew directly in the face of it, rejecting with vehemence its two fundamental propositions. Taking Uni-

tarianism, however, as it had come to be held by many, Mr. Parker's system, we conceive, is its legitimate fruit, for he only run it down into its last results. It had been set forth as among the axioms of criticism, that the Bible is not itself a revelation, but only a human history of one. Its *text* is not inspired, it only contains an account of the doings and utterances of certain men, some of whom were inspired and some of whom were not. The thoughts come from God, provided they be true ones, and we must pick them out as we may. The idea of a WORD OF GOD, or God speaking to us now, was repudiated, and we have only the fallible history of men inspired some time ago. This was said by the critics: we do not imagine that this is the theory of the Bible among the Christian laity of any denomination.

Mr. Parker was not slow in discovering what this leads to, and in running it into all its logical consequences. He saw that it threw out nearly the whole of the Old Testament, as on the level or below the level of common literature. Applying this method to the New Testament, he reckons the miracles among the human additions. This brings Christ to a level with other men, unless one has an intuitive discernment of his Divinity, which Mr. Parker had not. He was not the man to stop short in his logic, or to build up sophisms to avoid the fair results of his premises. As an inevitable consequence, the theory in his hands brings the Bible into the same category with the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, the Koran, the poems of Hesiod, and the Orphic Hymns. He examines it from the same point of view, and, from the very structure of his mind, he finds a little wheat and enormous heaps of tares. Most of the books are not genuine. John's Gospel and all but four of the Pauline Epistles are probably forgeries. On the Old Testament he pours all manner of scorn; the New Testament history he thinks corrupt and unreliable, and all the miracles the figments of ignorant and credulous men. It was not given him to see their finer adjustments in the narrative, making it a living whole, as the lenses of the

eye are so adjusted as to make a living organ of sight. Christ however appears through all these obscuring fables as a young Jew of promising genius, with better ideas of God than the Old Testament writers; and he would probably have made further reforms had he not been cut off by an untimely death. Christ, however, had very imperfect views of the Divine character and government, owing to his youth and want of advantages, had false notions about demons and about future punishment, which Mr. Parker is able to correct in the light of the "absolute religion" which comes to him through his spontaneous consciousness.

We may observe, as illustrative of Mr. Parker's intellectual habits, that the four Gospels, and John's pre-eminently, and ten of the Pauline Epistles, are established as genuine by evidence so completely demonstrative, that those who have once seen it no more doubt of it than we doubt the genuineness of the Constitution of the United States. The historic evidence is unbroken and full, the internal runs sometimes into the finest threads of circumstantial proof, and broadens sometimes in the very sunlight of noon. Some of this Mr. Parker never could have traced, and if he had made the attempt, it would have been like a blind man untwisting the threads of the spectrum.*

Having set aside all revelation from the Bible as of no authority, he proceeds to establish a religion from what he calls "the facts of the universe." He means by this, from nature around and the spontaneous consciousness within. This last, he says, gives him three things;—the intuition of the Divine, or the consciousness that there is a God; the intuition of justice, or the consciousness that there is a moral

* Any one may see the historical evidence for the four Gospels drawn out unanswerably in Norton's *Genuineness*, Vol. I. For the controversy about the Gospel of John, which proceeds mainly from internal grounds, and some of them trivial enough, see Bloomfield and Olshausen *in loc.* For the internal evidence of the genuineness of ten of the Pauline Epistles, see Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, which, as Mr. Norton well says, has "put the question at rest."

aw which we ought to keep ; the intuition of immortality, or the consciousness that we shall live for ever. He tries to distinguish between the *idea* of these things, which is absolute, and the *conception* about them, which is imperfect and transient, never seeming to suspect that what he calls his absolute idea may turn out to be nothing but a conception most feeble and inadequate.

In his labored development of these three fundamentals, the idea of God takes on no Divine personality that warms the heart and searches it through, and melts it down under the strokes of Divine grace. Confessedly "it can present no image to the mind." The intuitive moral law has no retributive sanctions, no thunders of justice rolling along the future. The intuition of immortality has no pneumatology, no objective realities dawning on the faith and turning it to vision, and from its very nature it never can have. And so his pretended absolute religion, considered as a practical working force in the world, would no more act upon and renew it, than the flimsiest web-work that ever was spun from the human brain.

But the reader cannot fail, we think, to see that there is everything in it to develop an enormous egotism. The 'spontaneous consciousness,' given under more favorable circumstances, supersedes Jesus of Nazareth, the promising young Jew, and makes the sun, moon, and stars of the spiritual universe revolve about Theodore Parker. Moreover, there is nothing here to reveal to man his own moral disorders. Hence Mr. Parker's habitual self-exaggeration, which followed him to the death-hour, and his total unconsciousness of the wants of man as a sinful being. He sees plain enough the disorders of the world outside ; the disorders of the world within, his shadowy theology could never disclose. He can denounce wrong, but he knows of nothing that can cleanse away the sin which is the source of wrong. His idea of God he only finds by a dive into himself ; and being an idea, and not a Divine personality, it opens no deep springs of devotion

in the soul. His sermon on the soul's normal delight in God, designed to recommend the piety of natural religion, runs into the weakest and most girlish twaddle of sentimentalism. There is a God, but Mr. Parker can only heap up adjectives to describe his perfections, for he denies the Divine incarnation, and no "fulness of the Godhead bodily" from above nature has dawned upon the world. There is a moral law; but for its code and requirements you have only the sanction of spontaneous consciousness, and that in South Carolina sends woman to the auction-block, and in India to the funeral pile. There is a life after death whose unmeasured inane the Indian may fill up with his hunting-grounds, the naturalist with bodies from the graveyards, the metaphysician with his "entities," the poet with his mythologies, and the peasant with the ghosts of his imagination.

Mr. Parker's faults of temper and his want of catholicity all come from his system. It has no power to cast out hereditary evil and bring the angelic charities in its place. Hence he loved his friends with all the genial warmth of his nature, while he hated his enemies and poured upon them the most corrosive gall. Think a moment how sore are the temptations to bitterness and wrath, and how, in such an hour, the image of that majestic patience that came down through the cloven heavens to drop sweetness into the fountains of the soul is our only resource, and what we should be without it, and we shall be surprised, not that this fault in Mr. Parker was so prominent, but rather, that, in an earnest nature like his, and in a strife so fierce, and turned away from the mediatorial centre of forgiving love, all the milk of human kindness did not change into wormwood. It must have done so except for the remains in him of his Christian nurture and training.

The study of the Bible to the best minds in all ages has disclosed three things. First, there is the letter, the lowest and roughest of its exterior. Then within this hard rind there is that under-dress of imagery and spiritual beauty which half

conceals and half discloses its plenary inspiration, as the purpling clouds that float over the sun's disk temper to us the ardors of his effulgence. Hence, its inspiration aside, this poetic under-dress, which is half letter and half spirit, charms and fascinates any mind that can be touched even with the highest graces of moral goodness. But within all this there is the spiritual sense itself, dawning upon us the more we read and obey, rising at length in organic wholeness that takes in and transfigures the lowest letter, and makes it bright with the shinings of the Divine countenance. The most exterior dress, the leathern girdle and the raiment of camel's hair, was nearly all that Mr. Parker could see. Even the spiritual beauty of the book of John, that so irradiates the letter, and invests the central character of the book with draperies of the Divinity, that live and breathe and make the book as unlike all human composition, and beyond all human art, as the tree drest in living foliage is unlike the paint you daub on the canvas,—this Mr. Parker rather thought was the conception of a Jewish forger. And within all this, not even veiled by the letter, is the Word made flesh, the Divine Human of the Lord ; — a great truth that so groups and organizes all other truth, that the Old Testament history is lighted up with it clean back to the first verse in Genesis, and Christian history through its whole track, and in all its phases, clean down to the last meeting in Music Hall. This too, was invented by the Jewish forger, — and that must have been on the same morning that some mason with his trowel and his mortar built those splendid arches of the Milky Way.

In Mr. Parker's system, if we may call it so, there are half-truths, but so standing alone or so perverted that they have no regenerating or constructive power. It is true, and most important truth, that all men have intuitive notions of spiritual and divine things. Into every soul come breathings from the Lord, deeper than all human teachings, and without which all human teachings were in vain. Our minds open inward towards the angelic worlds, and from these there run along

into our souls, as on electric wires, the tidings that are not of earth, — intuitions of God, of a moral law, and of a life to come. This is the immanence of God in humanity, and it is found everywhere, from the first bishop in Christendom to the half-idiot savages of Sidney Cove. These divine instincts are in every man; for every man as to his interior mind is the denizen of a spiritual world, and in unconscious communion with eternal things.

But observe, these divine instincts do not give us the vision of truth; they only give us yearnings and determinations towards it. They are not an "inward eye," gazing on the truth and fronting its orb; they are inward drawings and urgencies that make us seek it, and enable us to recognize it when it comes. In a state perfectly sinless, in the absence of all acquired and hereditary evil, these intuitions might become open vision, the things of immortality unveiled, — as in those days of the primitive innocence, when angels crowned, star-like, the tops of the mountains, and "warbled, for heaven above and earth below, strains suitable for both." Not so with us who are to attain heaven through the path of regeneration. The instinct of God, if we are faithful to it, gives us yearnings towards him, or if sinful it gives us tremblings about him. But it does not unveil to us his countenance and show the King in his beauty. The instinct of a moral law lays on us a sense of duty and torments us with the Ought, but it does not give us the perfect morality. Lyncurgus made infanticide a duty, and Plato recommends adultery in his model republic. The instinct of immortality makes us expect a future life, and the soul stretches towards it with unutterable longings. But do you think that mother who has laid her first-born in the grave, and yearns towards the old familiar faces, will shape its forms and prospects out of her yearnings alone? These divine instincts are imbreathings of God, running down into our hearts, and going up again in aspirations and reachings towards the great realities. But those grand realities themselves, in their own shape and substance,

and their own authentic certitude, they do not and cannot give. A man may think he grasps them in "the contents of consciousness," and spin his fancies about these things out of himself, and they will probably resemble the things themselves as the spider's gossamer, which he spins out of his body, resembles the great world of skies, woods, and clearings in which his little work is done. Hence, besides God's witness in the soul, he has always another witness to call and answer to it, — his all-revealing Word, which unveils the very form and substance of truth, and confronts the reason with its transcendent glories. Each complements the other and helps it on. God in the soul makes me yearn towards him as his child, and long to behold his face. God in his Word reveals the Divine Substance itself, the Divinely Human, clothed in personal attributes and reflecting all the Divine charms to fill up the measure of my love till it overflows. God in the soul makes me conscious of a moral law, lying hard down upon the conscience and tormenting me. God in his Word illumines this sense, clears it from the mixture of my own passions and false notions, and enforces it with its everlasting penalties. God in the soul makes me conscious of a nature which I believe will survive the body, which hungers for immortality and looks with scorn upon the claiming grave. God in his Word opens the avenues that lead into that mysterious Beyond, and its lawns and endless colonnades stretch out beneath the eye. God in the soul gives me promptings and preachings after the truth, and works in me states of mind it to receive it. God in his Word gives me its own bright and beautiful beholdings. And these two witnesses answer and call to each other in accents ever more loud and ever more clear. The instinct that turns me towards the Divine Word with prayers and heart-cries, makes that Word unveil its contents the more. And then as the Word opens its contents and gives me new revealings, the divine instinct within is clarified and made strong. And so He comes into the soul by intuitions that grow deeper and clearer, and meets them

from his Word with beholdings of himself that brighten to the perfect day. So all human progress proceeds. The Church is the descended Word, and the souls that are drawn towards it by the God that breathes through them both, and thus he reveals himself by these two witnesses as fast as the generations can receive him; for just so far as the instincts of humanity become purified, so far the Divine Word opens down to meet them, and its truths file out in endless array as the guide of the groping nations.

These are the two principles of individual, social, and humanitarian regeneration. To leave out either of these two is like breaking one of the wheels of the steam-vessel in which we are all embarked, and then the ship, instead of going forward, whirls round and round. The churches make no progress without both these witnesses. God in his Word only, and not also in the soul, becomes a tradition and a sect and a lifeless authority, and it opens no more. God only as an instinct becomes a blind sentiment mixed up in perilous compound with man's self-love, and one is mistaken for the other. Out of his instincts a man may denounce sin; it is only from his own puny individualism, and the world will treat the denunciation as his private invective. He cannot open against the wrong the glittering armory of the Lord, and slay it, either in himself or in society. Not so when the Divine Instinct is joined to the Word, and there finds its sword and panoply; for then we have not our intuitions, but God openly revealed against all unrighteousness. Then we have not merely our instinct of the moral law, but the moral law ultimating itself in its own avenging retributions. Then we have not an intuition and a dream of immortality, with the clouds and the shadows shutting down upon the prospect, but the clouds and the shadows lift up, and away under their endless canopy guilt recoils upon itself and comes down on the wrong-doers like a storm. Hence the Word of God, even in the hands of simple men, has always been sharp and powerful, while the cobweb theologies

spun out of one's private brain shiver against man's evils as against marble.

Finally, Christ sums up the whole in one of those sentences through which we look as through oriel windows over a whole province of truth: "No man can come to me except the Father that hath sent me draw him." These two, — the Father, the Divine Love, drawing through all hearts, and seeking to bend and turn them, — the Son, the Eternal Word, meeting them there, with truth full fronting the reason, illuming and guiding our instinctive reachings and aspirings, giving sight to faith, and spreading out the endless landscapes before it.

We wanted to say a word upon Mr. Parker's relation to the Unitarians, and his alleged *persecution* by them. His complaints on this score seem to us the only thing really unmanly that appears in his whole life. He knew, or ought to have known, that the Liberal Congregational Churches have stood for two centuries on a foundation which he denounced and disowned, — the Bible the only creed, and Christ the only Master, — and he had no right to complain of discourtesy and exclusion because they would not suffer him to come in and knock the supports from beneath them, and turn their sanctuaries into lyceum halls. He was treated with tolerance, and even tenderness, and his bitter denunciations and gibes were never, to our knowledge, in a single instance returned. It would have been in perfect keeping with congregational usage and individual rights, if the Unitarians, when the crisis required it, had re-affirmed in the ordaining councils their two fundamental articles, all in fact that makes them a Christian denomination. We think they ought to have done it. Because they did not do it, they let in upon the churches a flood of Naturalism which has chilled some of them to death. It was from extreme sensitiveness to the rights of conscience, that the whole thing was left to individual responsibility. The notion

that a man is "persecuted" because a whole denomination at his word refuses to knock the planks from under its feet and go to pieces on a sea of godless speculation, floating anywhere, "some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship," is too absurd for criticism, and Mr. Parker's friends ought to be ashamed of such delirious nonsense. But we cannot go into these matters. Mr. Parker is at that judgment-seat where the discriminations are made not according to the creed and the understanding, but according to the ruling motive and the life; and, passed on through "the tall porches of eternity," may he find that divine treasury out of which his meagre half-truths may round into fulness and glory. We hope and trust that his faults and errors were primarily those of the understanding, and that a heart that throbbed so truly to the calls of mercy, and the rights of man, and the moral laws of God, is to be blessed with those higher visions of the Lord which make our pale earthly twilight brighten into day. The "opuscula" which he has left behind him will be useful to the world in showing two things,—the last logical results of the rationalistic theories of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the utter impotence of man when attempting to manufacture a religion out of himself.

S.

I AM sure and certain, (said Luther,) when I go up to the pulpit, or to the cathedral, to preach or read, that it is not my word which I speak, but my tongue is the pen of a ready writer, as the Psalmist saith. God speaketh in the prophets and men of God, as St. Peter in his Epistle saith: "The holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Therefore we must not separate nor part God and man according to our natural reason and understanding. In like manner every hearer must conclude and say, I hear not St. Paul, St. Peter, or a man speak; but I hear God himself speak, baptize, absolve, excommunicate, and administer the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

DR. KRAPF AND EAST AFRICAN MISSIONS.*

ONLY a few years ago the map of Africa was the delight of the school-boy, not for what it contained (the desire for useful knowledge is not by any means the strongest passion in the breast of youth), but for what it did not contain. That unexplored country in the large heart of the great continent was so much more welcome, as it was indicated by a surface of white paper, unbroken save by parallels of latitude and longitude, than the picture of the German states, for example, every inch of which was the chart of a principality, with larger and smaller towns that one would have thankfully characterized as "too numerous to be named." Now, alas for the beginner! Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Krapf are changing all this. He will no longer find his task as good as finished when Egypt and the Barbary States have been safely traversed, and, in the Desert of Sahara, bewildered by the Simoon, and absorbed by the touching picture of travellers about to be buried in the sand, with which the geographies were adorned, he has almost forgotten Guinea and the Hottentots and some slight remainders of coast-lands. Dr. Livingstone journeying from the south, and Dr. Krapf from the northeast, have found Africa to be anything but uninhabited, and to offer many encouragements to the pioneers of a Christian civilization. Dr. Krapf and his associates have been devoting themselves for almost a score of years to Eastern Africa, and have penetrated, partly by their own explorations, and partly by judicious questioning of natives, so far beyond the coast, that when Mr. Dickens again finds occasion to sat-

* Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa; together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute at Basel, &c., &c. With an Appendix, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

irize a philanthropy which begins very far from home, and stops where it begins, he must not send us to Central Africa any more in search of Borribhoola-Gha.

Our missionary has prefaced his narrative with a bit of autobiography, — the story of his childhood, youth, and scholastic training, simple and uneventful, and yet not without interest, apart from the future fortunes of the boy, as a scrap of authentic human history in circumstances with which we of this Western world are not familiar. The good man was born in the village of Derendingen, near Tübingen, and was baptized, as he tells us with pardonable satisfaction, Ludwig, or the wrestler, by way of prophetic intimation of his destiny as a soldier of the cross. He seems to have been a spirited, venturesome boy, whose life was threatened continually by mill-streams and fire-arms and the force of gravity, the imperativeness of which young people are so slow to learn. We gather from his story of personal experience, that he was more afraid of hell than enamored of heaven, and yet he was by no means deficient in religious susceptibility. At the age of eleven, an indignant neighbor (the Derendingen-volk must be a very resolute generation) beat him, for a fault which he did not commit, severely enough to keep him out of the streets and orchards for six months; and the poor boy, as if conscious that, although he was innocent of the alleged transgression, he had sinned enough at other times to justify such terrible severity, instead of making complaints, betook himself to the Bible and books of devotion, and became especially interested in the Old Testament stories, which he delighted afterwards to recite to his father's reapers. This enforced vacation of six months had brought him to his first knowledge of the elements of the Latin language; and Providence at last directed his steps to the Anatolian School in Tübingen. An essay read by the rector to the whole school on missions to the heathen (why are not such essays read in our schools and colleges more frequently?) gave, under God, the direction to his life, and sent him at last to Blumhardt of Basel, with

an announcement of his willingness to serve as a missionary. The inspector wisely reminded him, that he who would make Christians of others must first be a Christian himself, and bade him seek and wait for the call from above. He returned to Tübingen, and in the society of believers strove to enter into the spirit of the Saviour's kingdom, according to the true word that "a Christian can only be formed amongst Christians." At the age of seventeen young Krapf was summoned to the Missionary College at Basel. The course of training in that institution must have been practical in the narrowest and shallowest sense of that much abused word, if we may judge from the way in which our student speaks of the "stealthy acquaintance" that he made with the "pernicious" writings of Madame Guyon and Jacob Behmen. He alludes to this mystic escapade much as a grave and reverend senior might refer to the time when he was occupied with sowing his wild oats. He seems to have contemplated the abandonment of the missionary enterprise, and a substitution instead of agricultural labor, as more conducive to piety and happiness. The remonstrances of his family prevailed to retain him for the study of theology, and he was ordained. Presently, untaught, we should say, by Madame Guyon, he maintained in a public discourse that our world is in the last quarter of its twelfth and final hour, and as the Consistory read the time of our world's life differently from the great dial-plate of their universe, the preacher thought it necessary for him to leave his pulpit and become a private tutor. In the progress of his mind and heart his spiritual condition became more healthy, and his exegesis of Scripture less startling, until at last his missionary purpose was again in the ascendant, and the month of February, 1837, found him on his way to Abessinia, with some small store of Æthiopic and Amharic vocables, and no small measure of zeal in the service of Him who said, "Go ye and teach all nations!"

If the reader will turn to a map of Egypt, Nubia, and Abessinia, he will find in the northeastern portion of the last

country, Adowa, the capital of Tigre. Here was the seat of the Abessinian mission, and this was the destination of Krapf. The voyage from Malta to Alexandria was disturbed by a fearful storm, during which our modern evangelist was much strengthened by the remembrance of the greatest of all missionaries, the Apostle Paul. He was much encouraged to find afterwards, in the year 1850, when he was on a visit to London, that his reading of the Word of God during that time of trial first revealed its unspeakable value to a fellow-passenger, only a doctor of laws at the time, but destined to become eventually a devoted and suffering confessor in the cause of pure Scripture teachings. So richly does the Spirit of the Lord bless even the wayside seed, when the sower gives it in good faith a firm God-speed! Adowa was reached, though not without difficulties arising from the inhabitants of the region, the savage Shohos, and abandoned after all, in the course of some two or three months, on account of the joint opposition of Abessinian and Romanist priests, the dissensions of those who are really brother Christians proving to be there, as almost everywhere else, a most formidable hinderance to the spread of the Gospel. The companions of Dr. Krapf having returned to Cairo to wait for orders, he resolved to visit Sahela Selassie, King of Shoa in Abessinia, and after many delays reached his capital on June 3, 1839. The Abessinians are in some sort Christians, though certainly their Christianity is of an exceedingly qualified description, as badly gone, not to seed, but rather to chaff, as can possibly be conceived of, and furnishing proof that, where the divine life does not find something akin to it, and is not faithfully cherished, it will inevitably ebb away, and leave no trace of religion,—no, not even of the final and absolute Religion, save in superstitions and disputes about trivialities. Things have reached a sad pass during these ages in Abessinia. Heretics so far forth as they are Monophysites (the word is applied to those who hold to but one nature in Christ), they seem to be pretty sound, as soundness is estimated, in other respects.

Krapf tells us that they are acquainted with the chief truths of the Bible, but hold them so blended with human notions that they are rendered almost inoperative. Besides the Scriptures, they have translations of some of the old Greek fathers; but they ask little or no preaching by the clergy,—instead thereof interminable readings of litanies. The priests are compelled to commit to memory all the psalms and the book of hymns; and certainly they might do worse, especially in a part of Christendom, if without offence this name may be applied at all to such an unchristian land, where the great controversy during the last sixty years has been about the question whether Christ was twice born or thrice born. There was the same deposition of priests by the victorious party in this strife as one continually meets with in the history of Latin Christianity. At present the doctrine of *two* births is orthodox in Abessinia. Fasting and immorality go hand in hand in this wretched country. They fast nine months out of the twelve from food, but never, it would seem, from sin. Priests and monks break the seventh commandment, concubinage is habitual, and the king has his five hundred wives. Sahela Selassie, King of Shoa, proposed to add an English princess to his vast company. The superstition of the people is unbounded. The Lebashi, or thief-catcher, takes the place of the European constable, and performs by magic art wonders that quite eclipse the marvels of the detective police.

Spite of these formidable obstacles, Dr. Krapf seems to have produced some impression in Ankober, the capital of Shoa, partly amongst the pupils of his small school, and partly amongst the priests. Availing himself, moreover, of the warlike expeditions of the king, he was enabled to make journeys amongst the neighboring Gallas, and, whilst the monarch exacted his tribute, busied himself with seeking for the remnants of old Christian churches in that rude Galla-land. He was able also to obtain some information, more or less authentic, of the unexplored countries south of Shoa,—

of the alleged Christianity of Susa, whose priests brought from Abessinian Gondar a bag which Cyril the patriarch had inflated with his breath, in order that they might be able to ordain clergy in their own country ; of the Dokos, a race of men who never reach a stature of more than four feet, and live like beasts, yet have something like an idea of a higher being, whom they call Yer, and pray to in this wise : " Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain ? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot ? " The people of Kaffa, as Dr. Krapf learned, are partly Christian, that is, according to a wretched external way ; but the most interesting by far of the East African tribes are the heathen Gallas, " the immigrants," or, as they call themselves, Orma, " strong men." Of noble stature, manly, teachable, many of them tillers of the soil, and possessed of an harmonious language, they invite the attention of the friends of Christian civilization. Their worship is carried forward under sacred trees, called Wodas, — the most sacred of all being one called Worka, by the river Hawash. They pray, " O Wak, give us children, tobacco, corn, cows, oxen, and sheep. Preserve us from sickness, and help us to slay our enemies who make war upon us, the Sidama (Christians) and the Islama (Mohammedans). O Wak, take us to thee, lead us into the garden, lead us not to Setani, and not into the fire." The religious ceremonies, as conducted by the Lubas, or priests, recall to remembrance the worship of Pagan Rome. The serpent is reckoned sacred. They have no visible idols ; indeed, throughout Eastern Africa these are unknown. The Wollo-Gallas have exchanged their heathenism for a fanatical Mohanmedanism.

Unfortunately for the interests of the mission, Dr. Krapf left Ankober on the 10th of March, 1842, after a residence of nearly three years. He was led to this step partly by the hope of facilitating the movements of some fellow-mission-

aries who were endeavoring to join him, and partly in pursuance of a plan of meeting his future wife; for although when he set out upon his work he had entertained no thought of marriage, he had come at last to the conclusion that an "unmarried missionary could not eventually prosper." His journey was interrupted, his person robbed, his life threatened by a lawless chief of one of the tribes, and he reached the coast in a truly forlorn condition. It is not unlikely that his presence at the court of the King of Shoa might have turned that prince from a decision, adopted, as Dr. Krapf thinks, under French influences, to exclude Protestant missionaries from the country; at all events, this was the royal decree, and a return to his post was impossible; and after some little time, spent in the distribution of Bibles along the frontiers of Abessinia, Zanzibar, on the southeastern coast, was selected for the destination of the bringers of good tidings.

By the 8th of June, 1844, Dr. Krapf was established at Mombaz, on the African coast a little above Zanzibar, and beginning the translation of the Book of Genesis into the native language. Here his wife was taken from him by death, and a stone placed at the head of her grave reminds the wandering African tribes of one who left father, mother, and home, to labor for their redemption into the light and joy of the Gospel. From Mombaz, Krapf made frequent excursions amongst the surrounding savages, and finally established himself in one of their villages, in conjunction with his colleague Rebmann. Whatever may be said of the luxuriousness and inefficiency of some who have gone out as missionaries, this African mission ought certainly to be acquitted of all charges of the sort. With their own hands — weakened, too, by burning fever — these evangelists built their mission-house, receiving but little assistance from the natives, who, though by no means deficient in intelligence, seem to have been of the earth, earthy, and were of course able to comprehend scarcely the smallest part of what was told them of the

Gospel. One after another of a very small audience slipped out whilst the missionaries were speaking, or the hearers asked the discouraging question, "What shall we have to eat if we come here every Siku Ku (great day, Sunday)?" and this on the very consecration day of their little church. Undaunted, they betook themselves to visiting from house to house through their very anomalous parish, and in the intervals of this parochial duty Dr. Krapf busied himself with his translation, — a profitable picture for dilettanti to study. We know of no better commendation of the work of the Christian missionary, — of no better proof that there is something in it all, and that something will come of it, — than is found in the fact that these sturdy laborers were only the more persuaded, as they toiled on, that they ought to extend their efforts from the coast towards Central Africa. Here, as everywhere else, there were those who were inclined to believe, and those who were utterly indifferent to spiritual things. Some said, "It was really true that God loved men, for he gave the Wanika rain, tembo, and clothes;" others, "There is no God, since he is not to be seen. The Wanika need trouble themselves about nothing, except tembo (cocoa-wine), corn, rice, Indian corn (mahindi), and clothes; these are their heaven. The Watumba (Mohammedans) were fools, to pray and fast so much." These people are little better for the most part than naked savages, and their faith is mainly in rain-makers, who however are far from enjoying the confidence of the whole community. The *Illuminati* amongst the Wanika hold this mystery also to be mythical and traditional. At the end of the year, though as yet the first sign of the springing herb in their gospel spring-time was not to be detected, the good men find much to be grateful for. They write: "At the commencement of public worship to-day, there were some twenty persons present, who left us, however, as soon as we had finished the singing, which Rebmänn accompanied on the flageolet. We will not despond, but trust to Him who can animate the dead." Would many of our

pastors write so, in case their congregation should retire at the close of the singing? Again, Dr. Krapf bears witness to a growing conviction that he had not preached sufficiently the love of the Redeemer for His lost sheep, but had been too indignant and denunciatory. One convert, a poor cripple, rewarded their devoted toil, was baptized and died, as they believed, in Christ, and another with his wife was found to take his place, — these three! — and the story of outward success is told.

In the spring of 1850, Dr. Krapf returned to Basel and thence again to Africa; but finding his health too much impaired for missionary duty, he closed his labors, and became a resident in Europe. The book of *Travels, Explorations, and Missionary Service* from which these few details have been derived, contains interesting accounts of journeys towards the interior for some hundred leagues by Krapf and Rebmann. One of the headings of Part III. is “Rebmann in Uniamesi,” which must be a mistake for “Rebmann on Uniamesi,” for although the missionary gained some interesting accounts of the people so called, it does not appear that he penetrated to their country. For the most part they were not much molested, and were permitted to explain to the various rulers, so far as they could be made to understand it, the entirely unselfish and purely spiritual purpose which had brought them to Africa, and in other ways set on foot the enterprise of recivilizing a land which seems to have passed through a disintegrating process, and to have declined from civilization into its present almost unrelieved paganism.

The Journals of Krapf and Rebmann contain a multitude of interesting details with reference to the customs and notions of the East Africans, and they will abundantly reward a reading. The reasonings upon the information received from the natives with reference to the interior, especially with regard to the great inland sea, or seas, are well deserving of attention; but it is with Krapf, the Christian missionary, that we are most concerned, and we are glad to

direct attention to him as a most striking and instructive example of genuine evangelical faith. Persuaded that the Gospel was given for man as man, that its compass is wide as humanity, that the Spirit of God is ever drawing men to the Son of God, he proclaimed the good Word, and left the results with Providence; nevertheless, there is in his view of the work, or in his methods with the heathen, no trace of fanaticism, no token of any contempt of accessories and merely human instrumentalities, but, on the contrary, a most judicious estimate of the power of the usages and the arts of social life which are found in connection with Christian faith and Christian living. The pages 411 – 417 are full of an earnest, devout, and practical wisdom, which every minister of the Gospel, at home or abroad, might most profitably ponder.

Here is a man who believes in God, and does not condition his serving God upon any measure of success, greater or less, and will not turn to the right hand or to the left to compass his high end, preferring the least real victory to never so much apparent success reached by compromise. Place no reliance upon changes in politics, — so he counsels; you may gain in this way, but you will lose also, — lose as much as you gain. Europeans in power will hinder quite as much as they will help you. Give to the savages as much as you can, in order to prove to them that you are not niggardly, but do not hope to fill up your chapels and halls by giving; — that would be to attempt to convert men by human means, and would only increase the number of hypocrites. Do not think it indispensable to begin, as it were, with a fair breeze, and upon a full sea, or try to settle down in a comfortable establishment, and be rather a student of languages and customs amongst heathens than a devoted missionary, and yet remember, on the other hand, that the Christian home, in which the life of the Gospel is embodied, and where the Truth may be every day seen and heard in familiar and sweet humanities, is the most efficient of instrumentalities for recovering pagans

from unbelief or superstitions. The heathen ask to see the thing done; they crave, as indeed do all of us, not theories, not evidences, not tales of wonders in the past, but miracles of love and patience this very day. There is a tone of sound sense in the counsels of Dr. Krapf to the young missionary which is exceedingly refreshing. If we felt at liberty to criticise in a matter of which we have not had the slightest experience, we should question the wisdom of translating the Scriptures at large into the dialects of heathen people. The Gospel was most effectively dispensed before a word of the New Testament was written, amongst hearers to whom the books of the Old Covenant were wholly unknown; and whilst we would yield to none in reverence for the Book, we cannot think an acquaintance with its contents beyond what can be gained from oral communications an *essential* condition of successful evangelizing. The Scriptures cannot be broken, and, in connection with His own spirit, are God's best gift to the Church; but when the Word has been written upon the heart, Gospel, Epistle, Prophecy, Psalm, Revelation,—when it is known and felt, and has been abundantly verified, and has entered into the soul's consciousness,—when it has carried men over seas and across deserts,—surely it can be *told* to those who providentially are denied the power of reading characters upon the paper leaf. When in this way they have been made Christians, one by one, two by two, they will become very eager to read the historic record of the Gospel which has already been inscribed upon their hearts, and to this end will ask, not, we should say, that the Scriptures may be translated into their own tongues, but that they may have an opportunity to learn the language of their teachers, and substitute it by and by in schools for their poor heathenish jargon.

But even from this slight questioning we would cease. What does it matter, after all, that a few months have been spent less profitably than perhaps might have been the case, in translating the Scriptures into foreign tongues, and that a

few thousand dollars have been appropriated, not according to the best judgment, in printing the translations? Is not this slight qualification the merest trifle, compared with the great fact that earnest, devoted men and women, with the Gospel in their souls, have been doing what they could, little or much, judiciously or with less judgment, for those that sit in darkness, and would be so uplifted and blessed by the Truth, could they only receive it? We wish that our liberal churches had scores of missionaries, this very year, in Africa and Asia, and amongst the Isles of the Sea. We should not do one whit less at home, but rather incalculably more, from sending out laborers into the distant vineyards of the Lord's heritage. We need not stand still any longer and argue about what the heathen are to be saved from. It is plain that in some way they need to be saved, that they are in a sore strait, and that we can do something for them,—that poor and cold and incomplete as our Christianity is, it is worth everything to us, and may be worth everything to them,—that it will be of great service to us to try to give such as we have, and that by giving we shall increase, and not lessen, our store. Why cannot the so-called Liberal Christians forget that they have ever had any controversy about the value of missions or the best methods of conducting them, and taking with them, not any denominational specialties, but the whole blessed Gospel of the grace of God as it lives in their hearts, go out into the wilderness, were it only to win Dr. Krapf's three souls, or even to find out what there is in the wilderness? There can be no better remedy proposed for our morbid introspection and narrow subjectivity. No matter now, let us say, about that curious problem,—what word have you for that naked savage, you, who are forever telling us that every man is a child of God? What sort of child is he? How shall he become a son indeed?

E.

REMARKS

MADE BY REV. MILTON P. BRAMAN, D.D., AT THE FUNERAL, AT DANVERS, OF MRS. LOUISE P. PUTNAM, WIFE OF REV. ALFRED P. PUTNAM, OF ROXBURY.

MRS. PUTNAM possessed naturally a very amiable and sweet disposition, and was capable of the strongest domestic and social attachments. The ardent affections which she cherished towards those who secured her regard awakened correspondent emotions in their hearts, and attracted towards herself their warmest friendships. She was endeared as few are to her parents, sisters, remoter connections, and all with whom she was in relations of intimacy. As a wife, she was eminently entitled to a place among those of whom it is beautifully said in the Scripture, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Her affectionate temper, her devoted assiduities, the disposition to sacrifice her own convenience to the comfort of others, and her quick and deep sympathy, exceedingly qualified her for the duties of such a relation. She was adapted, in a remarkable degree, to render home what it should be, — a place of repose, quiet, and harmonious intercourse, and for the exercise of pure and soothing emotions, to which the inmates gladly retire from the cares, perplexities, and even more exciting *pleasures* of life, as the scene of the truest and most satisfactory enjoyment. The home in which she spent her childhood was to her a home in the amplest sense of that term. There she lived amid the exercise of congenial sympathies, and contributed her full share to the delights of the family circle. The influence of her early life upon a heart so susceptible of everything that was gentle and kind, she carried with her to her new relations and home in another place. And her bereaved companion knows much better than can be described, how much her kind words and faithful attentions contributed to soothe and sustain his heart, when agitated with the solitudes and

apprehensions of a public, responsible, and comparatively untried field of labor.

As was to be expected, when she removed to her new home, she secured to herself a cordial reception, and a large place in the regards of those with whom she had taken up her abode. She was universally and most sincerely beloved by the religious society with which she became connected; and in the remembrance of those with whom circumstances brought her into more close and confidential friendship, her name will be cherished with enthusiastic and undying regard.

All the natural qualities of her character were sanctified by the graces of piety. The serious views and impressions of childhood were ripened by divine influence into a supreme devotion of herself to her Heavenly Father. After deliberate inquiry and consideration, and a careful scrutiny into the state of her own feelings, she made a public consecration of herself to God. Everything in connection with the transaction, and all the manifestations of her subsequent life, afforded convincing evidence that the act was performed with the full consent of the heart.

Her piety was marked with an uncommon degree of *sincerity*. She expressed only what she felt, and acted no more than her feelings prompted. The interest which she exhibited in religious themes, the expressions of her faith, penitence, submission, love to God, and her wish and purpose to live in obedience to His will and for His glory, were the dictates of a correspondent inward experience and the outflowings of her inmost soul. Simplicity and artlessness characterized her Christian deportment. She was so free from anything pretentious and assuming in manner, that the strength of her emotions on religious subjects was concealed from general view, and exhibited only in the unreservedness of intimate disclosures.

Another characteristic of her piety was *the predominance of principle over emotion*, which operated with a strength and steadiness that showed how deeply it was radicated in

the heart. Although her feelings, like those of all others, were subject to more or less fluctuation, her piety was not that of impulses, elevations, and transports, alternating with seasons of languor and insensibility. It consisted in clear, discriminating views of truth and duty, combined with an unbending resolution to perform the will of God. Her religion was a reasonable service, uniting, in a happy measure, the dictates of the understanding and the emotions of the heart. It was in a remarkable degree of such a type as enabled her to fulfil the Apostolic requisition, demanding of Christians that they should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

It was justly and strikingly said by the late Dr. Channing, that one surrender of the will to God is worth a thousand transports. Not that Dr. Channing intended by any means to exclude emotions from religious experience. He advocated them strongly, as subjected to right direction and control; but he intended that a hearty and unreserved yielding of the will to the Divine law, was a better evidence of genuine piety than many flights of religious ardor unregulated by the governing sentiment of Christian duty.

When her more matured reflective powers were applied with special earnestness to spiritual concerns, her mind was not penetrated with those very pungent and painful convictions that agitate the feelings of many at such a period. She was impressed with a sense of the Divine goodness, her relations and obligations to her Heavenly Benefactor, and the excellence and reasonableness of God's requirement. Her special consecration of herself to a religious life did not take on the form of a violent transition, but it was the result of a calm, rational survey of the great duties and purpose of existence, to which, in the exercise of sincere penitence, trust, and firm resolution, she yielded the feelings of her soul and the powers of her understanding. This feature continued to characterize her piety as it proceeded to develop itself and make progress to the end of life.

Her religion was marked by a peculiar degree of *self-distrust* and *humility*. She was careful in the scrutiny of her own heart, and fearful of mistaking the nature of the motives and feelings by which she was governed. She endeavored carefully to guard against confounding the dictates of natural inclinations and impulses, when coinciding with the line of rectitude, with the promptings of religious obligation. She earnestly desired not to think more highly of herself than she ought to think, and was cautious of overrating spiritual attainments. Only a few days since, she expressed herself with great feeling on this point. She was anxious lest the strong attachment which she cherished to friends should, unperceived by herself, hold too large a place and too controlling an influence in the heart; and affirmed that she could hardly divest herself of the impression that it was a species of egotism to think and avow herself a Christian; — when, at the same time, the testimony of her life, and the full consciousness of views and feelings which she *then*, and *had* for years, habitually entertained, and which she could not avoid expressing, afforded the most clear evidence of her being a true disciple of Jesus.

Nice *conscientiousness* was another distinguishing trait of her piety. She was actuated by a predominant desire and purpose to be ruled by right motives, and to do her duty in all circumstances, and at the expense of all necessary sacrifices. When the domestic connection which she formed was about to take her from the scenes to which she had been accustomed, to a new and wider sphere of action, she went with a resolution to devote all her energies to her new employments, and to render life as useful as possible. Those friends among whom she spent the last years of her life, and with whom she was united in such interesting relations, know full well how faithfully she executed her intentions. They can bear witness to her exemplary deportment, and the zeal and industry with which she prosecuted those objects which enlisted her judgment and benevolent sympathy. They will

hold in ever grateful remembrance one who, when she came among them a stranger, so quickly and so wisely appreciated the responsibilities of her position, whose heart was at once filled with the sincerest desires for their best welfare, and who made it her study and determination to render the opportunities of the relation which she sustained to them as subservient as possible to its promotion.

A fatal sickness arrested her at an early period of life, and, in the midst of useful engagements, she has fallen a victim to its power. The faith which had guided and consoled her life was not shaken. It grew stronger and brighter to the end. In the near view of the eternal world and in the retrospect of all that she had felt and acted, she had the peace which our Saviour bequeathed to his disciples when he said, "My peace I leave with you." Just before she ceased to articulate distinctly, she repeated the twenty-third Psalm. In the languor and feebleness of a wasting disease, in the dying struggles, she was able to say: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

These exquisite words, whose utterance, we may not doubt, had often given language to her faith, were among the last beautiful expressions of her trust, her submission, and her blessed and triumphant assurance of the Divine protection, guidance, and favor. The rod and the staff upon which she relied for direction and support, *did* comfort her in the dark hour, *did* sustain and guide her through to a region of light and life. The goodness and mercy which she declared should

follow her all the days of her life, have given her a place in the house of the Lord forever.

She came to the home of her youth to die. In the arms of most affectionate and sorrowing, yet rejoicing parents, with the forms of familiar and beloved ones about her, and in view of the mild glories of a summer evening sky, she passed into the heavens beyond, to the society of other friends, and to those lovely scenes of which it is said, "There is no night there. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

The following hymns were sung on the occasion, the one at the house, the other at the grave.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given :
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet " Good night."

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled :
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father ! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

Come forth ! come on, with solemn song !
The road is short, the rest is long !
The Lord brought here, He calls away :
 Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Now of a lasting home possess,
She goes to seek a deeper rest.
Good night ! the day was sultry here,
 In toil and fear ;
Good night ! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells ! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in ;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
 The rest begun,
Which Christ hath for his people won !

Now open to us, gates of peace !
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease.
Ye quiet slumberers, make room
 In your still home
For the new stranger who has come !

How many graves around us lie !
How many homes are in the sky !
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
 A place with care :
Thy home is waiting, sister, there.

Jesus, thou reignest, Lord alone,
Thou wilt return and claim thine own.
Come quickly, Lord ! return again !
 Amen ! Amen !
Thine seal us ever, now and then.

THE SOUL'S DIARY OF EXPERIENCE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEO. E. ELLIS, D.D.

PSALM lxxvii. 6. — "I call to remembrance my song in the night; I commune with mine own heart; and my spirit made diligent search."

Our text refers to one of the richest offices of piety, — which is not prayer, nor worship, nor devotion, in the strictest sense of that word, — but which is yet an eminently religious exercise of the human spirit. It is that office of self-communion, self-reckoning, and contemplation, by which from time to time we review our own religious experience, tracing its incidents and progress, comparing it at its different stages, and marking the heights and the depths of our spiritual variations. It is a religious office, because it is prompted by religious emotions, and because it engages all that is sincere within us; while there is, or ought to be, always connected with it a feeling that we are searching ourselves after the method in which God is searching us. To perform the office well, we need a good memory, and Providence has taken care that our memory shall always be strong and faithful — peculiarly so — as regards our religious experience and all that enters into it.

There was a very prevailing usage among religious persons, especially those of cultivated minds, in times gone by, of keeping what are called Religious Diaries, i. e. of making daily, or very frequent, records of their religious experience. The custom has greatly fallen into disuse, — though there are doubtless some persons who still pursue it, in part because the example of the dead has prompted them to it, in part from a natural impulse felt within their own hearts. The whole subject of such Religious Diaries, records of religious experience, daily journals of one's own spiritual state, is a topic of exceeding interest. It will repay all the attention we may give to it, and in whatever light we shall look at it we shall find edifying instruction in it.

lovers of the old books that enrich our precious literature well aware that one of the choicest classes of such books composed of diaries, — private journals of various kinds that found their way into print. As records of facts and events in times gone by, of the manners and incidents of former days, these are of the highest value to the historian, they relate much of which there is no public record, — as they fix dates, and, by revealing to us the actual impressions and by circumstances as they transpired, revive the whole and clothing it with a living interest. When private parties and personal biases, which pervert fair truth, are justly allowed for, such diaries are the most authentic and reliable records of vanished years. Of this whole class of books, in general religious diaries form much the larger portion, and these constitute in a good library a series of books of priceless value, and of inexhaustible instruction. The diary begins in our Christian era with the Confessions of St. Augustine, the famous Bishop of Northern Africa, and comes down through all the ages of the Christian Church, giving us records of the spiritual experience and heart revelations of men representing every form and phase of Christian faith and life. Looked at in the mass, those spiritual diaries constitute an amazingly forcible expression of the reality and the power of the religious element of human nature: they bring men most into actual intercourse with invisible souls and an invisible world; so vividly, so faithfully, so startlingly do they reveal the workings of an influence which the strongest have not been able to resist, and which has nerved the weak with energies surpassing those that seem to move the world.

Let us define the sentiment, the purpose, the method, which prompted and guided this daily record of religious experience. Though the habit of keeping a religious diary, instead of being confined to Christians of any one sect, has prevailed among the disciples of every Christian creed and form of worship, yet there is one common sentiment that has prompted

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all who have followed the custom. This sentiment has been a conscientious feeling that they were bound to record and study the inconstant emotions of their own hearts, that they might have, by referring at any time to their past experiences, a complete account of their religious condition and attainments. They believed that they must either advance or fall off every day, and day by day, in their spiritual interests, and that from year to year there would be marked evidence, one way or another, furnished in a course of faithfully written statements of their feelings and actions as to their religious condition. If on each day of their mature life they should enter upon a fair page how they had felt and acted in reference to the rule which they believed God to be holding over them, the comparison of the record year by year would show whether they were gaining or losing on the balance upon the great register above. This is presenting the purpose of the writer of such a soul-diary, from the fairest and highest point of view. It supposes the record to lie strictly between himself and God; to be open to no other eye; to have no side object, no posthumous value. It was not to be written for any end of self-justification to posterity. It was not to be made the medium for revealing the motives under which the writer had lived and acted in troubled times, or amid the collisions of common life. Still less was such a diary, under this religious view of it, to serve as a secret witness in behalf of the writer about disputed matters, on which other pens might have written differently before the hands that held them had lost their power. Nor was the record to be made the medium of malignant feelings, or even of truthful insinuations or disclosures against other persons. Diaries of each and every kind which I have thus excluded from coming under the description before us, have been written and published abroad. But any side purpose will vitiate the main and the only devotional and pious purpose of a religious diary, — the purpose, namely, of recording the inner soul-history in its covenant with, or its experience under, God.

One very marked characteristic of a type of piety which prevailed among our own ancestors, some two hundred years ago, was a habit of very diligent and anxious self-study and self-reckoning every day, and by a review of every week, and every month, and every year. They practised a religious introspection, a looking into their own hearts; they applied a sort of scale, a spiritual thermometer, to their feelings, their consciences, their compunctions, their aspirations, their heats and chills of piety. Just as the farmers who live upon the valleys of our great rivers can tell us, by marks they have made on rocks and trees, the lowest point to which the streams have shrunk in droughts, and the highest point to which they have risen in freshets; so could multitudes of religious persons of a past age have told by their own written diaries on what day of all their lives they had felt most devout or most cold, most spiritual or most worldly in mind, most hopeful or most desponding; when they had loved God, and when they had despised him; and also when God was most gracious to them, and when he was most darkly withdrawn from them. It marks, by contrast, the scientific, or practical, or utilitarian character of our own age, that there are so many persons who keep diaries and records of a very different sort, such as chronicle external rather than internal experiences,—the degrees of heat and cold at morning, noon, and evening, for every day of the year,—the height of tides, the quantity of rain, and the scale of the markets. The spirit of ancient piety found a more serious and vital interest in chronicling the courses of the internal life. The birthday, the new year, deliverance from or subjection to calamity or trouble, recovery from sickness, the commencement of a new enterprise, or any event of similar private interest, was made the occasion of some religious vow, which, with the feelings and motives accompanying it, was put on record: it was dated from in time; it was measured by as a standard; it was applied as a test; and the spirit was periodically called before it as if it were seated in

judgment to give in its testimony, to confess to short-comings, or to triumph because of its fidelity if it were found faithful.

There have been some eminently faithful specimens and examples of this habit of recording a diary of spiritual experiences. From reading several of them we may learn many profoundly interesting and improving lessons of the work and growth of true religion in a human heart. In some of these diaries we see obvious traces of morbid and superstitious piety, — of sickly fancies, frights, and compunctions spent on vain subjects and enfeebling the energies of the heart for real religious work. In a few of these diaries there are manifest marks of hypocrisy, or a self-blinded spirit; boasts over some good actions; balancings of virtues against vices; self-justifications, put down to smother self-compunctions which are not entered on the record, but which are borne witness to by the evident attempt to get rid of them. But in other of these diaries, the best of them, we read faithful and precious histories of the life-long conflicts, the lofty purposes, the faltering hopes, and the steady progress of some heaven-guided souls. Precious memorials! — rich in their wisdom, instructive in all their details; encouraging to the worst of us, humbling to the best of us. These faithful records tell us of the whole course of God's dealings, and of the Holy Spirit's work, with souls that have lived in bodies on the earth during the last two thousand years, and which have now passed on, — souls that learned to study, and prove, and examine, and measure themselves by the searching tests and high demands of the Gospel of Christ. We see in them that each human soul has a religious history, and that, when this is revealed faithfully, it will help all other souls in their course of discipline. We see how God's earliest work may be traced in a very young heart, in the sweet visions, the wondering thoughts, the timid conscience of childhood. We see how all these spiritual elements of our being develop their strength as years pass on. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open to me, I will enter in," —

is the sentence which the Spirit seems to utter as it asks the heart after its each day's record. We see how clear and glorious will be the power of faith; at some times how deep the joy and peace of believing, — and then again how despondency will cloud over the spirit and sink it occasionally almost into despair. We see that self-satisfaction and inward assurance are the strongest in presumptuous spirits, and the most subdued in conscientious spirits; as the scrupulous and the delicate in spiritual structure will mourn over shortcomings which never ruffle the peace of the robust and sturdy in self-conceit. We see how the righteous have been tried in affliction, and yet have come out like gold from the furnace. We see how the soul that starts by covenanting with God never finds Him to fail in the hour of need.

This custom of keeping written records of one's religious experience has fallen in our days almost into disuse, even among those who honor, and in the main hold to, the faith of such as practised the custom in a former age. Two principal reasons would seem to have induced this disuse. First, these diaries were for the most part written only for the perusal of those who in them revealed their inmost hearts, with all their humiliating confessions and self-reproaches. They wished to have the means of referring back from time to time to stages and incidents in their religious experience, to read in the calmness of after years what they had written in the fervors of an early zeal, and to trace the course of their impressions, the losses or the gains of their spiritual conflicts. They were sacred repositories, to be kept from every other eye, and to be committed to the flames when they had served such uses. But many of these diaries have been published to the world. Sometimes the writers of them have been harshly judged from them; — their self-accusations and confessions having been ridiculed, or taken as tokens of spiritual pride, of hypocrisy or weakness; while their fervors, or their unstable variations of feeling, have been viewed as evidence that piety is not a healthful, strengthening, moderating influence over

man. The dread of having the records of their own religious experience thus rudely revealed and treated, has induced many persons to abstain from committing to writing what they would have rejoiced to have for their own guidance, for communing with their own hearts, and making a diligent search of their spirits. This is one reason for the disuse of religious diaries. But another reason for it, perhaps a much more effective one, is this: many persons are persuaded that it is unwise, and dangerous to their sincerity, and injurious to their own real religious good, to make a daily or occasional record of their spiritual state. Many good reasons may be adduced to sustain this persuasion. The very intention of sitting down in order to record one's state of mind and feeling will naturally lead to assuming or putting on an artificial state of mind and feeling; just as a person, on sitting for a portrait, in the very effort of trying to look naturally, is sure to look unnaturally, — not like himself. So, it is said that the moment we propose to record our state of heart, or our emotions, or hopes, or fears, or faith, we are apt to be misled by a thousand little biases and misjudgments, and to set ourselves down more or less favorably and more or less unfairly. It is also said that it is unwise and unhealthful thus to *record*, and so to give a permanent impression to, our ever-changing moods of thought and emotion; to mark the incessant fluctuations of our spirits; the rising and falling billows of our inconstant breasts, which we call our fears and hopes, — our self-satisfactions and our mistrusts. The danger on the one hand is of hypocrisy, and on the other, of morbid and despondent feelings. Few, it is said, will deal in all honesty with themselves in these heart-searching processes, the results of which are committed to a written record. Few have calmness and balance of soul enough, or comprehensiveness and discretion of judgment enough, to allow for all the films which may gather on the mental vision, or to harmonize all the discordant tones which come from a poor, distracted human heart.

There certainly is great weight in this objection to a record of one's religious experience; it is liable to all these risks of sincerity, of wisdom, and of practical usefulness. Evidence might be abundantly quoted from numerous religious diaries to prove how the writers favored or wronged themselves; how they exaggerated or smoothed over their faults; how they called up sick fancies from their breasts, or deepened a natural despondency, or nourished a spiritual pride, or read erroneously the language of their hearts. Still there are not wanting other diaries which give proof throughout of a most faithful self-scrutiny, plain, honest self-dealing, pursued in a right spirit, and to the very best effects, in gradually moulding the character aright, and resulting in a most healthful tone of practical religion. One of the most frank and quaint of such diaries is that of a simple-hearted Quaker (John Rutty), dated nearly two hundred years ago, the truthfulness and homeliness of whose heart-register may be inferred from such a brief entry as this: "1 day of month. The day concluded badly, in inordinate passion on a sudden attack." A yet briefer record of the 8th day of the month is made in this one honestly written word, "Snappish." In the diary of one of the greatest and best among the philosophers and statesmen of England of the last generation (Sir James Mackintosh), we find the following record, made after reading the Sermon on the Mount: "For a moment, O Teacher Blessed! I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel, as in the days of my youth, that hunger and thirst after righteousness, which long habits of infirmity and the low concerns of the world have contributed to extinguish." The man must have been wiser, and have felt better after writing that: nor does it harm his memory, that what he penned in some holy midnight hour, alone, searching his heart, should be published from his private papers to the world. It was a sacred throbbing of the heart, felt in Pagan India, as a reminiscence of a pious education in Scotland. And what an echo that silent throb of one heart awakens

in other hearts! And take another record from the same pen,—as candid a self-revealing as the human heart can make: “I am sure I should not esteem my own character in another person.” The sentence is a whole volume of self-knowledge and of charity. For if we only learn by faithful self-scrutiny to know ourselves, we shall always discover traits which we should not like, and do not like, in others; and if, nevertheless, we can live in peace with ourselves, and think tolerably well of ourselves, should we not try to live more peaceably with others, and to think more charitably of them?

And now, whatever opinion we may entertain concerning the wisdom or the utility of making a permanent record for our own eyes, or to aid and cheer another, of our private religious experience, our heart-searchings, our communions with our own spirits,—the theme which we have been entertaining must at least have reminded us of the fact that each of us has the materials day by day for such a record. There is such a diary written in each of our hearts, whether we leave it in its original hieroglyphics there, or copy it on the paper page. Each of us has a religious history. There may be difficulties in the way of our writing it out fairly, or of our using it to edification should it be written: just as, when an invalid attempts to count his pulse, the very attempt to do it alters the beat of that sensitive register of the vital forces. But the heart has its diary. *There* are recorded faithfully, deeply, permanently, the histories of our spiritual experiences,—the suggestions, the appeals, the opportunities, the visions, the resolutions, the compunctions, the triumphs, the discomfitures,—which, with more than the variety and the inconstancy of the weather in one year, or in a score of years, as may be, have been entertained within the secret recesses of our being. There can be no question of this fact. Philosophy even accepts it and asserts it, as it compels our belief through force of the natural constitution of man. It may startle us to realize this fact; for it is saying a great deal more than if we affirmed that the sand on the sea-beach

preserves a trace of every impression from every beating wave, or that the well-worn highway of a city keeps a memorial of every foot that has trodden it. To say that a human heart preserves a record of every influence that makes up its religious history, is to assert a fact which we can credit only when we know how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. But the evidence of that fact appears in many marvellous tokens, revealed in dreams, in memories, in the returns in age of feelings left far back in youth, in the utterances of delirium, in the failing and yet renewing consciousness of the last bed and the last hours of life. Then the heart signifies that it has made a record of all that has religiously concerned it, and that it has committed to the Spirit the keeping, and the renewing, and the reperusal of that record.

For, again, if that record, that religious diary, is made, it is made to be used. We may call it to remembrance in the night: in the night of each day, or in the night of life. It is our history, our religious history. No eye but our own — no eye of man — may ever read it. We may lock it up in inviolable privacy. But it is all there within us, and we cannot alter a line in it. It began when our lives began, and before we began to think; for the spirit has the start of the mind. What the eyes first saw, and the thought first wondered over, and the heart first loved, was entered on its earlier pages, as the elements from which more distinct and intelligible impressions were next to be derived. And then every thought and feeling of ours which has taken its substance or tinge from religion — every serious emotion, every anxious questioning, every remonstrance of conscience, every echo to the knock at the door of the heart — has been entered on the soul's diary and left its record there. It has all been recorded, that it may be preserved. It is preserved that it may be read again. And this is the irresistible conclusion: that the whole religious or irreligious experience of every human being is on record, registered in the secret recesses of his soul. His retrospects and self-reckonings call it to remembrance.

When his spirit makes diligent search, its treasured repositories come forth to answer to his own questions, and they yield up their secrets to him, no matter whether they rejoice or grieve him.

Is there not something solemn and deeply penetrating in the thought that each one of us bears with him this register, which, while it contains the history of his soul, may be also the doom-book of retribution for him ! Faithful beyond all other registers is that of the soul. Faithful and secret too. It has nothing on it to reproach us which we can refer to any other agency than our own. Our mere misfortunes, our pardonable infirmities, never find record there ; and whatever is written there in tears is either too faint to be perused at any long time afterward, or the pain which it may cause is relieved by more tears. But all divine mercies too are there written, and the sum of all our obligations is made to stand in fair balance with our opportunities and means.

Let there be bright and grateful memorials on the soul's record ; and let piety, with its regrets and its resolutions, dedicate the pages which belong alike to God and to ourselves.

THE Holy Ghost bringeth Christ home unto us ; he must reveal him.

Where the Holy Ghost preacheth not, there is no church.

The works of the Holy Ghost are wrought continually.

FAITH must have before it some external thing.

The Word maketh a sacrament.

Christ in the sacrament is spiritual food for the soul.

As we hold of Christ, even so we have him.

The Church heareth none but Christ.

The Gospel is altogether joyful.

AT THE DOOR; OR, MEMOIRS OF A FLINT.

"THAT should be the title of my autobiography," said she.

"How do you mean? flinty-hearted? O, my! Why, don't you think benevolence, and charity, and all that, are duties?" said I.

"O, bah! excuse me; but you are not yet sixteen, and I — am sixty. It is astonishing what different notions one gets of life, duty, morality, as they go along, isn't it? Never mind, Pauline. You'll never have one, not the least one, of my troubles. You will do, and give, and bless, and be blessed, to the end of your days, and all for the want of— Well! you have a well-balanced mind, as they call it, Polly," said the old lady, looking keenly at me, while her mouth curved and smiled with an archness which I saw and felt without at all understanding.

"Now, what are you laughing at me for?"

"Laughing at you? not a bit, Polly. It was myself I was laughing at. I laugh at myself continually; but somehow don't improve under it any."

The old lady was my aunt, and a great talker. Give her time enough and one auditor, and she would entertain herself and that one by the hour. I had found that out, in the day I had stayed there, and, as I was knitting a counterpane in a shell pattern, was only too glad to do up my visiting, my duty, and my counterpane together. As to myself, I am just like other people; neither better nor worse than any ten girls you will see up and down the next street. I give Miss Hughes all my old clothes to make over for anybody she thinks can use them; give always at the door; and go every Thursday morning to sew for the poor.

My aunt leaned forward, and poked the cannel coal into a pleasant flame. Then she took from the drawer of her work-table some loose sheets, scribbled and blotted; read a little to herself, and then laughed again with that half-mournful merriment which, I think, is peculiar to the old,— that mixture

of association and memory. A thousand ambushed thoughts and experiences crowd into her face, and the whole finally thrown impatiently aside with a sigh.

"Ah! dear, — I never think of that, or of him, or of her, without thinking of —" and then follow long stories, more or less entertaining to me; but I always love to look at the dreamy eyes, and see the faint color spread over the sweet "autumnal face."

At this moment, and while my aunt's whole attitude was one of pensive tenderness and composure, her maid put in her head only at the door, saying, "A man, ma'am: wants everything!"

My aunt hastily plunged her hand into her pocket, and drew forth a ticket. "Give him that, Milly. 24 Beach Street. Send him right away! Quick, before he steals anything!"

"The poor creature'll steal nothing, unless with his feet, ma'am; his two arms is just off with a machine-shop falling on him."

"Can't help it, Milly! if he had lost his head, he must go to Beach Street. So send him."

The head withdrew, and my aunt heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Another one out of the way!"

"Why, auntie! you *are* flinty!" said I, surprised at the curtness of her speech.

"Perfectly, utterly stony!" said she, rummaging again at the papers.

"Pray, read aloud what you have there; I see it is your writing; — that is, if you please. I don't wish to be too curious."

"They are only some notes; I have n't written it out with any care," said my aunt, modestly; "but if you like to hear, I will run it over."

She settled herself in the rocking-chair, and glanced at the window, with a smile.

"It is snowing hard, and I am glad of it. Now we shall not be interrupted again. Rock away, Pauline, and be comfortable, and you have my free leave to go to sleep at any time, since I am reading more to myself than to you, after all."

(But why need she have told me so?)

"Yes,—it should be, as I said, 'Memoirs of a Flint.' Now then.

"I was born—we will say—half a century ago. Not but that, strictly speaking," added my aunt, "I ought to say nearly a lustre more. But why not stop at fifty? it is a good age, and takes in experience enough to satisfy anybody."

"I think if I were sixty, I should be very proud of it, auntie," said I, surprised at this weakness.

"We shall see," replied my aunt. And then she laughed heartily. "I am only thinking of old Mrs. Johnson's wrath at somebody's calling her ninety-three. 'Only ninety-two!' screamed she; 'you need n't make a person worse than they are!' You see how proud people are at ninety-two, Polly!" She looked at me again with the old look of half inquiry and half compassion. Then, as I did not reply, began reading.

"Half a century ago, the standard of morality, nay, I might perhaps say of Christianity, was very different from that of the present day. At that time I had the happiness to be born. I say the happiness, because all the world has agreed that the old times were the good times. I was born in those good times, with a tender, a most tender heart. Chicken is a faint comparison. Not only ready to melt at every application, and listen to every personal appeal, but going forth in an all-embracing, universal-brotherhood way, into the wide universe,—into a universe that needed me, and such as me, to right its wrongs, to soothe its sorrows, and by a cheerful agrarianism to put everybody up and nobody down. Easily enough done with a will.

"The echoes were in the air still, that had throbbed in *France for liberty, fraternity, peace, ease, and plenty to all.* They had crossed the ocean, and vibrated yet in the infant world's air above us. Yes, 'Peace and ease to all!' we said, one to another, as we heard the thunder of the distant struggle between a frantic people and a scarcely less frantic court. From abroad we heard the hoarse scream for liberty and bread. By the time it reached us, we listened to it as pleasant music,—under our own vines and fig-trees, with none to molest. Our struggle was over, the victory won,—our barns full, our hands open, plenty smiling everywhere. Everybody was a captain, or at least a corporal, and judges and justices adorned every other dwelling. Probably the events of the last quarter of the century, which, like the caldron in *Macbeth*, kept on

'Bubble, bubble,—toil and trouble,'

might have had an effect on all the mental constitutions of the time. They kept on bubbling, I know, in America, till after the war of 1812 settled rights on sea and land, and it was left to a later generation to descend to particulars and personalities, from the theoretical to the practical.

"However or why-ever it might be, here was I, with my tender heart before mentioned, ready to brood, halcyon fashion, over the stormy waves of a distressed humanity, if I could find the article. But where to find it?

"There was no Miss Dix, to tell us what a shame it was that our insane brethren were left to roam the streets and frighten the children,—no Provident Associations,—no societies for the relief of paupers, and none for the prevention of the same. We had very small drafts on our sympathies, and they were readily and cheerfully answered.

"Nobody warned us against 'giving at the door.' Nobody acted as police-officer to the children who played truant. The children played truant, and were well whipped at school the next day, and we gave 'at the door' because that was the

only place, and infrequent enough at that, so that a beggar was a frightful sight, rather, to my young eyes.

“As to a poor-house, there was no such thing to be seen. The pretty, nice beds, ranged in neat bed-rooms, and the paupers sitting about a stove in their ‘Boston rocking-chairs,’ which one may see now in a poor-house, were not in existence. We had a theory about ‘almshouses,’ and that people only died there in England in great destitution. To be sure, that was all one might expect from ‘the British.’

“The ‘town’s poor,’ as they were called, were ‘bid off in New Hampshire.’ The one who bid lowest got them to board. But don’t imagine they did n’t catch Tartars, every one. The three or four old women who were promoted to the situation of ‘town’s poor’ were so petted by private kindness, so crammed with goodies and delicacies, that they were a perpetual plague to the *boardees*, who often declared in their wrath, that ‘there wa’n’t so stuck-up a set nowhere,’ — and that ‘for sass, the schoolmasters wa’n’t nothing to ’em: they’d rather board the schoolmasters a week than town’s poor a day.’ In those good times, schoolmasters ‘boarded round,’ a week at a time, sleeping with the family, and partaking often of the maternal cares. A good-natured schoolmaster would n’t mind the rule of three to a couch; and it was policy, on the whole, not to seem to mind it.

“Meantime, we had an English literature, in a comical contradiction and inconsistency with our experience and customs. So that we never thought of applying our theories to our facts for a moment.

“I am trying to account for a mind, by showing under what influences it was formed. Do you ask, where was common sense? common shrewdness? intuitive perception of character? People who did not read had those. If they read, they were like me. All the pictures in the books, — from ‘Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,’ to the good children who

gave their odd guineas to make a starving family happy,—told one story. All the stories were of young ladies who wore old pelisses, that they might appropriate the ten guineas given by a doting father for a new one, to pay the rent of a distressed beggar. And well was it for them they so invested their guineas. For inevitably did not the concealed witness of virtue, Sir Harry, reward the young lady with his hand and pocket? so that, for her old pelisse, she might have twenty new ones, besides the happiness of relieving a destitute and large family, pursued by a red-nosed bailiff? Always.

“But, it may be objected, where were your eyes? did you not see, in your own town, the fat, sleek, well-cared-for paupers? could you not see that the books you read were pictures of a different society and condition from your own?

“First,—life is never to the young what is going on about themselves; but the unknown. There is either the remoteness of time or place. In youth, of time of course;—and all who have lived long look back with an amused eye on the exaggerated ideas they have had of life, society, and manners, with which they had come in contact only slightly, if at all.

“And next,—every year that does not give us this experience of life as it is, unfits us more and more for judging of it. Unconsciously we bring our experience up as much as possible to the standard of our reading. The facts are comparatively so few that they don't ‘put us out,’ as the artist said nature did him. The world of which we read, and know nothing, undoubtedly contains a vast amount of villany; but to us it is as theatrical as the green-room. Whenever we see it, it surprises us as much as if we had expected a heaven on earth. Villains we know there are; but not this man! Cheats and scoundrels of course, somewhere; but O Heaven! not this smooth-spoken individual! Burglars and assassins, to be sure, in plenty; but is it really necessary to lock the door?

“I shall never forget the fright from the first *real* crime in

ir community. The reaction from confidence and safety was so great, that our suspiciousness became absolutely ridiculous. We began to look askance even on our old friends and neighbors, and it was only after considering that it was a stranger, and not one of our own brethren, that we were able to go about our daily duties with any composure.

"Vague terrors seized me at sight of a stranger; most of all in a stage-coach, where they were often getting in to ride a mile, or five miles perhaps, — at all events, long enough for a great deal of mischief. The criminal probabilities contained in some unprepossessing faces were terrifying. As some persons learn to understand and notice the shapes of clouds and picturesque scenery, first from description and then from paintings, but last of all from looking with their own eyes, so did this inverted and unhealthy mental condition affect my whole nature. The tender love and abundant benevolence of which I have spoken sprouted very much as vegetables do in a cellar, where the want of common daylight gives them a crispy, straggling growth. The intense greenness of both is another likeness.

"However, as life wears on, we get somehow into the same channels as our fellows; and, by accident or purpose, I too came to be at the head of an establishment. And here it was that my loving, sincere, and generous nature fairly hardened into flint.

"While I had vegetated in a quiet home, lived in a library, dwelt in dreams, and revelled in poetry and the ideal in everything, presto! the world had changed hands, chasséed across, and new figures were formed on the floor. New States and Territories had been created, which left my geography limping far behind. The District of Maine had long ago become the State. The Ohio River rolled no longer through eternal solitudes, but smiled on civilized townships; the country had received a new impetus, and society a new organization, from foreign immigrants. The new elements of our population disintegrated the mass. We were no

- .. longer a brotherhood,—an immense New England family, of whom every suffering member called the rest to suffer with it. Domestic service, most of all, changed the face of the family circle. In place of plain, hearty, humble friendship, there came the unintelligible jargon of sycophancy. In place of security, there came rascality, in-doors and out. The directions to lock your front-doors, and look sharp after your umbrellas, were types of the caution to which our simple community was called by its new position. But of all these changes I was as unconscious as Dominie Sampson, or a new-born baby.

“I pass over the various large families which I rescued from the highway and set up in housekeeping; over the clothes taken from the clothes-horse by my *protégées* after having been employed by me to iron them, and having received payment therefor, which made it doubly cruel. By the knives and forks stolen from the table spread by my bounty,—by the oaths of innocence taken on bended knees, and kissing the cookery book,—by the ‘poor-house children’ (for by this time I had come to live where there *was* a poor-house) whom I took to my heart to cheer, console, educate, and elevate,—and also by the greater and more great developments by ditto of villany and depravity, than any modern romance has power to create,—I pass by the laughing confessions of my last specimen of childish iniquity, who evidently considered there was no sport in ‘selling’ one who was so willing to purchase,—these experiences have come to all, alas! and yet through all may shine still, in some hearts, the lamp of Christian hope and courage.

“But I have extinguished mine. When I say that, I don’t refuse oil to the wise virgins who know how to manage their lamps. Happy those whose sagacity and shrewdness are a warning to the rogue, and not a temptation! Of such is the kingdom of heaven on earth; they are doing good. They are wise as serpents. I am as harmless as a dove, and should sooner change into a goose than an eagle. Indeed, I never

saw the culprit for whom I did not blush too much to accuse him of his fault, and only desire that he might escape with his own respect, though he had lost mine.

"Now, I have put myself under bonds to give nothing, feeling a conviction that in so doing I refrain from a great wrong and folly, probably. And though it is a sacrifice to give up the indulgence of generosity, I make it."

Here my aunt stopped reading, and looked at the fire. I did not interrupt her by a word, and after some minutes she turned to me with her eyes full of tears.

"This is a long preamble, Polly, for I have not yet begun to write my story. But I mean to. I often think it would be as good as a novel. Some of the circumstances have so much the look of one, that it would hardly do to write them, without Miss Edgeworth's note, 'This is a fact.'"

"Then you were sometimes really interested in these wretches?" said I.

"Don't call them so, Polly; who knows, after all, but their angels stand before the face of the Father? Wretched, indeed, they may have been; but who knows what they resisted before they fell? We know nothing of their temptations, and therefore we are not their judges, thank Heaven!"

"My dear, good aunty, you never see evil!" said I, compassionately; "but tell me one case where you did good. I am sure you must have done much."

"No, Pauline, I don't remember one. I mean where I have really helped people. It has always been in the wrong way, or too much, or in some way injudicious. No, I have determined to leave these things all to the 'Ministry at large.' I pay my subscription to that with a full confidence that it will be properly expended."

My aunt shuffled the papers as she spoke, as if she had a nervous fear that she should somehow be persuaded out of her resolution. Her eye lighted on a loose sheet.

"Here are minutes of Caroline Harley. O, she might have deceived anybody! and yet, I never think of her with-

out a tender regret and sorrow. Such a sweet, innocent face! Surely such a stamp cannot be wholly effaced! Some time she must come back to the fold!—And here is Nora Crawley! This was my first experience of that sort. How many I have had since!”

“What was it, Aunty?”

“She came to the door begging. O, it is the old story. I asked her if she did not want to work instead of beg. She had a sweet, good face—I can’t tell it to you. It is a real grief and pain to me to think of so many who are fairly crowded into evil by the force of what is about them. I wanted Nora to come and live with me, and she really did want to come,—to labor honestly, and to have the wages of righteousness instead of sin. But, following her to her home to get her mother’s permission, I found the family plentifully supplied, and with a much better dinner on their table than I had ordered for myself. That was no matter; but the deceit,—and the inevitableness of the child’s career! There was no help for it. No! The mother said she could n’t spare Nora to anybody. But I did long to gather her under my wings, to protect her even from her own family.”

“But surely, Aunty, you must do good, when you feel so deep and real a desire to do it,—I can’t think you always fail: that would be to accuse Providence. He has not given these instincts of mercy without a purpose.” I spoke heartily, for I saw that the tender heart of my aunt had been bruised and hurt, but that she had by no means arrived at the state of a flint. Also, it seemed to me that the world was not so crammed with benevolent individuals that it could afford to spare a sincere, even if mistaken, worker and giver.

“I have had too many reasons, Polly, not to hold fast to my convictions of right.”

The maid put her head in once more to say, with a face of scarlet indignation, that “That critter without no arms, and pretending a mill fell on him, was lying drunk down to Norton’s shop, and they say he’s fresh from State’s prison. It’s too mean, anyhow!”

"Why, did you give him anything, Milly?" said I.

"Yes, I did; I gin him a dollar! 'n I wish he'd been sunk first!"

The head withdrew again, and my aunt's comical face of mixed distress and triumph made me laugh heartily. "If only she don't get hard-hearted, Polly! But you see it is dangerous to deliberate; we're lost if we do. I ought to have gone out and sent him away myself."

The next morning it had stopped snowing, and I was gazing out of the window at a clean-looking world, when my aunt entered the room, with a flushed cheek.

"I should n't think it was so very cold! but a man who has just been here trembled so from head to foot, that I could n't help giving him a coat, at least."

"O, flinty heart!" I laughed.

My aunt blushed again, without answering.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. T., whom I knew to be the Minister at large, asked if he might come in.

"To be sure! as if you, of all the world, were not the person I most wanted to see!" said my aunt, with a cordial and relieved air. "Come in! my conscience! not my second, but my first conscience; for after all, I shall refer to you."

"What now, my dear madam? What mischief is in the wind?" said Mr. T.

"None in the world. But I have just sent a man away to that dismal Beach Street, who in my heart I believe to need tender nursing and care. I told him, however, to return to me this evening, and let me know how all went with him."

"After giving him clothes and food 'at the door'!" said I.

"The case! the case! if you please," said Mr. T.

"Well, without any fine words or descriptions, imagine a delicate, slender-looking man, with large, soft, brown eyes, looking up at you beseechingly; at first without a word, and then only saying, 'My child is dead! two days! O ma'am, help me to bury her! I am a stranger in the place!' — and there he stopped."

"And you," said Mr. T.

My aunt's voice was choked with emotion, and her eyes full.

"O, I—I—gave him a ticket, forsooth! then, for I was ashamed to be saying, 'Be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding I gave him neither warmth nor food,' I asked him if he would not eat; he took eagerly the food Milly brought to him, saying that he would carry it to his wife. Meanwhile his deadly pale face and his trembling limbs—oh! you should have seen him!—seen his exhaustion and illness, and felt, as I did, the anxious love that would not let him take a morsel of food till he could share it with his family!"

"Is that all?" said Mr. T. coolly.

"Not quite," answered my aunt, with an indignant flush; "I ought to say that I felt intense self-reproach, as I sent him away to Beach Street and Mr. Todd. Who knows if Mr. Todd is at home? and if he has not gone out to visit ten others, who have been sent to him? and, in the mean time, this wretched family are weeping, shivering, and starving over their dead and unburied child? I declare, such things make me feel as if the Provident Association was all wrong, and that we ought to trust to our instincts, and relieve the suffering at once, which cannot wait the slow motions of a system. A system is an excellent thing to be sure,—and it is very desirable to prevent imposition, of course; but there are cases that cannot wait for cautious and cold inquiry,—bruised hearts—"

My aunt's voice ceased; but her earnest eyes still inquired of the calm face before her, if there was not a "more excellent way" than the one adopted in Boston, and called the Provident Association, and which had been tried for the last year in L.

"The cases are very rare that need to be instantly disposed of," said Mr. T. "I know the man who has been to you this morning. It is two months at least since his child has been in this unburied condition for two days, with which he has regaled your compassionate ears. He has no wife. And

if he did not eat, it was because, having been drunk all night, he had no ability to swallow wholesome food. He threw it under the hedge as he went out, and there Milly will find it. The man is incorrigible, I believe. At least, everything has been tried, to reform and encourage him."

"It is your safest way to be a flint, auntie," said I.

"I do believe so," she answered, "and I humbly beg your pardon, Conscience, for all the bad things I have thought of you."

"Pardon is freely granted, — not the less that I know you will continue to sin," — replied Mr. T., with a cordial smile.

"Why, what makes you say that? Don't you believe experience will do me any good?"

"Not the least. And it is the more meritorious in me to forgive, look you, when it is you, and such as you, who hinder more than any the success of my ministry."

"O, now you are cruel!" said I, looking at the demure and self-convicted air of my aunt, who sat in total silence.

"No, not cruel. It is the kindness of the thoughtless which is the greatest real cruelty. I need not explain to *you*, my dear madam, why; but" — turning a very pleasant bright pair of eyes on my face (on the other hand, he was a married man with five children) — "I am anxious to set you right about this 'giving at the door.'"

I listened politely, at the same time thinking it was best to give and be done with it, and better give to the unworthy, than possibly refuse the worthy applicant. But this was only the momentary thought. Mr. T. went on to say: —

"The object of giving to the poor is not merely present relief, but permanent help. Now, we must not prevent the last by the first; as we do, if we create in the poor a habit and a taste for dependence. The best and truest charity is that which puts people in a way to help themselves. And whoever bestows it directly bestows also a pain to a right mind. They either hurt the delicacy of the applicant, or they help to harden him: and either is bad.

"You will think me refining," said Mr. T., with a smile, "but I am talking now of Americans born, in whom the instinct of independence and equality has not been crushed by misfortune. They wish to be assisted to a means of self-support. And a true and enlightened view of charity should always lead us to do this if possible. It is not so easy as it is to take out a quarter of a dollar and then dismiss the subject. But we are talking now of what it is right to do."

"True!" murmured my aunt. "Go on, pray!"

"O, don't ask me to repeat one of my Reports!" said the minister, laughing. "I will send the whole argument to you."

"But, of the beggars at the door," said I, "how very few are Americans! — not one in a hundred!"

"That's true, thank Heaven," answered he, "and that is the very reason that the Provident Association is established at all. It is, in effect, a check on imposition. At the same time, by the distribution of officers, whose duty it is, not only to see, but to relieve effectually and permanently, if necessary, no one is neglected who ought to be attended to. One of the first elements of success is, of course, to encourage this systematic and thorough relief, by refusing to give ~~a~~ ^{at} the door; at the same time that you give the applicant ~~a~~ right to ask at the proper place, of the proper person, ~~for~~ the aid which you have placed at his command. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I do," said I; "but it will be a long time before you get people to see the benefit of the new way."

"There is already, however, a wonderful diminution of beggars," said Mr. T. "Impostors are tired of being sent to Beach Street. And the system meets with the most cordial encouragement from the wisest and most liberal of our citizens. Only some of our tender hearts," added he, archly, "will never cease, I am afraid, to do us a mischief. They are led away by soft, brown eyes, and tremors —"

"Don't you think I shall improve after all!" exclaimed my
Aunt, in dismay.

"Well—no, I don't. But you can try," said he, laughing.

"You could keep a dog to bark at beggars, aunty," said I.

"Yes, and have '24 Beach Street,' and 'Get out!'" marked
On his collar," said my aunt.

C. A. H.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

I.

THE CAPTIVES.

THE KING OF BABYLON.

HAST thou yet found the princes, Ashpenaz,
 Of whom I spake to thee? Princes by birth,
 Of Israel's royal line? In grace of form,
 And beauty, without blemish? Skilled
 In art and science, understanding all
 The wisdom and the knowledge of their race?
 Whom we may teach the learning and the tongue
 Of the Chaldeans? Of ability
 To stand before our royal throne?

ASHPENAZ.

O king!

Among the children of the royal race
 Of Judah, whom I found at thy command,
 Are four young captive princes, in whom dwell
 The graces and the gifts which thou dost seek;—
 In Daniel, Belteshazzar whom I name—
 In Hananiah, Shadrach, — Mishael,
 Meshach, — and Azariah, in our tongue
 Abednego. A rare and noble grace
 Bespeaks their princely birth. Not less the glance
 From out the starry darkness of their eyes
 Betokeneth the skill in learning that

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

Exalteth them above their fellows. Thus,
O king! have I obeyed thy royal will.

THE KING.

Thou hast well done! I will appoint for them
A daily portion of the royal meat
And wine, until three years, when they may stand
Before our sovereign presence, Ashpenaz!

DANIEL.

O Ashpenaz! I pray thee not require
That we, thy servants, shall defile our lips
With the king's meat or wine,— the which to taste
Our Hebrew law forbiddeth! O, I pray,
Compassion have on our dark, painful lot!
Captives we dwell within the stranger's gates,—
And save us from our souls' abhorrence!

ASHPENAZ.

I

Should fear my lord, the king, who doth appoint
Your daily meat and wine, were I to give
That which should prove less nourishing, and thus
He might behold your faces not so fair
As other royal children of your race.
Then should my life endangered be, had I
So rashly disobeyed my lord the king.

DANIEL.

O, thou dost look on us so tenderly,
I know thou canst not have the power to speak
Denial! I will pray our God to touch
Thy heart with softer pity from on high
For Judah's heavy burden!

If He will,

Our faces shall be fair and ruddy as
The face of youthful David when he came
To Israel's throne, from watching by his flock.

And since our God hath willed captivity
 For Judah's wandering, backsliding race,
 And not the might of mortal monarch, we
 Thy royal master, Babylon, will serve
 Most faithfully !

ASHPENAZ.

A moving eloquence
 Doth sit enthroned upon thy lip's proud curve,
 And stir the depths of thy sad eyes ! I would,
 O Belteshazzar, that it were my power
 To grant thy prayer !
 Melzar shall come to thee !

DANIEL.

Prove, I beseech thee, for ten days, the food
 We ask of thee ! And to thy servants give
 Water to drink and pulse to eat ! And then
 Our countenances shall be looked upon
 Before thee, and the countenance of them
 That eat the portion of the king's meat ! As
 Thou seest shalt thou deal with us !

MELZAR.

I will
 Consent to prove thee and thy fellows, as
 Thou sayest, in ten days !

DANIEL.

Thou shalt behold
 Us fairer than the fairest of our race ;
 For He in whom we trust — the King of kings,
 Jehovah is His name — hath power to bring
 Light out of darkness, unto whom obey
 His will !

My brethren, He hath heard our cry,
 And turned the hearts of Melzar and his prince
 To grant our prayer ! Praise be to Him !

C. A. C.

RANDOM READINGS.

OLD TAGHKONIC AGAIN.

THE people who live under the Taghkonik range, and near its highest peak, protest against the new christening of their favorite mountain. They resist the innovation of "Mount Everett," and have remonstrated against it in the Berkshire papers. We should be very sorry to give any currency to the new name which so grates upon their old and cherished associations, and which we dislike and regard as a cockneyism as much as themselves. The truth of the matter we suppose to be, that this grand old peak was called by the Indians "Taghkonik," and has always been called so by the people who live near it. Naturally, and in the course of time, it gave its name to the whole range, and as such the Berkshire ridge is known in the geographies. It will not be possible now to bring back the name and keep it under its original limitations; and the monarch of the range will have to share it with all his brethren. But it belongs to him *par excellence*, and when necessary to prevent confusion we must say the TAGHKONIC PEAK, to distinguish him from the group out of which and over which he towers in his hoary majesty.

Professor Hitchcock first named the peak "Mount Everett," in his geological survey. The name has not yet obtained currency either in our local or general literature, and we have no wish to help give it any; not from disrespect to the name itself, which suggests so much of beauty and grace, but because we want nothing to do in any new christening of this ancient patriarch of the hills. We stick to the old Indian names, and vote against these innovations with both our hands, and we hope the old peak will look black from among the thunder-clouds upon everybody that calls him "Mount Everett."

S.

TO "A CONSTANT READER."

SOME difficulties have been very kindly suggested to us touching "the Subordination System,"—a history of which was given in our July number. We must by no means be understood as implying

that the personality of Christ is only an "appearance," and vanished when the Logos "returned into the Divine Organism."

1. Touching "the double nature" of Christ, it seems to us that we confuse ourselves without any necessity for doing so. Practically, we all believe it in some form, who allow that Christ was supernaturally endowed above all other men, and yet had the nature of all other men. The Logos doctrine certainly implies a double nature in Christ, but involves no such difficulties as are connected with it in the Tritheistic theology. On this point we would refer "A Constant Reader" to the article on "The Divinely Human" in our May number.

2. Not only the personality of Christ does not vanish after his resurrection, but continues as the form of the Logos brought nearer to men and more tenderly adapted to all their states. This topic opens the whole subject of our Lord's glorification, ascension, and coming again in spirit. The process of his glorification was the gradual extrusion of the finite and suffering nature, and the coming down in its place of the indwelling Divinity, so that God, in consequence of the incarnation, can reach us as never before, and adapt Divine influences to us. Hence a new dispensation of the Spirit after the ascension of Christ. On this subject, if we remember rightly, the sermon of Rev. Wm. B. Hayden, in the last October number of the Magazine, had some very clear illustrations. s.

"CHILDREN'S PRATTLE."

We take the following from Hans Christian Andersen's Sand-Hills of Jutland, for the special instruction of our little readers.

At the merchant's house there was a large party of children,—rich people's children and great people's children. The merchant was a man of good standing in society, and a learned man. He had taken, in his youth, a college examination. He had been kept to his studies by his worthy father, who had not gone very deep into learning himself, but was honest and active. He had made money, and the merchant had increased the fortune left to him. He had intellect, and heart too; but less was said of these good qualities than of his money.

There visited at his house several distinguished persons, both peo-

ple of birth, as it is called, and people of talents, as it is called,—people who came under both of these heads, and people who came under neither of these heads. The meeting now in question was a children's party, where there was childish talk; and children generally speak like parrots.

There was one little girl so excessively proud. She had been flattered into her foolish pride by the servants, not by her parents,—they were too sensible too have done that. Her father was *Kammerjunker*,* and she thought this was monstrously grand.

"I am a court child," she said.

She might as well have been a cellar child, as far as she was herself concerned; and she informed the other children that she was "born" (*well born*, she meant); that when people were not "born," they could never be anybody; and that, however much they might read, however clever and industrious they might be, if they were not "born," they could never become great.

"And those whose names end in '*sen*,'" she continued, "are all low people, and can never be of any consequence in the world. Ladies and gentlemen would put their hands on their sides, and keep them at a distance, these '*sen — sens*!'" And she threw herself into the attitude she had described, and stuck her pretty little arms akimbo, to show how people of her grade would carry themselves in the presence of such common creatures. She really looked very pretty.

But the merchant's little daughter became extremely angry. Her father was called "*Madsen*," and that name, she knew, ended in "*sen*;" so she said, as proudly as she could,—

"But my father can buy hundreds of rix-dollars' worth of sugar-plums, and think nothing of it. Can your father do that?"

"That's all very well," said the little daughter of a popular journalist; "but my father can put both of your fathers and all '*fathers*' into the newspaper. Every one is afraid of him, my mother says; for it is my father who rules everything through the newspaper." And the little girl tossed her head and strutted about as if she thought herself a princess.

But on the outside of the half-open door stood a poor little boy peeping in. It was, of course, out of the question that so poor a

* A title at court.

child should enter the drawing-room, but he had been turning the spit for the cook, and he had obtained permission to look in behind the door at the splendidly dressed children who were amusing themselves, and that was a treat to him.

He would have liked to have been one of them, he thought; but at that moment he heard what had been said, and it was enough to make him very sad. Not one shilling had his parents at home to spare. They were not able to set up a newspaper, to say nothing of writing for one. And the worse was yet to come; for his father's name, and of course also his own name, certainly ended in "sen." He, therefore, could never become anybody in this world. This was very disheartening. Though he felt assured that he was *born*, it was impossible to think otherwise.

This was what passed that evening.

Several years had elapsed, and during their course the children had grown up to be men and women.

There stood in the town a handsome house, which was filled with magnificent objects of art. Every one went to see it. Even people who lived at a distance came to town to see it. Which prodigy, among the children we have spoken of, could call that edifice his or hers? It is easy to tell that. No; it is not so easy, after all. That house belonged to the poor little boy, who became somebody, although his name *did* end in "sen," — THORWALDSEN!

And the three other children, — the children of high birth, money, and literary arrogance? Yes; there is nothing to be said about them. They are all alike. They grew up to be all respectable, comfortable, and commonplace. They were well-meaning people. What they had formerly said and thought was only — CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

THE first commandment driveth on all the rest.

As the faith is, so is also God.

God stayeth not quite away, though he stayeth long.

Idolatry is the imagination of the heart.

Unfaithfulness is also stealing.

Backbiting is meddling with God's judgment.

Despair maketh priests and friars.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Rock of Ages: or, Scripture Testimony to the one Eternal Godhead of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead, with an Introduction by the REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — This book and the Introduction are intended, by Dr. Huntington, as a rejoinder to the strictures upon his Sermon in defence of the Trinity. The book is a plea, not for the Tri-unity, but for Tritheism. The doctrine of one God is only preserved in words; the whole argument is for three persons, each of whom has separately and in himself the attributes of Supreme Divinity. The Introduction does not take up the argument at all, but abounds in disparagements — it strikes us rather ill-natured — of the communion which the writer has renounced, appeals to Church authority as an “obstinate fact,” and claims for his own party the special gift of the Holy Ghost. We close the book with the reassured conviction that Tritheism is a thing of the past, fleeing for shelter to dogmatism and ghostly authority, with no hold upon the living future. Dr. Huntington ignores the truth that a Church may continue in unbroken line for ages, and grow corrupt in spirit and doctrine within, and in practice without, and so become apostate. The Jewish Church was whole and in regular succession when it rejected and crucified the Saviour. The same may be and will be at his second or spiritual coming. The Church, after the close of the fourth century, showed every sign of apostasy; and the ages of darkness and blood, inquisitions, burnings, Piedmontese slaughters, Te Deums for St. Bartholomew massacres, Puritan manglings, Lambeth dungeons and thumb-screws, Scotch hangings and drownings, are “facts” rather more “obstinate” than Dr. Huntington’s rhetorical assumptions and claims to a church monopoly of the Holy Spirit. To go back to this ghastly ecclesiasticism were as if the saints in glory should come back to put on their grave-clothes. Dr. Huntington speaks of the Unitarian “isolation,” not seeming to consider that he is still isolated himself, and that he is a heretic in Christendom till he goes over to Rome.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860. — President Woolsey has succeeded in preparing a book upon a subject of the first importance, which supplies within a small compass a very large amount of needful information and careful reasoning. It is not merely intended and fitted for use as a college manual, but will be serviceable and interesting to the general student and even reader. E.

Christ our Life: the Scriptural Argument for Immortality through Christ alone. By C. F. HUDSON, Author of "Debt and Grace related to the Doctrine of a Future Life." Boston: Published by John P. Jewett and Company. 1860. — The mind and heart of the Christian Church in Germany, England, and America are much occupied in these days with inquiries into the Gospel revelations concerning the retributions of the future state. Mr. Hudson is an enthusiastic student of the subject, and labors with most refreshing earnestness to explain, illustrate, and defend what he believes to be Scripture truth in the matter. Every sincere disciple will find great help from his books; in common with the writings of Olshausen, Tholuck, Maurice, Kingsley, they make it very plain that the popular doctrine of Retribution must be reconsidered and restated. We have not yet found time to read "Christ our Life" save in detached passages, but we intend to take the book in hand, and believe that we shall be largely rewarded for the study. E.

How to enjoy Life: or, Physical and Mental Hygiene. By WM. M. CORNELL, M. D. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1860. — "How to enjoy Life" is often least understood by those who make a business of enjoyment, whilst those who are only bent upon accomplishing some purpose, personal or impersonal, are very likely to neglect physical or moral laws in their haste, and so come to grief. Dr. Cornell has given in this sensible, though somewhat rambling and gossipy book, many hints which will be useful to all who desire to live well and happily in this world. E.

Home and College. A Public Address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, March 8, 1860. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor

of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — Professor Huntington is never so happy as when unfolding a concrete and practical topic; and this little book is in his best vein, — wise, Christian, direct, earnest, eloquent. When a man can so write and speak, we need not give ourselves much concern as to what branch of Christ's body he chooses to labor with; he is sowing good seed, and the Lord will provide good ground, and the harvest shall not fail.

E.

Quaker Quiddities: or, Friends in Council. A Colloquy. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — The Quakers too are on their way to join the great company of those who can build only on Christ, and can magnify no longer mere forms of truths or forms of forms. The movement is to be noticed in all denominations; it severs them all into Old School and New School, High and Low, Narrow and Broad. The "Quiddities" will help forward our gentle brethren and sisters very pleasantly, though not very vigorously or heroically, in the right direction, and contain much matter which the Friends may well ponder in their silent meetings. What they want, however, — indeed what we all want, — is not so much outward change as to be flooded with the Spirit; and as the Spirit never repeats himself, we shall not have the old forms, the "thee and thou," &c., in these days, but new bottles for the new wine.

E.

The American Ecclesiastical Year-Book, containing, 1. The Present Religious Statistics of the World. 2. A Brief Religious History of all Denominations in all Countries during the Past Year. Vol. I. The Religious Statistics and History of the Year 1859. By ALEXANDER J. SCHEM, Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. New York: H. Dayton. 1860. — This is just one of those works which can be well prepared only at a great expense of careful research, and yet bring no reward in fame, falling, in this respect, even behind the Dictionary. We are all the more desirous to thank the compiler for a book to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer, and which seems to have been conscientiously and ably put together.

E.

The Signet Ring, and other Gems. From the Dutch of REV. J. DE LIEFDE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — We have read the first two stories in this volume, and like very much their spirit

and aim. If the others are as good as these, the book deserves to be warmly commended to all who would find instruction blended with entertainment. E.

Remembered Words from the Sermons of Rev. I. Nichols, Late Pastor of the First Parish in Portland, Maine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — A small volume, beautifully printed and bound, containing choice things as a remembrancer of a good man.

American National Lyrics and Sonnets. By O. PRESCOTT HILLER. Boston: Otis Clapp. — Very good patriotism, and very poor poetry.

Autobiographical Recollections of the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A., with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence. By TOM TAYLOR, ESQ. With Portrait. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a very interesting book, and abounds in pleasant anecdote and gossip respecting some of the distinguished contemporaries of Leslie, including Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Sidney Smith, Wordsworth, Rogers, Washington Irving, and Washington Allston. Mr. Leslie maintained a familiar correspondence with Irving, from which selections are made of Irving's letters, characterized by his quiet and genial humor. It will be a good book for the dog-days. S.

The Sand-Hills of Jutland. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Here are eighteen of Andersen's stories, — wild, fantastic, droll, lively, and always with a good purpose, and always illustrative of some important practical truth. "Something," "Children's Prattle," and "The Child in the Grave," are admirable. It is a book mightily to take the fancy of young readers, and is calculated to make any readers better and more hopeful for the perusal. S.

"*Memoirs of a Saintly Friend.*" — It having been intimated in some quarters that our Memoir of a Saintly Friend was too much spun out, and knowing that it is to be published in a volume, we drop the further publication of it in our periodical; although the *West India Journal* is full of interesting matter of the same nature as Mrs. Child's late publication, "The Right Way and the Safe Way," which we hereby commend to the earnest perusal of every

one who doubts the feasibility of immediate emancipation. The ultimate development of Mr. Jackson's own mind and opinions as he pursued his Christian career, together with a review of his historical work upon "The Christian Ministry," was to have closed this series of papers; but we think enough has been published to insure the perusal of the entire volume when it shall appear.

PAMPHLETS.

A Memorial of the Federal Street Meeting-House. A Discourse preached on Sunday Morning, March 13, 1859. By Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; and Addresses delivered in the Afternoon of that Day, by Rev. S. B. Cruft, Rev. F. W. Holland, Rev. A. Smith, Rev. R. P. Rogers, Rev. R. C. Waterston. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1860. — The Soul's Salvation through Faith in Christ. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of John C. Kimball, as Pastor of the First Parish, Beverley, Mass., Thursday, December 29, 1859. By Ezra S. Gannett. With the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, and Address to the People. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1860. — Profitable both of them for those who would reverently and gratefully recall the past, or wisely improve the present. The Appendix to the Memorial contains, besides interesting engravings of the houses of worship which have been successively occupied by the Society, much valuable historical matter. E

A Discourse preached in the West Church on Theodore Parker By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — A course delivered in the Church of the Unity after the Death of Theodore Parker. By George H. Hepworth. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — Theodore Parker. A Sermon preached in New York 10, 1860. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker & Co. — The Constitution changed, and Slavery naturalized Usurpations of the Supreme Court. Speech of Hon. James of Ohio, in the United States House of Representatives, 1860.

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CHRIST THE REVEALER.

THESE significant words are inscribed upon the back of a book, the title-page of which is given below.* Mr. Thom is already favorably known to the liberal Christians of this country. We recall with especial satisfaction the volume of the Epistles to the Corinthians which found an American publisher, and a little pamphlet, — “The Preacher and the Church, Three Sermons,” — which was not so fortunate, richly deserved a wider circulation than it could have had in its English dress. Mr. Thom is original in the sense in which it is good to be original. He gives us that which he has made his own by verifying it in his own experience. There is nothing in his writings which is merely traditional, mechanical, and perfunctory. He strives honestly to meet real difficulties, to answer the questions which earnest, clear-sighted thinkers — himself included — are asking to-day, not setting up men of straw, constructed like the stalk-witches that amuse children, on purpose to be top-

The Revelation of God and Man in the Son of God and the Son of Man. Six sermons, preached in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool. By JOHN HAMILTON. London: Edward T. Whitfield, 178 Strand. 1859.

L. XXIV.

pled over ; and where too many are yielding to the temptation to substitute what promises to edify for what is true, he seems to be determined to rejoice only in the Truth, and to follow her, though with "the little flock." The Church has more to hope from those who, like Thom, are outside of the visible fold, and are living nevertheless in loyalty to God and Christ, — too loyal, indeed, to accept for the Gospel the traditions of men, — than from a whole army of orthodox sermonizers and commentators, who, without any appreciation of the intellectual difficulties in the way of the student of religion, go on quoting the old texts, and repeating the old interpretations, using the letter to quench the spirit. God has committed the kingdom of his dear Son to those who can "do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth ;" — sound or unsound now, they will be found at last in the right way.

This little volume will be found eminently helpful and suggestive by all who would build upon the one foundation "that is laid," which is Christ. Even those who would call its Christology in some respects incomplete, will find valuable assistance from the writer, so long as he accompanies them in their way ; and this because Mr. Thom has reached definite and strong convictions upon certain cardinal points at which the naturalist and the supernaturalist must forever join issue. He everywhere deals with the Gospel, not as an achievement of man, but as the gift of God through One who is willing to receive and transmit it, to *be* it, and live it, and so to manifest it. It is the Father seeking his children. Jesus Christ, moreover, is seen to be the consummate flower of humanity, exhausting the possibilities of our nature, — Son of Man, because Son of God. There are no traces of the scepticism which pauses before the great mysteries of miracle and inspiration, and declines receiving them as objects and illustrations of faith, because some extremists have forgotten that outward signs alone can never work conviction, and that only those who are taught of God can recognize the Spirit in the speech or the writings of others. Within and without, the

Gospel is for him the wonder of the ages, the light of heaven on earth, the tabernacle of God with men. And we should not know where to look, this side of St. Augustine and Fauler, for a more real and joyous faith in the present Spirit, the Life of God in the soul of man, the persuasion that we are compassed about by the Father, and that at any moment we may hear the whisperings of his love to our hearts, and feel the support of the unseen arm. We are sure that no one can rise from reading this little book, and say that he has not been brought near to the Source of all truth and goodness, that he has found nothing to feed the soul that would trust and aspire and walk by faith in things unseen. We believe that we cannot render a better service to our readers than by placing before them some extracts from pages which we have found so suggestive. We shall be thankful if the selections that we may be able to present shall create a demand for a republication in our own country of a volume which would be eagerly read by thousands. First, of the Light of the glorious knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

“Man has no experience of any other spiritual nature but the Spirit of God ; if, therefore, God would give an image of Himself on that which alone, within our experience, is like Himself, He must give it to us on the soul of a Man. It is impossible for us to conceive of any other way in which God could perfectly unveil His moral Nature. He might, indeed, inspire us with the faith that it was perfect, as He did inspire many noble souls with that faith before the coming of Christ ; but in no other way could he show *how* it was perfect. It would be impossible for us to harmonize the moral attributes of God until we saw them harmonized in the spirit of a man. A perfect Son was necessary before the world could know the Father. Therefore in Jesus Christ was manifested a Son of God, — a Spirit that was the Image of His Spirit, a Will that was the absolute reflection of the Will of the Father, — a living spiritual Nature that in all its moral aspects of holiness and compassion was a perfect unveiling of the Character of God.”

But this revelation, being intended for men, must be made

under human conditions. It is a point of orthodoxy, of which the so-called Orthodox often need to be reminded, that the humanity of our Lord was as real as his divinity, and that, if He in whom God dwelt was not truly and properly *man*, as truly and properly so as any one of us, in no wise phantasmal or phenomenal, we have yet to look for our Gospel, and must try to explain away the plainest statements of Scripture. It may be, it is, perhaps, utterly impossible for us to understand how this can be, but if we have resolved to make the understanding the lord of faith, we may as well pause first as last in our efforts to learn the Truth. The fact remains, whether we comprehend it or not, that God and man were at one in Christ, and that in him a true humanity was gathered up into the Celestial Glory. Equally positive is Mr. Thom in affirming the reality of the Saviour's temptations and the reality of his sinlessness, — that he was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. The Life was manifested under earthly conditions. There was the will of a man as well as the will of God. This is orthodoxy, though orthodoxy often leaves it out of sight, not being able to see how it could have been the will of a man to have no will, and the glory of a man to seek not his own glory, and how, by dwelling in Christ, God did not destroy the human nature and make it a nullity, but simply exhausted the possibilities of this nature, so that nothing more perfect can come out of it, world without end. The struggle between the divine and the human, between the heavenly and the earthly, is most strikingly and touchingly depicted in the first of the six sermons which make up this volume. There was first the Temptation of temptations to quench the Spirit of God. The Spirit is ever calling us from a lower world into a higher. How fearful the summons in the case of the Christ, the son of Jewish Mary called to be Son of God, to show forth his divinity in his humanity !

“ It was natural, so to speak, that the one great spiritual question which has to be put to every man, Will he suffer

himself to be born again? should be put with a signal emphasis to the Representative Man, so that never again we should be able to mistake the character of our trial, the method of our victory. Never was the difference between the moral condition in which a man is born and the moral condition to which he is called by the Spirit of God speaking in him, so markedly apparent as between the type of character natural to a Jew of the age of King Herod, and the soul and life of Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us. And the pressure must have been constant, though only at critical times it had such intensity that it broke into utterance, and to our great blessing left permanent witness of itself to aid our insight into the spiritual history of the Son of God. The anguished cries, 'Father, save me from this hour!' 'My God! let this cup pass from me!' will indicate to every soul that has any understanding of our Lord the state of sustained aspiration in which his whole life was passed. When a noble sufferer for one moment permits a cry of pain to escape him, we then learn what had previously, during all the other moments, been borne without a sign, and that the same pain, only a degree less, had been constantly present when the sufferer was silent. And if you require further or more positive evidence, I have only to refer you to that symbolic scene, at the opening of the History, in which, as in a dramatic vision, all our Lord's temptations are expressly foreshown. I need not tell you that the perfect filial Will by which these temptations were subdued, is no proof that they did not exist,—or that liability to temptation does not imply a state of sin."

On the other hand, the peril of self-assertion and self-glorification to which the hero is exposed was to be encountered by the Christ as by no other; the noblest, the holiest, the mightiest, he must yet hide himself and withhold his hand even when his own pressing necessities seemed to demand a miracle, and refuse to imperil his life even when the angels must needs interpose to save. Who does not know that pride is forever on earth and amongst men the grave of truth? Who has not heard, on the contrary, the word of Jesus: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God!" Then, again, there was the temptation to resent injuries,—and such injuries!—met so perfectly

by one who "forgave, *not because he did not abhor the evil he forgave, nor because he remembered that he himself had been touched by the same evils and needed forgiveness*; he forgave perfectly because he was righteous perfectly, and had no evil passions to gratify." Think, too, of the trial from his associates:—

"Men to whom the Kingdom of God on earth could convey no other meaning, could assume no other form, than a world-wide extension of David's throne,—men who wrangled about their own claim to precedence in a Kingdom of which the first condition is that no man seeks his own, but each another's welfare,—men who could give no response to any deep utterance of his spirit, to any forecasting in him of the Mind of God,—who by no plainness of words could be taught to believe that the Messiah could be subject to death, or that the glory of God could be revealed in the form of a Servant,—men who denied him when he suffered, and lost faith in him when he died,—must have been the constant occasions of trials of Faith, and trials of Hope, and trials of Patience, and even trials of Love. That he had moments of despondency from this cause, of sharp sorrow and agitated trusts, is again and again recorded. And that he sinned not through these temptations is manifest in this, that he never lost confidence that God would mould these men to His purposes,—that all his intercourse with them to the latest moment, when he prepared a way for the Truth afterwards to reach them through the symbols of Self-sacrifice, was employed in disposing them to receive the spiritual import of the coming facts of his History, of his Death, his Resurrection and Ascension,—and that, knowing he was no isolated being, but linked to his race, and his race linked to *him*, the glorious Destiny of Man was already clear in God's relation to himself, and in the hour of visible failure he saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied."

Against self-depreciation also, and the weakness of asceticism, which really "evades one half the problem of Human Perfectness," the Lord was protected, as the preacher truly and powerfully shows, and all that He might open a way,—the way for God into the nature of man.

In his anxiety to witness for the perfect humanity of the

Christ, and so to secure for man the benefits of the mediation, Mr. Thom, needlessly as it seems to us, warns us against supposing that an Archangel or an Eternal Son wrought out our salvation. If, indeed, we make two terms, God and the Son of God, or God and the chief of the angels, we lose our Mediator, because we have lost our humanity. "He took upon him the seed of Abraham." God in *man* alone can redeem man; but we do not understand that those who accept the Eternal Sonship of the Christ deny the perfect humanity of the Redeemer, or how it alters the mysterious process for the worse to believe that the Son, who can do nothing of himself, who owes all his power and glory to the indwelling Father, and who was with him before the world was, dwelt in the Man of Nazareth. Certainly when we lift ourselves out of the limitations of time and space, out of a world of birth and growth and decay and death, out of the visible and the temporal into the absolute and invisible and eternal, we believe in a perfect Creator and a perfect creation, a Completeness which has known no beginning and shall know no end, of which we do not say, "It was," or, "It shall be"; but, "It is," "It is from all eternity." Certainly we believe in the Father Everlasting, and the Father Everlasting supposes as a correlative the Son Everlasting, the archetype of the universe, — not nominally, but really, — who is before all imperfect worlds, the Image of invisible Glories, Light of Light. Certainly we believe that God was perfectly imaged in his universe before the birth on this little planet of the Son of Mary. He is evermore perfectly imaged, before Jesus, before Abraham, before Adam. Now when we find our ideal of the Son of the Highest fully realized under human conditions in the life of Jesus, when we can conceive of no more perfect and absolute Child of God than we find in the historic Christ, we must needs say of him, It is he who is from everlasting in whom we have believed, whom we have prophesied. He came out of the heavens, out from the bosom of God, out from the depths of Eternity. He has emptied himself of his glory, he

counts not his likeness to God a thing to be eagerly insisted upon, he becomes obedient to death, even the death of the Cross, not of necessity, but of his own free-will; therefore by the grace of the Father he has ascended up where he was before, and the Humanity that was willing even through tears and agony of blood to be redeemed, has been exalted with him to dwell forever at the right hand of God, to be the First-born amongst many brethren, the beginning of the new Spiritual Creation of God. The Scriptures, indeed, are mainly occupied with the gradual assumption of Humanity by Deity, with the story of the Divine-human in this world and in the world to come, into which the Saviour vanished from the sight of human eyes. The term "Son of God" is confined in Scripture to the historic Christ, or the Word *made flesh*, — to the Word *after*, not before, the Incarnation, — and the exaltation and glorification of the man Jesus are expressly attributed to his willing humiliation and self-renunciation; and since these things are what it specially concerns us to know, they make up the chief matters of Revelation. Nevertheless, when we go beyond this world, and seek for absolute realities, the heavenly things which are the same yesterday, to-day, forever, what is the story of the Christ but the record of the manifestation in time and space of the Eternal Sonship, the Gospel of the assumption of our poor humanity, made in the image of God and yet so mysteriously estranged from Him, into the heavenly places where by Christ God is all in all. In Christ the Eternal Son, all things are complete and beautiful, without spot or wrinkle or any blemish whatsoever; and when the history of man rises into the well-authenticated story of such a Christ, — a story every line and letter of which is divine, we can only thankfully say that the Son of God has come down from heaven to lead all, who are willing to follow him, back to the Father's mansion. We are the more earnest to press these qualifications, because they may help others, as they have helped us, to lay the foundations of our faith, not on this changing earth, but in those heavens which cannot be shaken.

In the second discourse, entitled, "Christ leading the Tempted to the Mighty Help of God," the doctrine of the Humanity of Christ is beautifully unfolded as follows : —

"First, That obedience and not sin, that faith and not distrust, are according to the law of our Nature, according to the working of God's Spirit in Man; secondly, That the Father did once, for the purposes of His grace to us men, so communicate Himself to a Human Soul, and that Human Soul was so led to consent to the Father's purpose, to surrender itself to the Father's Will, that in that human being the law of his Nature was kept, and the development of his Father's Spirit in him unbroken by disobedience; and, thirdly, That the Character which then was manifested is the perfection of Human Nature, the fulness of spiritual symmetry, the will and spirit of God reflected in the will and spirit of Man, — the ante-dating for our spiritual education and stimulus, by special Providence, in the Man Christ Jesus, all of Beauty and of sinless Life that ever can be unfolded out of Man to the last progressions of the earthly ages."

"In the face of these revealed Things," says Mr. Thom, "which I believe will not be rejected by any Church, I confess myself appalled that the world can talk as it does, — that so many of *us* can talk as we do, — about the Gospel of the Kingdom. In the nineteenth century of Christ, the world is still unfitted with a Religion. Is not a Religion the intercourse of God with a Human Soul? Tell me, would there be any difficulty but the difficulty of obedience, — would not the difficulty be transferred from the cobwebs, the fine-spinning, of the brain to the devotion of the spirit and the surrender of the will, if we took it for our Religion to have Christ formed within us, to stand more and more in his relations to the Father, receptive and submissive, — to weave into the inmost frame of our being those lineaments of God, — to have for our central life, the germinal parts of us, the roots of Love from which that Image grows?"

Again, it is sometimes urged as a criticism upon a liberal Christianity, that it is too indefinite to meet the wants of the human soul, — that we must have at least Articles, if not a Creed, or fall short of the possible measure of Christian attainment. And it is undoubtedly true, that, if we think of

other subjects, we ought to and must think of Religion, and shall of necessity draw out our thoughts into some connected propositions. An earnest individual experience will express itself in strong intellectual utterances, like those of St. Paul in his great Epistles, speaking "wisdom to those who are perfect." But these individual experiences cannot be formulated into a Creed, every article of which shall be accepted by each and every believer. We find no such Creed in Scripture. To impose such a Creed upon the Church, divides Christ. It seems to be an unanswerable objection to the imposition of Creeds, that they are not to be gathered from the Scriptures save in the way of inference or development,—that the allegation of indefiniteness attaches to the Bible just as strongly as to the statements of the liberal Christian. Truth is large and must not be sacrificed to definiteness. The great doctrines of Revelation are written out upon every page of the New Testament. Only let there be Christian Liberty,—Liberty not to disown but to follow Christ,—and all who are drawn to him will be substantially at one with each other as with him, but their speech will be from heart to heart, not from head to head, and their phrases will be broad and somewhat indefinite, like those of the Book. "To define in Religion, thank God, is difficult! a soul in communion with the Infinite can draw around itself no boundary lines. Wherever we can fix a limit, we have ceased to be spiritual, and are satisfied with being intellectual or scientific."

"Our Christian Profession, then, the end and aim of our faith in Christ, is to grow in the likeness of God, through the aid and attraction of that Son of His, in whom, by the gift of His grace, we have the fulness of His Image in Human Nature. According to the Scriptures, to look on Christ as 'the Image of the invisible God,' and to look upon Humanity as 'complete in Christ,'—this is our Christian Doctrine. . . . I shall be told that this is the end and aim of all Christian Churches. . . . *This is so.* Christ is *not* divided. . . . What then *is* our peculiarity? This simply,—that we take this, this ground on which we do *not* differ

from the rest of Christendom, *for the whole of the Christian peculiarity*, — that we suffer nothing more than this to enter into the definition of Christianity, or into the constitution of a Christian Church.”

For ourselves, we are more and more persuaded that the difficulties of independent churches and believers have proceeded, not from their resolution to demand no more than this, but from the overwrought temper of liberality, or the fear of being criticised as illiberal, which have persuaded or compelled some to accept less than a believer in Christ for a Christian. But we need not sell ourselves into slavery in order to escape the evils of unregulated freedom. We need not make Articles of Religion, and demand subscription to them, because some who do not accept Christ for their Lord and Master have found their way into Christian pulpits. We have simply to ask and insist that such shall no longer be suffered to turn the church into the lecture-room of Inquiry or of Scepticism, and, without forswearing Christian freedom, we may guard against non-Christian license.

Protestants, it is sometimes said, are less devout than Catholics, and the Protestants of Protestants are the least devout of any. What is to be the remedy?

“Certain I am that Devotion never will be kindled by our applying to it the irritant stimulants of our own discontent with its condition, — that never will it warm and grow under the eye of our criticism and inspection, — but only by turning its own eye outwards in self-oblivion upon its glorious Object. If we have any reason, or suspect we have any reason, to be dissatisfied with our Piety, we must neither fret at it nor scold it, but simply hold our souls to receive the blessed Image of Him who alone can feed it from Himself. Is our Piety really cold, or does it only appear so to others because we do not use their media of expression? When the Roman Catholic falls down before his symbol on the pavement of a church, apparently absorbed in the midst of careless and shifting crowds, — be it the Real Presence on the Altar, or the Virgin Mother within her shrine, or the reflection of God from some sainted face whose flesh the spirit has worn away, — is there more of real feeling, reserv-

ing for the present the quality of the feeling, because there is more of the intense and passionate sign? We naturally think that there is more, because we see more of its expression. What is the reason of that peculiarity which must have struck all observers with astonishment in Catholic countries,—the utter absence of reserve in giving open expression to the secret worship of the soul, in going through all the attitudes even of a rapt Devotion, in the presence of those who are only idle spectators? Does it not go along with habitual symbolism, with consecrated media of expression, with formulated worship? Is not the soul casting itself upon the recognized vehicle, rather than carried face to face with the living God? If spirit was meeting Spirit, could there be this intense engagement with the outward sign? Are we to have less direct communion with God, that through symbols and litanies we may speak more freely of Him? It may seem a strange fact, that Christianity should not yet have moulded itself into a perfect form of worship, universally accepted; but the fact that it has not, may indicate that it was not intended to do so,—that in every Church, as in every Soul, and in every fresh act of the Soul, the Spirit must be newly born."

Quite timely, as it seems to us, is the suggestion that we give too much prominence to preaching, valuable as it is, subordinating the devotion of the heart to human oratory. Prayers, psalms, hymns, are quite as important as discourse; indeed, they are far more effectual than the wisest and most earnest instructions in quickening and guiding the spirit of a church. And most heartily do we accord with all that is said of the too common practice of following the multitude, merely because it is the multitude, into houses of Christian worship and instruction which are consecrated to forms of faith that for us have grown obsolete. Is it manly or womanly? Ought we not to have more respect for our own convictions? Shall our church-going be treated as a matter of mere convenience? Is that old solemn feeling of responsibility to the Truth—the old sense of obligation to witness for God as He reveals himself to *us*—to pass away utterly? Shall I habitually listen to what I do not believe, because a daughter or a wife is edified therewith?

“Whatever may be just judgment on those who so act, for though judges of conduct we are not judges of persons, — to their own Master they stand or fall, — yet this I hold for certain, that nothing in his religious life can more effectually cut a man off from the real power of Religion, than the habitual submission of himself to a form of Religion towards which he feels, or thinks he feels, his own superiority. It is very dangerous trifling with God and his own soul. A man must have extraordinary confidence in himself who dare venture upon it, knowing what he is doing. Religion is a Power above us, in all its aspects and influences, or it is worse than nothing to us. If any one is so false-sighted as to refer in justification of these practices to the noble men and Christian heroes whom all Churches have borne, we have only to say that these noble men and Christian heroes were both inwardly and outwardly true, their profession was their confession, a vital faith to them. I attribute no powerlessness or corruption to what men really believe, — but to what they do not believe, and yet prefer to act as if they believed. It is on this account that members of other churches who show, not a large spiritual sympathy with us, for that is most Christian, but that their fundamental convictions are estranged from their nominal profession, always afflict me with a deep melancholy.”

And let us set down, in conclusion, these sweet and faithful and encouraging words : —

“Mighty and prevailing we cannot make ourselves, though the faith we profess is our highest thought, and we speak because we believe, — but honest and long-suffering, showing no false signal to the world, we can all be, — sitting patiently by what the spirit and the word commend to us as the Wells of Truth, though they seem cold as Death, till God Himself comes down to stir the waters with no simulated Life, and to quicken all that is latent of their healing power. Let us, on the one side, have no cowardice, and no concealment, and no holding back of the hand from what it finds to do ; and on the other, no eager and wasting restlessness, and no infidel despair. I hear and read much about our not fulfilling our Mission with which I have no kind of sympathy, — which seems to me to partake more of human ambition than of divine obedience. If any man can do better let him do it ; if he can speak better, let him speak it ; — but let him not

waste his breath or time in idle moanings about what he calls success, — unless he means success in saving sinners, — nor canker his own freshness and naturalness by judgment of his brethren. To all such I would say, Show us the way if you know it, give out the Light if you have it, let all men hear the word of Truth that is in you, let them gaze upon the face of a diviner Beneficence if it has dawned upon you, show us that you really have what is fair and good, and we will follow you with blessings ; but if you have none of these things, we will not regard your restlessness and discontent as a divine sign. Let us beware lest when we are wearying ourselves with what we call our want of success, we be impatient only that God has not given greater glory to ourselves."

E.

THE DEATHLESS SMILE.

[From Mackellar's "Droppings from the Heart."]

I SAW one in her maidenhood,
From whom the life had fled,
And yet so lovely was her face
It seemed she was not dead !

Her eyelids as in sleep were closed,
Her brow was white like snow ;
A smile still lingered on her cheeks,
As if 't was loath to go.

And it may be a smile so sweet,
So quiet and serene,
Was never on the healthy brow
Of living maiden seen.

Perchance the wondrous bliss which burst
Upon her raptured mind,
When first she woke in Glory's courts,
Had left its trace behind.

NEW CHURCH VIEWS.

A FRIEND and correspondent is desirous, through the pages of the magazine, to unfold the Pneumatology of the New Church. We lieve him equal to his theme, and we accord to him the same freedom that we do to writers of any class or sect, who, in the spirit of rist, seek the discussion of subjects which pertain to the highest share of man. We must say for ourselves, most emphatically, that we make a very broad distinction between what we believe to be the ruine New Jerusalem, the true Church of the future, and ecclesiastical Swedenborgianism. We can see nothing in the latter, either spirit or in practice, that rises above the level of the other sects, whereas the Church for which we would work and pray, and whose light and love we believe to be descending already into the minds of the good and the true in all the denominations, will occupy a higher plane than any of them, will be genial, catholic, free from Jewish assumptions, and so much concerned in doing good, and so joined to the Lord in a warm-hearted devotion, that it will not be divided on questions of church order, or hair-splittings about dogmatic theology. In this statement we make room for our correspondent to utter his noble thought on a subject in which we suppose all our readers take interest. — Eds.

PNEUMATOLOGY.

No. I.

THAT the pages of the Bible are liberally bestrewn with counts of visions and supernatural appearances, will not be denied by any who are familiar with the Sacred Volume. Yet, strange to say, many who profess to receive the Christian Scriptures as a revelation from God, doubt, and some even deny, the existence of angels and spirits as real entities. And among those who admit the reality and presence of a spiritual world, there is very little positive faith in the arguments, laws, and conditions of that world, or in the nature and manner of its connection with the grosser world of matter. Ask the ministers of almost any of our parishes

about the spiritual world and the state of man after death. Ask them to tell you something as to the condition of our existence in the great Hereafter. Ask them whether we shall still retain the human form, having eyes, ears, hands, feet, and other bodily organs,—whether we shall continue to possess the capacity of thinking, reasoning, remembering, and loving. Ask whether the spirits of our departed friends still think of us and love us in the sphere where they now dwell,—whether they are near us, and exert upon us any influence, and if so, how, in what manner, or according to what law. Ask whether, when we leave the body, we shall join our dear departed ones in conscious, visible association,—be recognized and embraced by them, and recognize and embrace them in return. Ask whether the spirits of the departed associate together, and if so, what are the laws that govern their intercourse or determine their associations. Ask what is the nature of Heaven and Hell,—what are the employments and delights of good and evil spirits,—what constitutes the happiness of the one, and what the misery of the other; and whether there be any connection between spirits in the other world and people in this world. Ask ministers of the Gospel any such questions concerning the state of man after death, and what will you receive in answer? Silence,—absolute silence, or—mere conjecture. They do not profess to know anything about these matters; therefore they can teach nothing with confidence respecting them. They can at best give only their own or other men's crude speculations.

And is it to be presumed that this state of confessed ignorance in regard to the spiritual world is always to continue? Are the ministers of Christ never to have anything more or better than mere conjecture, wherewith to meet inquiry upon these solemn and momentous themes? If there *be* a spiritual world, is it reasonable to suppose that its great arcana will never be revealed? Does such a supposition accord with what we know of the Divine goodness and mercy, of the wants

of the human soul, or of the progress of the race in knowledge upon all other subjects? For the last century the human mind has been advancing with more than railroad speed in knowledge of the physical sciences, and of the means of satisfying the wants and increasing the comforts of our physical life. The secrets of universal nature — of the heavens above and of the earth beneath — have been gradually and providentially unfolding as men needed the knowledge and were prepared to use it profitably. And new discoveries are still succeeding each other, almost with the rapidity of thought. And it is impossible to fix a limit to his progress in knowledge concerning the outward material universe. There is *no* limit. To suppose a limit were to suppose that the Infinite may be exhausted, or to deny the indefinite receptivity of the human mind. And when we see that the Divine Being is perpetually unfolding more and more of the hidden laws and operations of nature for the benefit of His creatures, and that the liveliest imagination can set no bounds to the accumulation of knowledge concerning this world of matter, is it reasonable to suppose that all knowledge of the spiritual world, and of man's state after death, is to be forever denied us? Will God vouchsafe to His intelligent offspring an unimaginable amount of truth concerning the world in which they are to live but a brief hour, and keep them forever in ignorance of all things in that other world which is to be their eternal dwelling-place? Such a supposition seems most unreasonable.

Besides, we find in Scripture prophetic intimations of higher and fuller unfoldings of the truth; and why may not some disclosures concerning that realm of human existence which has hitherto been shrouded in darkness — some revelation of the great facts and laws of the spiritual world — be included in these unfoldings? Our Saviour, eighteen hundred years ago, declared that he had many things to tell his disciples, which they were not then able to bear. But he more than intimates that a time would come, in the pro-

gress of humanity, when, without injury to men's moral ~~and~~ spiritual states, the "many things" referred to might be ~~re-~~vealed. He tells his disciples of a "Comforter," which, ~~after~~ his visible, earthly presence had ceased, he would send ~~unto~~ them; and this Comforter, which he says is the Spirit of Truth, was to show them all things when he came, and guide them into all needed truth. He foretold a second and more glorious manifestation of himself to the children of men,—a coming upon the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he who makes this announcement elsewhere declares himself "the Life," "the Truth," "the Light of the World." Therefore we should expect a spiritual coming in fulfilment of this prophecy. We should expect a coming of clearer spiritual light to enlighten the understandings of men upon subjects of profoundest interest and deepest solemnity. We should expect an unfolding of higher and purer truth, which, bursting through the clouds of ignorance and error, should usher in a new day for humanity,—should be, indeed, a new and more glorious manifestation of the Lord to the minds of men. And should we not expect, as a means or part of such higher spiritual enlightenment, a revelation of new truth, instructing us more fully in regard to our spiritual nature and final destiny, and the great facts and laws of that unseen world which is to be our future and eternal home?

Admitting, therefore, that a spiritual world really exists, it is not to be expected that its grand realities would remain forever shrouded in darkness to the dwellers in this lower sphere. Both reason and revelation forbid such a conclusion. Both warrant the belief that the thousand questions which so often arise in humble and pious minds in regard to the life beyond the grave, will not always remain unanswered. And if the answer ever comes, *how* is it to come? Can it come without the aid or instrumentality of some human agent? And if a human instrument is needed, we should expect that such instrument, after being duly qualified, would be intro-

mitted into the spiritual world, and thus be made acquainted with its great realities, so that he could report from actual observation and experience. We can conceive, perhaps, of a disclosure of the great arcana of the unseen world made in some other way ; but is there any other that seems so reasonable or probable as this, — any other so accordant with what we know of the laws of divine order ? If not, then the truth of the following declaration of the great Swedish Seer may be admitted as possible, and even probable.

“That there is a spiritual world inhabited by spirits and angels, distinct from the natural world inhabited by men, is a fact which, because no angel has descended and declared it, and no man has ascended and seen it, has been hitherto unknown even in the Christian world ; lest, therefore, from ignorance of the existence of such a world, and the doubts respecting the reality of heaven and hell which result from such ignorance, men should be infatuated to such a degree as to become naturalists and atheists, it has pleased the Lord to open my spiritual sight, and, as to my spirit, to elevate me into heaven, and to let me down into hell, and to exhibit to my view the nature of both. It has thus been made evident to me that there are two worlds completely distinct from each other ; one, all the objects of which are spiritual, whence it is called the spiritual world ; and another, all the objects of which are natural, whence it is called the natural world ; as also, that spirits and angels live in their own world, and men in theirs ; and further, that every man passes by death from his world into the other, in which he lives to eternity.”*

An extraordinary claim, indeed, is here put forth, but in language at once bold and simple. Is the Seer to be believed upon his own statement merely ? By no means. However honest and truthful he may be shown to have been, and however worthy to be believed in declarations pertaining to any ordinary mundane affairs, we hold that a statement so extraordinary as the above should not be accepted merely upon

* Swedenborg's *Treatise on Influx*, n. 3.

his own or any other man's *ipse dixit*. It is every man's duty, as well as privilege, to refuse his assent to such a statement until he is convinced of its truth by evidence quite independent of the character of the Seer. Are his disclosures in regard to the spiritual world in themselves reasonable? Are they in harmony with the teachings of Holy Scripture, sound reason, historical facts, human experience, and the known laws of the human mind, as well as with the most enlightened conceptions of the wisdom, love, and mercy of God? These are the questions which it is every one's duty to ask in reference to whatever claims to be an unfolding of the realities of the spiritual world, let it come through whatsoever channel it may; and not until these are satisfactorily answered in the affirmative, should we think of yielding our assent to the *dicta* of any, even of the wisest Seer.

Objections I know are urged by many sensible and Christian people, and among them this: There is no need of further knowledge of the spiritual world; consequently no use of a revelation of its mysteries or its laws. Such a revelation, it is urged, would serve no valuable purpose. If truthful, it would only gratify a love of the marvellous, or an idle curiosity, which it were better not to indulge.

I think this objection is made without sufficient consideration. Suppose yourself a youth of eighteen or twenty, and that you were intending by and by to emigrate to a foreign land, there to reside for the remainder of your life. Would you not naturally desire some information about your future home, and the character of the people among whom you expected to live? Would you not wish to know something of their manners and customs, their institutions and laws, their language and literature, their occupations and modes of life? Might not such knowledge be very useful, by enabling you the better to prepare yourself for the honorable discharge of your duties as a citizen of that country? And if the country had been previously visited by some distinguished traveller, who had written and published a full account of his travels

and of the people whom he saw, would you reckon the time occupied in reading his book among your misspent hours? Would you think you had been merely gratifying an idle curiosity?

Well, then, I ask, Is some information concerning that country whither we are all going, sooner or later, — going, there to abide forever, — is some information respecting its inhabitants, constitution, government, and laws, a thing less desirable to a serious and rational mind? And can we conceive of no higher *use* which it may subserve, than the mere gratification of one's love of the marvellous? Who knows but such information may be of the first importance in fitting us to be more useful and happy in our future home? Who knows but a graphic picture of life in heaven and life in hell might kindle in human breasts a deeper love of the former, and a more intense loathing of the latter, — might quicken men's zeal and diligence in the attainment of the one and the avoidance of the other? Most Christians believe that our future and eternal state is somehow dependent on our earthly life. Who, then, shall say that the knowledge of *how* our life hereafter depends upon, or is connected with, our life here, can be of no practical importance?

Again: Most parents have some regard, in the education of their children, to the part they are expected to act when they shall have attained their majority. And it will not be denied that a knowledge of their future duties as wives and mothers, husbands and fathers, as members of society and citizens of the state, enables parents to direct their children's education more wisely and profitably than they otherwise could. Why, then, may not we give a wiser direction to *our* education in this the infancy or childhood of our being — our sojourn here on earth — by a knowledge of the duties which will devolve upon us in our more mature state, — a knowledge of the circumstances, laws, occupations, and enjoyments of the future life?

No need of a revelation concerning the spiritual world, do

you say! Read the history of the Christian Church prior to the memorable year 1757. Infidelity had well-nigh palsied her right arm, and a cold, cheerless, withering materialism had long pressed like an incubus upon her very vitals. Questions had been asked about man's future state, which the most learned among the clergy could not answer; and multitudes had come to doubt and deny even the soul's immortality. To arrest this materialistic and infidel tendency of Christendom, there was needed a full disclosure of the great facts and laws of the spiritual world, — supported, too, by an abundance of that rational kind of evidence, which alone could satisfy the demands of a reasoning and reflecting age.

No use, say you, of clear and definite knowledge respecting the great Hereafter! No need of a disclosure of the realities of the other world! Ask the thousands who already, in times of sore bereavement, have experienced the comforting and sustaining power of that abundant knowledge of the life after death, which was mercifully vouchsafed to the world a hundred years ago, — those who once looked on death with dismay and horror, but who are now able to contemplate it with a sweet serenity, — ask them, and they will tell you the use of such knowledge, for they can speak from experience. They will tell you that not the wealth of kingdoms, nor the honor of thrones, nor all mere earthly knowledge, can compare in value with the truths concerning the spiritual world which they have received through the writings of the New Church.

Sadly do our churches need a rational Pneumatology. Deeply is this want felt by clergy and laity. And "modern Spiritualism," with all its follies and fantasies, has done some good, if it has served to develop the sad dearth in all the old theologies of this kind of knowledge, and the deep sense of a need here which is felt by the multitude. Yet "modern Spiritualism" cannot supply the want which its own existence has so clearly revealed. But there is a doctrine concerning spirits and the spiritual world, which we think is capable of

satisfying the deepest want of our churches on this subject. In the hope, therefore, of doing something towards awakening and facilitating inquiry in this direction, we propose to exhibit, in a series of papers, a brief outline of the Pneumatology of the New Church, trusting that the views we may present will receive a candid consideration, but be accepted only so far as they are seen to have the testimony of reason and Scripture in their support.

B. F. B.

MUSIC OF THE DESERT.

THEY sang the song of Moses, the prophet of the Lord,
Lo! Israel, saved from bondage by God's almighty word:
The silence of the wilderness, unbroken, deep, and still,
Listened, and sent its echoes back, with clear, responsive thrill.

Far back among the mountains resounds the strain sublime;
Far forward through the ages, to the dim verge of time,
Rings forth that peal of music, so holy and so high,
Rising aloft in worship beyond yon starry sky.

And woman, with her timbrel, inspired with prophet power,
Goes forth with all her kindred in that exultant hour,
To sing the song of jubilee for freedom and for God;
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, and the oppressor's rod

The Eternal One hath broken, and the enslaved are free! —
Glory to God, Jehovah, now and eternally!"
Full swelled the solemn chorus, on swept that graceful train,
As woman's glowing nature seemed rapt in one sweet strain.

So from the sea they journeyed, and when the desert land
Yielded no stream of water in all that sterile sand,
Save from the springs of Marah, — so bitter to the taste
That man refused to drink it, though fainting in the waste, —

Then did the hand of mercy stretch forth the potent rod,
And turn the bitter fountain to sweetness where they trod;
So did the cooling waters revive the fainting head,
As onward through the desert wilds their mazy path they thread.

How beautiful before them the lofty palm-trees raise
Their fair and waving branches, where the cool west-wind plays !
Those groves with tempting freshness invite the pilgrim hosts,
As they approach to Elim from the dark Red Sea coasts.

They come, and from their wanderings 't is blessed to dwell awhile,
Encamped beneath the watching skies, within the Father's smile,
Among those wells of water, beneath those soft, green shades,
Where the spoiler dares not enter, nor hostile foe invades.

O, how sublime before them the cloudy pillar rose !
How glorious in the darkness the fire on Sinai glows !
The cloud, the smoke, the trumpet, so awful and so clear,
The trembling nations felt and owned that God indeed was here.

But we forget the Mighty One, that leads us on our way,
Whose tender love doth shield us, and when, alas ! we stray,
So gently leads us forward, and all our need supplies,
Though we kneel not to worship the Great, the Good, the Wise.

O that we felt thy presence as did those men of old !
Could we sit down in dulness ? ay, could our hearts grow cold ?
Give us one boon, O Father ! to *feel thee ever near* :
So shall the shadow of thy wing drive off each idle fear.

So shall our lives be holy, our spirits calm and brave,
Thy piercing eye upon us, thy hand outstretched to save.
'T is ever thus, O Father ! we know thou art the same
As when thy chosen people once called upon thy name :

Thy love is ever with us, thy glory shines around,
As beautiful, as holy, as radiant, as profound,
As in those early ages, when Thou, revealed, wast seen
Without a veil, or shadow, or doubt to intervene.

Great God, we bow before Thee,—our souls would feel Thee here !
Give us that faith so lofty, give us the vision clear,
As through life's desert wanderings we seek our upward way,
Hoping, believing, trusting in Thee, our Staff and Stay.

* * *

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL RESOLVED BY THE BELIEVER.

A SERMON BY REV. CAZNEAU PALFREY, D. D.

ISA. xlv. 7. — "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil: I ord do all these things."

ROM. v. 3, 4. — "We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

WHEN the fatherly love of God is asserted, his perfect and qualified love, his constant readiness to bless with all good any one of his children, the thought naturally arises, how much there is in the world of what men call evil; how much misery and pain; how much suffering from the privations of poverty; how much of life is consumed by the greater part of men in low drudgery and grinding toil; how much sorrow is caused by disappointed hopes and wounded affections. These things are not to be kept out of sight. We must give them a serious and careful consideration before our faith in God's paternal love can rest upon a sure foundation.

The existence of evil under the government of a perfectly good being has ever been a mystery; and no progress seems to have been made towards a solution of it. There is no probability that we shall ever be able, in this life, to answer the questions about it that an inquisitive mind can raise.

Though it cannot be satisfactorily solved to our understanding, I think it may be to our faith. I believe that every child of God may learn to look upon it from such a point of view that it shall not disturb his trust in his Father's love.

With the hope of being able to present such a view of it, for the purpose of offering some practical reflections on the subject, I have selected the two texts; one taken from the record of the old dispensation, the other from that of the new. The former is a remarkable passage. It directly asserts that God is the author of evil; that is, as the connection implies, of physical evil, and all the sorrow and suffering that result from it; — not of sin, which is an abuse of the moral

freedom God has bestowed upon man,—a high gift, which, while it renders him capable of the lowest degradation, also qualifies him for the highest attainments in excellence. The passage is thus opposed to a notion which long prevailed extensively in the East, that evil was the work of a malignant spirit, equal in power to the Author of good, holding with him a divided empire over the universe, often waging successful war with him, defeating his designs, and marring his works. From this disheartening view the Hebrew was saved by the better theology with which revelation furnished him. He was taught that God is one, supreme, and almighty; that he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? He, then, appoints sorrow, adversity, and suffering, as well as prosperity, joy, and peace; and the inference is, that he appoints them for wise and good ends; that under his rule these things cannot be final evils.

The passage from Paul is also a striking one. It boldly asserts the blessedness of affliction. Under the old dispensation, the rewards and penalties of the law were principally external. The chosen people were rewarded for their fidelity and obedience by the continued possession of their land, and by prosperity and peace in it. For disobedience they were punished with exile, captivity, and national ruin. Hence the Jew naturally fell into the habit of regarding outward prosperity and adversity as marks of Divine approbation and displeasure; and when he saw the Christian community everywhere reviled and persecuted, he asked how a religion whose followers were found in such a condition could be, as it claimed to be, a religion from God. Paul meets the objection, not in a tone of apology, but by declaring that Christians gloried in their tribulations, because by means of them was wrought in their hearts a most blessed experience, well worth all the sufferings that were the price of it; that in the midst of their afflictions they possessed within their souls a

deep peace and joy, that were richer tokens of the Divine favor than the most splendid of earthly conditions. This assertion of the Apostle furnishes the key-note by which all our thoughts and feelings on this subject should be modulated.

Indeed, the very idea that the government of God is parental, furnishes at once an explanation of much of the evil that is suffered under it. It is analogous to the discipline which the parent exercises over the child. How ignorant is the child of many things that most intimately concern his own welfare! How little does he know of himself, and of the world into which he has entered! What conception can he form of the duties that will devolve upon him in life, or of the training by which he is to be prepared for them? How very imperfect a notion has he even of his present, immediate good! The gratification of the passing moment seems to him the most desirable of all things. If he could have his own way, he would be free from every restraint; and would choose to have each wish and whim indulged as soon as it arises. It belongs to the parent to take care of this ignorant and erring being; to direct his steps in paths he would not have chosen for himself; to restrain him from many things that he desires to do; to deprive him of hurtful gratifications on which his desires are strongly set; to hold him back with a strong hand from dangers into which he would thoughtlessly rush; and to compel him to take the bitter draught by which his maladies are to be healed. All these contradictions and checks upon his self-will appear to him at first in the guise of evils. They are to him so many deductions from the completeness of his parent's love. But do they not seem so only on account of the shortness of his sight? Are they not, in fact, varied proofs of that love? Would not the parent be deficient in wise affection if he did not so treat his child?

This condition of the young child is no more than a fair illustration of our condition in relation to our Heavenly

Father, and to the endless life upon which we have entered. Are we any better able to penetrate the mystery of our own nature, or to comprehend the infinity of our immortal destiny? We do not know the extent of our capacity of thought, emotion, and action; or what heights of excellence and power we may hereafter reach; and how can we judge what should be the first steps of their development here? We cannot conceive to what glorious ministries in God's service we may be hereafter called; what vast spheres of activity will be opened to us; what new energies will be unfolded within us; what degrees of glory and blessedness we may attain; and how can we tell what would be the most fitting preparation for that unimagined future? Let us rejoice that He who made us, who unerringly knows our true interest, who comprehends our whole destiny, has entirely at his disposal our present lot, and that he will order all things for our highest good, if we will co-operate with his gracious purposes, by our submission and obedience. Is it not reasonable to expect, that, in the process by which we are fitted for everlasting life, some things should seem strange to us?—that the discipline by which we are trained for the greatness of that state should sometimes wear the semblance of severity? And may not everything that we call evil be thus sufficiently explained? May not all our difficulties, straits, privations, pains, and sorrows be made the means of calling forth our energies, promoting the growth of our souls, and leading us up to a higher spiritual level? And shall we any longer call them evils, if they are thus instrumental to a higher than any temporal good?

The question may be asked, indeed, Why was not the benefit conferred without the use of the painful means? and it may perhaps be sufficiently answered by saying, that it was impossible in the nature of things; and that the question in fact asks, why Divine Wisdom could not do what involves an absurdity? But I care not to answer the question, because I am dealing with the subject practically; and should

be satisfied with showing, that, under the existing constitution of the universe, evil may become instrumental in producing good that could not otherwise be attained.

Although much of the parent's treatment may appear to the child at first under the aspect of evil, it may soon be transformed by the influence of filial love and trust. The child learns to submit his own will to his parent's, not with the reluctant submission that is rendered to an inevitable necessity, but with the cheerful affection which makes the sacrifice a pleasure;—he readily receives what he would else shrink from, because it is his parent that offers it; and he finds satisfaction in the victory he thus gains over himself, and in the increased approbation of his parent; and his filial affection is strengthened, as all affections are for the sake of which sacrifices and efforts are made. If we entertain a filial piety towards God, may we not expect from it a similar effect, in changing the aspect of the evils of life? If a burden of sorrow have been laid upon us, and we have been enabled to bear it with meek resignation, and, whilst our souls have been wrung with agony, still to say, Not my will, but Thine, be done! has not that affliction been the means of bringing us nearer to God than we could have been brought without it? And if so, must we not call it a blessing?

But when we are disposed to complain of the proportion of evil that is mingled with the course of our life, let us ask ourselves, what we would have. Do we desire that our evils should never be crossed?—that every wish should be gratified as it arises?—that every rough place in our path should grow smooth as we approach it?—that every obstacle should yield to our slightest touch, or vanish before we reach it? Are we unwilling that our energy should ever be tasked to grapple with a single difficulty? No. A reflecting man would not for a moment desire such a condition. Its inipidity would be intolerable. The soul would languish and sicken in so enervating an atmosphere. This total absence of evil would be the greatest evil that could befall us.

What then would we have? Just so much evil as we could easily overcome? — as would afford a pleasant exercise to our powers of resistance and endurance? — as would give an agreeable variety to life? Such a condition would be little different from that just described. It would amount, indeed, to precisely the same thing in the end. Such evil would be no trial. We should not improve by it. We should indeed grow weaker under it. It is evident that, if evil be a blessed messenger of God, charged with a beneficent ministry to our souls, it must first be felt as evil, it must be something more than we should voluntarily choose for ourselves, something from which we should naturally shrink. Our spiritual power can be increased only by conflict with evil which at first sight looks invincible. Resignation implies suffering, and cannot be exercised except under a sense of suffering. The willingness of the spirit is measured by the weakness of the flesh. The natural wish, — “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,” — must precede the expression of submission, — “Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” Looking at this world and at our own souls as they are actually constituted, I see not how all the strength of our nature, all its capacities of action and endurance, all its various sensibilities, all its deep affections, could be called forth and exercised, without being subjected to some such course of events as we call evil. The harp that receives only the impulses of the passing winds, gives forth, indeed, a wild and pleasing melody; but never such strains as reveal its full power, and most deeply touch the heart of the listener. In order that it should yield its richest music, it must be not merely breathed on by the gentle airs of summer, but *struck* by the hand of a master who perfectly understands its capability, and knows how to evoke the soul of harmony that lies hidden in its chords.

The mystery of evil is practically solved to every patient and submissive spirit. The Apostle describes in the text the successive steps by which this result is effected. Tribula-

tion, he says, worketh patience. This should be its first fruits. Patience is an essential prerequisite to reaping the benefits of affliction. So long as we repine or rebel at the appointments of God, they must seem to us unqualified evils. When we meekly accept them, and make the Divine will ours, we see affliction as God sees it, and know it to be a blessing in disguise,—a varied expression of Divine love; and there flows into the resigned heart a peace that the world can neither give nor take away, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. Thus patience works a most blessed experience. We feel and know that affliction is no proof that our Father hath forsaken us, or ceased to love us; we find, on the contrary, that it brings us nearer to him. And this experience worketh hope. It robs evil of its worst power. If this evil, so dreaded in its approach, is found by its presence to reveal the Divine more clearly to us, then we will not inordinately fear any evil; we will look forward into the unknown future with cheerful hope, knowing that, when the darkest passages of life open before us, our Father is still with us; that we have only to grasp his hand more firmly, and press forward with assured though trembling steps, trusting that he will uphold and bless us.

It is not when we are surrounded by all the outward blessings of life, when we are wholly at ease in our present condition, and the morrow seems likely to be as this day and more abundant, that we most deeply feel God's perfect love. Even though the enjoyment of his gifts may not hide the Giver from our view, it may lead us to dwell on these outward tokens of his goodness, which by their very nature are incapable of so fully revealing his infinite love as the inward experiences of the soul. But when these things are removed, when the soul is left more alone with God, when by the disappointment of earthly hope and affection it is made to feel the need of him, and experiences in the depth of suffering the all-sufficiency of his arm to support it, it seems to enjoy a new revelation of Divine love. I believe that the medita-

tions of all your hearts will teach you, if you have never been taught it by experience, that such things may be. It is attested by the experience of multitudes of afflicted and resigned disciples of Christ.

I do not forget that physical evil by no means invariably results in spiritual good; that much sorrow is endured by which the heart is not made better; that some spirits are overwhelmed and crushed, and some made cold and selfish, by suffering. This is owing to our imperfection and weakness. We are obliged to rest satisfied with the fact, that evil is capable of being used for the highest spiritual purposes. But it does not necessarily produce those effects. It depends upon ourselves whether its ministry of good shall be accomplished or not. Instead, therefore, of vainly seeking to solve the problem of the universe, let us humbly seek, each one for himself, that spirit which shall enable us rightly to use the portion of evil that falls to our share. Let us also do what we can to lighten the burden of suffering that is laid upon our fellow-man, and to enable him by our sympathy and help to bear that which is inevitable.

Only in the life of the Lord Jesus do we see a perfect illustration of the power of a pure, loving, godlike spirit to transmute into good whatever evil touches it. We see him rejected and persecuted by his countrymen; betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, deserted by all; buffeted and spit upon; clothed with mock ensigns of royalty; exposed to the derisive homage of the soldiers; crowned with thorns; bowed beneath the Roman scourge; nailed to the bitter cross. But how perfectly were his meekness, patience, self-possession, and trust in God maintained! How deep the fountains of that love which, amidst these multiplied and aggravated wrongs, overflowed in sympathy with the women of Jerusalem, in his thoughtful affection for his mother and his friend, in his words of encouragement to his penitent fellow-sufferer, in his prayer for his cruel executioners! How should we have known the beauty and the power of his

heavenly character, but for the evil that gathered around him? His perfection is revealed to us through his suffering. All that the rage and malice of his foes could do only served the more signally to illustrate his spiritual glory. The cross to which they consigned him, which had ever been another name for shame and ignominy, has become the symbol of all that is most dear and sacred to our hearts. That exaltation of the cross is a type of the change that Jesus has wrought in all the forms of outward evil. He has glorified and sanctified them all, by showing how they may be made steps of the soul's ascent to higher degrees of excellence. "In the world," said our Lord, "ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." That victory has made a similar victory possible to us. In his spirit we too may overcome the evil that is in the world. In proportion as we possess his spirit, evil ceases to be evil to us.

Although the short continuance of all mortal evil does not alter its nature, a consideration of it may help us to patient endurance. To the faithful and devoted child of God it is incidental to the present life alone. And what is the present life, compared with the endless life of the soul? Though suffering is necessary for the complete development and training of the spirit in this its infant stage of being, yet when, through meek endurance and faithful conflict, it shall have been strengthened and purified by earthly trial, it will rise into a higher state of existence, where the ministry of evil will be no longer needed for the production of good, but the soul's progress will be achieved by steps which are themselves happiness. Then God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. The light affliction which is but for a moment will have wrought out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

THE CROSS.

RAISED on high, above the city,
Oft I see the sacred cross,
Telling of the Saviour's sufferings,
Making all things else but dross !

When amidst its streets I wander,
And its tempting pleasures seek,
From the cross a strength there cometh,
And no longer I am weak.

When I covet others' honors,
Wish their wealth or homes were mine,
Then the cross uplifts my spirit,
And no longer I repine.

When I murmur, faint and weary,
Grow impatient at my lot,
Then I look upon the symbol,
And my sufferings are forgot.

When for good of men I labor,
Yet for this I suffer wrong,
Then the cross its lesson teaches,
Then, though weak, I yet am strong.

Then the outward cross doth vanish
From my eye, and from my thought,
And all-glorified the Saviour
To my mind again is brought !

And another life I enter,
With its peace before unknown ;
And, with countless tribes and nations,
Stand confessed before the throne.

J. V.

THE SOUL AND ITS WORLD.*

PERHAPS no term in the English language is so *indeterminate* as the term *soul*. From the want of a true doctrine of the soul, men have the most vague and irrational ideas of its nature. The materialist tauntingly asks, What is the soul? describe it, exhibit it, or cease to use a word for which you have no *thing* as a relative. In the old faiths it is counted as a name, not as a thing,—at least, not as a substantial organic thing. To some the term *spirit* presents the idea of an abstract thinking principle; to others, of a merely formless ether; to others, of a kind of “vital spark.” Others, again, think that the soul is a mere expression of the activities of the cerebral and nervous system, having no life in and of itself. Whereas the truth is that the soul is an immortal entity, which no chemistry can dissolve, and no change can annihilate. The soul is the very man himself, a perfectly organized body of spiritual substance, “clothed upon” with matter as our hand is clothed with a glove, and passing, when uncased by death, into its proper world as a real human being, perfect in personality, feature, and shape, and seen as such whenever seen at all. We are all duplicated, like the good old double watches of former days; so when the outward material case crumbles away, and what is called “death” happens, the spiritual man stands erect, and not a little relieved by thus shaking off its old man of the mountain; especially if this sheathing chance to be blind, limbless, deformed, diseased, and the like. “For the spiritual man gets up as whole as did Peter’s cripple.”

As the body of flesh is not a mere simple substance, but a collection of innumerable parts and organs, so the soul, as the governor and director of the body, cannot be a simple entity, nor an abstract nothingness. It exists within the

* *Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena.* By LEO. H. GRINDON, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. London: Whitaker & Co. Manchester: Dunnill and Palmer. 1859.

outward body, not as a chaos, but in form,—in the human form. The eyes of the soul exist within the natural eyes. A full complement of spiritual senses reside within their natural vessels or media. Seeing, hearing, and the like, are dual. Nor does the soul become at death a formless inconceivability,—a disembodied, dumb, deaf, blind, and insensate thing. Death does not touch the soul. It shreds from the real man no part or atom of his organism. The man who seems to die is living still, with faculties all complete. Though the eyes of flesh close in death, his bodily being remains unbroken, and unbreakable, through the eternal years. By perspiration and other change, while in this world of matter, the man casts off six, seven, or a dozen bodies; death is but the casting off the *last*, the poorest, and the feeblest of them all.

When Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth, he proclaimed this truth. The churches taught then, as many of the churches teach now, that after death the soul is a formless and bodiless ghost, without positive, personal, human life, living nowhere and nohow till the day of judgment permit it to reassume its mortal dust. But he teaches that bodily life is never suspended, and that the dissolution of the flesh is but the rising up of the spirit into freer, fuller life. He calls the soul the *real inner man*, emerging at death from the shell of clay to return to it no more. Again and again, in precept and parable, he showed his disciples that those who pass through the gates of death, and drop the covering of matter, still hold their *bodily organism* unmarred, still wield the various mechanism of sight, and hearing, and touch, and the higher powers of reasoning, and thought, and memory, and love, and thus are real living men.

Paul of Tarsus taught the same truth as a primal law of Christian philosophy. Said he, "There is a natural body and there *is*"—not there will be, but there *is now*—"a spiritual body." He speaks of them both in the present tense, of both as then existing together, and of the spiritual

body as being as much a present reality as the material body. The material body dies ; you see no more of that. The spiritual form comes out of it, like the rose from its bursting calyx, or the stalk of grain from the decaying seed. As within the seed is found the germ, so within the body is found the soul,—a perfect organic structure, ready to start forth at the touch of death. As the decaying grain is riven by the swelling life within, so the atoms of the outward form fall away from us, when the *spiritual body* expands its powers, winged and plumed for flight. As the body of the seed drops off and perishes, while the germ within expands itself and clothed in a new body rises into air and life ; so, when the natural form fails to perform its duties, it drops off from the soul, and the man rises, in complete human form, into newness of life.

Such is Paul's exact and beautiful analogy between the growth of grain and the resurrection of the spirit of man. The best of the old philosophers also bore witness to this truth, that the spirit, whether in or out of the earthly form, is the full and entire man. Socrates believed it. "How shall we bury you ?" said Crito to him, as he drank the hemlock. "Just as you please, if you can only catch me," replied the dying teacher. Said he, "I am never tired of telling Crito that the body is not Socrates ;" and he advises those who believe that the soul becomes, at death, an indefinite vagueness, without parts, shape, outline, or definite relation to other things, "not to live, after death, in any leak, windy land, or their souls will be blown away."

There can be no human life, in any world, without a human body. "Think, if you can, of earnest affection without the glance of the eye ; or love of authority without the look and gesture of command ; or eagerness and haste without legs ; or the intelligence of a being without a brain ; or his joy without a face, his tenderness without a heart ; or fancy the repose of a man who has no seat, and nothing to sit upon ;" — and when you have thus sliced away every part

of the human organism, *what is left* answers to the popular idea of the soul; it also answers to the popular idea of *nothing*. Let it pass.

Of course the spirit, when it has cast off its old suit of clothes, and has dwelt, perhaps for immemorial ages, in its own world of eternity, never returns to the body which it left here. The dissolving carcass is never rebuilt. Old worn-out forms are never renewed. New objects grow from seeds, not from dead old trunks.

When the teeth of the child drop from its little gums, they do not return and take the place of the teeth of manhood. Does the child, radiant with the great joy of free, conscious life, come back to the body of the mother, and become a blind, smothered embryo once more? Does the great war-eagle who sweeps the heaven "with thunderous clang of brazen wings," ever shrivel himself together, and re-enter the egg of his infancy? Does the insect, glittering in the morning light, come back to find the scales of the larva it had lost, and "the loss of which gave freedom to its wings"? No more does man, when he has done with the world of matter, return to its heavy coverings. Neither man nor the universe ever turns back, nor are the primal laws of God so easily reversed.

Everything is covered on the earth,—that is the law. No nut is grown without its shell housing the kernel till it is ripe. No grain but has its covering, sheltering it till it is ready to come forth; then the shell falls away, and the covering withers into chaff, and the perfect seed comes out. It is just so with man. Underneath the material rind that covers him round in this world of coverings, is his true self in complete human form, the spiritual man.

When one puts on a glove, it assumes the shape and outline of the hand, and seems to move and act of itself; yet only *seems*, for within is the real hand. So within the natural body is the real man; within the natural brain, a real brain; within the natural heart and lungs, a real heart and

lungs ; within the natural limbs, real limbs ; within the natural organs of voice, and sound, and sight, spiritual organs corresponding thereto. Those spiritual eyes were opened for Stephen, when, looking up from the agonies of his martyrdom, he saw the heavy sky-curtains melt, fold by fold, from his kindling gaze. Now what is there to prevent any of us from seeing just what Stephen saw ? What prevents the bursting splendor of this universal vision from flashing in one sunrise of glory over the whole world ? Nothing but the closing of the spiritual eye, which death opened for Stephen, and which death will also open for us.

We are all conscious of this inner self, manifesting itself through the outward organs. This constitutes the *I* or the *Me*. When we speak of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, we refer to a being who possesses all these senses, and who lives *behind* their outward organs. Not so properly do I say my eye sees, my hand feels, my brain thinks, as I see *through* my eye, I feel *with* my hand, I think *with* my brain. A little further. It is the being within the flesh who thinks, and wills, and acts, — the being who loves, and hates, and meditates. We cannot affirm that *flesh* can think, will, love, and purpose. We know that the flesh, when the spirit hath gone out, hath nothing, — no senses, no motion, no life. All such action we refer inevitably to the interior being, or man, — to that deep and wondrous spiritual life which the reason serves, and for which the senses are but organs.

The soul gives shape to the features, and stamps itself upon the body. Anger is seen in the dilated nostril, the curling lip, the kindling eye, the flushed or pallid cheek. Intense delight reveals itself in the exulting glance and up-raised face. The heart throbs in time and tune with every new impulse of the soul. The lungs breathe feebly, or pant in passion in strict unison with the inner voice and life. The whole body is the stamped expression of the spirit within. Could our eyes pierce through the thick veil of fleshly covering, we would see the stamp which makes the impression ; that is, the man himself.

As a seal stamps itself upon the wax, and moulds its image; so does the soul upon the yielding atoms of its animated clay, shaping it to expression, as the human hand shapes the pen.

You may singe the eye-lashes of a sleepwalker with a candle, and he will see neither you nor the light. His eyes are closed, or have no expression; they are like those of a corpse. Yet he will walk out in the dense gloom of midnight, avoiding chairs, tables, and all other obstructions; he will tread the steep ridgepole of a roof far more securely than he can at midday in his natural state. He will harness horses, split wood, make shoes, &c., all in the darkness of midnight. Can you tell me, O Materialist, with what *eyes* he sees to do these things? and what supersolar light directs him?

You go to a clairvoyant, of whom there are dozens in every large city, who shall be so blindfolded as to be unable, in the least degree, to use his sight; yet he will look directly through the bandages, and describe to you persons and objects at all points. How is this? Our best science says, that the man sees with the "inner eye"; but eyes are never produced by themselves, they exist always as parts of an organism. If the spirit hath an eye, it must have the other organs corresponding to the eye; that is, it must be a *body*. Even our body of flesh is no unit. It is made up of a series of bodies fitting one within another. "First, there is the body of bones, which, viewed by itself alone, is distinctly *human* in form. Next comes the muscular system, clothing the bones; here we have a form more nearly resembling the body of man. Then take the system of arteries and veins, and we shall find the human image approaching yet nearer to completeness. But now take the brain and nerves, this form is perfect, the image is complete, and we might suppose the entire man stood before us. Thus we see, that as we pass from the gross and earthly parts to those more vital and refined,—that is, the higher we ascend *towards the*

soul, — the more do we approach the perfect shape of man. The only reason for this is, that the soul itself is in the human form. The soul, which is next above the body of the brain and nerves, is human throughout in form and function, and, with all the covering of matter laid aside, still presents the perfect body of man." The man is still there, with organs and faculties complete ; but not visible to the eye of sense, for he is now a " spiritual body."

It seems to us that a just definition of spirit, a true conception of the soul, could rectify many religious errors. The first step is to rid ourselves of the illusions of the senses, and to banish the idea that, because we cannot see or hear or touch a thing, therefore it does not exist, or has no substance or shape. That is, we must not think that spirit is not *real*, simply because it is not *matter*. That would be an error indeed. For God is not matter ; he cannot be handled or touched or seen by organs of flesh ; yet surely he is something very solidly real. If, then, God is substantial, spirit must be substantial ; for " God is spirit."

The vague general belief that we do and can know nothing of spirit is untrue. We can know as much of spirit as of matter, and in the same way. About the *nature* or *essence* of either we know absolutely nothing. The substratum of matter, eludes our analysis. Only through certain external properties and laws do we perceive it at all. Matter is the manifestation of the qualities of extension, form, hardness, attraction, &c., under the *laws of nature*. The same qualities taken out from under natural law, and existing under spiritual, would at once cease to be matter, and would become spiritual substance. Yet this latter manifestation would be as real and substantial as matter, and even more so, as being nearer in degree to the Creative Spirit. Substance is *something*, in distinction from *nothing*. It includes whatever exists. It takes in all that is. Matter and spirit are both included in substance. But matter takes in only that lowest kind of substance which exists and combines under natural

law ; while above it is that higher degree of being called *spiritual substance*. Now both these grades of being may be wholly distinct, so that one cannot see nor feel nor touch the other, and yet both be real ; and each in its own sphere be visible, audible, and tangible. To deny this is to deny that there is any grade of being other than matter ; which denial *does away with God*. There are spiritual substances, then, as well as material ones ; and the former are none the less real because out of the reach of chemistry or edge-tools, or because the senses cannot measure them.

Indeed, it is only the grosser kinds of matter that the senses can apprehend. "Heat and electricity are as truly material as flint and granite, yet man can neither cut nor weigh nor measure them" ; while the familiar air we breathe can neither be seen nor felt till put in motion. "As for invisibility, which, to the vulgar, is proof of non-existence, no warning is so incessantly addressed to us, from every sphere of creation, as not to disbelieve simply because we cannot see." Each class of substances is real in relation to its own world,—the objects of matter in the material world, the things of the spirit in the spiritual world. In a word, to say that spirit is not a reality, and so a substance, is to say that it is nothing ; and, as "God is Spirit," it is virtually to say that God is nothing. What moves nature ? Matter cannot move itself. Think of the millions of human forms,—a thousand millions on this earth alone, now being moved about by spirit ! They would all stop were the spirit to go out. Can the power which lifts and carries this immense weight and bulk of matter, be itself unsubstantial ? Look at those round, rushing orbs in the huge vault of space ; the unimaginable host of suns, each the centre of a lesser host, and all flying with tireless speed. Who moves it all ? An abstraction ? No ; the reality of spirit,—Spirit Infinite and Pure.

Behold how the flowers of the spring come forth in tender grace, shedding fragrant breath over hill and vale. They cannot create or evolve themselves. They are but uncon-

scious bloom-pictures on the dusty canvas, and their loveliness reveals everywhere the silent activity of spirit. And the same power that moves those mighty astronomic orbs, also moves those great thoughts within us, the vast ideas of truth and love and virtue and immortality that in the deep, dim midnight of our being rise above the plane of consciousness, "as with the flame of Sirius and the starry cohorts of Orion." Can that be an unreal and substanceless thing that can thus roll those sun-like thoughts in all their constellations through the sky of the soul? How often it occurs in sleep that two friends sacredly united, though as to the body separated by the breadth of oceans and continents, yet meet in visions of the night, and commune together face to face. There are those everywhere who have tasted this cup, for it is common to loving hearts in all ages and throughout the whole world. Spiritually we are with those we love. Thought brings presence. Soul meets soul and telegraphs its hope, its tenderness, its joy, "through all the fibres of the spirit, through all its leaping chords, its quivering, burning bars." Can that force which thus pulses along the silent boundless chords of love and sympathy, conquering all space, and making its presence felt half round the globe, be aught else than a substantial thing? But all substance must have *shape*. A formless thing is a thing without parts, which again is a no-thing. And a formless soul is surely a no-body. Now what shape shall we give to the soul of man? Is it round or square, or polygonal, or in any other form than the human? No; the human form is the image of God, and there can be no more eminent form. Nor does history, traced backward even to the solemn twilight of the early mythologies, ever reveal to us a higher personal form. Nor can the most exalted imagination body forth a form more grand. The angels of our highest dreams, of our transfigured sight, — the angels of Raphael and Milton, of Isaiah and Daniel, of Jesus and St. John, — are always *men*.

The "Word of the Lord," then, has come unto this age,

saying, "The spirit is an immortal human body. Thy soul and thyself are one. Man ceases not to be man when the flesh falls off; yea, rather his manhood becomes more plenary and complete." As we rise to the conception that there are other bodies than natural ones governed by natural laws, the spiritual world also rises on our sight, a world of substances and forms, more pure, perfect, and lifelike, "because free of the death-robes of earth and matter."

The natural world is not the real world, any more than the body is the real self. The world of sense bears the same relation to the world of soul, that the body bears to the spirit, the shell to the kernel, the image to its reflecting substance. Nature, from her lowest pebble up to the perfected form of man, is but a *mirror* of the true creation, but the *echo* of the spirit, but the covering or outside of the world of souls, just as the skin is the covering or outside of the body. The spiritual world surrounds nature as the waters surround earth, bathing both its poles. It is filled with substances fashioned into distinct forms, as real as wood and marble. It is not a vapory indefiniteness, nor yet an amphitheatre with circular rows of benches for psalm-singing saints; but a world with mountain and sea, landscapes and flowers, with its mineral basis, its flora, its animal tribes, its human races; with differing social institutions, forms of government, modes of worship, in all respects fitted to the new condition of the soul, as the world of nature is to the man in the flesh. Here we see only the shows of things. This show of far-reaching field, and undulating vale, and sweeping hill, and tree, and wood,—what is it but a "hiding of power,"—the temporary setting forth of the things that are eternal and forever?

We fancy ourselves shut up in matter, but the truth is, we are walking now in the spiritual world. The soul dwells not in time and space; it absolutely lives now in its own world. Thus we dwell in two states of being, related to the one through the senses of the body, and to the other by the powers of the soul.

We are living now in the spiritual world, all of us, as persons blind from birth live in the world of nature,—*in* it, but not seeing it, till death couches the spiritual eye. Poetry and philosophy alike rest on the sublime fact that nature is a grand, rich book of symbols, that the visible world is only one side of the actual universe, and that the things we see around us are no more than the outside dress of something *within*, more than we can see. A few years ago the chemist paid exclusive attention to the solid substances which lay precipitated in the bottom of his crucible; now he has learned that the subtile gases which floated off unseen, and of which he knew nothing, are no less real, and in fact more important. Let us not commit a similar mistake in the study of man.

Said Agassiz: "All forms in the creation are the direct result of the thought of God." Each object in nature is a divine thought, flung down upon the world from a higher plane.

Matter was created, not "out of nothing," but out of mind, out of spirit, out of God. "Nothing" has neither properties, nor parts, nor capacity for being moulded into shape. Nothing does not exist. Only things exist. If, previous to the creation of *things*, nothing existed, who created that "nothing," and out of what was it created?

Profoundly true is the teaching of the Brahmins, who say, "The Creator, out of himself, spun the web of the universe." Creation is primarily spiritual, and only natural by derivation. The universe, with all its train, is an emanation, not from "nothing," but from God. Matter was created out of spirit. Mind or soul is the only *something* of such quality that it can produce other somethings without lessening itself. It can act forever without depletion. It stands behind all else with its exhaustless potency, consuming no part of itself in its constructions. Everything that is created must, therefore, have first existed in the spiritual world before it can exist as *matter*. Whatever *is*, existed

first as a thought. *God thought all things*, and then sent them forth, first as spiritual substances, and lastly clothed in matter. All creation, human or divine, follows this law. Before the work of the artist, the author, the sculptor, the architect, takes a physical form in the outer world, it is created and matured as a mental thing,—it is constructed in the realm of spirit. This realm of spirit, this universe of the souls of all things, is the SPIRITUAL WORLD. It is full of the works of God in their youngest, highest, and most perfect state. It is infinite in extent, and it can never end. None, even of its slightest forms, can ever die. While to the population of that world, consisting of our forefathers, parents, relatives, and soon to include ourselves, every object appears with all the beauty of form and color and motion and outline that material things present to men on the earth; yea, with infinitely more, for *there* things are viewed as they really are, while *here* we see only their surface and their shell.

To those who dream of the spiritual world as of a realm remote and unknown to us, we say that it is within the realm of nature, as the soul is within the body. The material world is the spiritual world wrapped in a shell of materiality. Every object that we see in the wide landscape of the world is but the physical outside of a spiritual form. Material substances mould themselves universally upon pre-existent spiritual forms, as upon a model, and wait upon them as servants. Life cannot work without a pattern.

“Why does the acorn always produce an oak, and never an elm? Why does the bulb of the hyacinth always develop its fragrant cluster, and never a cowslip or a lily?” Simply because in the acorn the spiritual form of the oak already exists; and in the bulb the spiritual form of the flower.

When we look upon a beautiful landscape, we see trees, hills, rivers, real and substantial indeed, yet only the temporary images of forms existing in a world we do *not* see. That world is the *spiritual*,—the same old, beautiful world

of God, in fact, with which we are familiar, only on a higher plane of creation. As the soul is the true human body, so is that grand spiritual realm the true human world, the world we shall all inhabit at death.

Our introduction in this life to mineral, vegetable, and animal, to air and sky and sun, is the beginning of a friendship that will never be dissolved; only that hereafter we shall view things as they really are, instead of their mere circumference and outside. The man who heartily welcomes this truth, can never be thoroughly unhappy. For he brings the material and spiritual worlds into *one*, stripping the former of its vestures, and identifying it with the regalities of his own inner life. Now there is as much proof of the spiritual world and its laws, as of the material world and its physical laws; but the proofs are not of the same kind. You cannot demonstrate an angel as you would an angle. The spiritual world, like the soul which is a dweller in it, must be thought of purely from the soul.

Visible, sensuous evidence belongs to inferior subjects of thought. The greatest truths must be *felt*. The highest truth of all, the existence of God, we can neither mathematically prove to another, nor have proved to ourselves; and the same holds good of the soul, the life to come, and the spiritual world. To enter the spiritual world is merely to become *conscious* of it. It requires no journey. Wherever there are material substances and material worlds, there likewise is the spiritual universe. Could we reach the most distant star that the telescope can descry, we should not be a hair's breadth nearer to it than we are here and now, nor should we be a hair's breadth more distant from it. It circumferences us like the air we breathe.

"All the things we call *new* — as spring flowers, and autumn fruits, and beautiful poems, and lofty thoughts — are not new, but old; just as the morning and the moonlight are new as often as they appear, and yet are as old as the lilies of Eden." The summer rose seems to wither, its petals

scatter, and its loveliness fades out of sight; but the *real* rose can never perish. The real rose abides where it always was,—in the spiritual world. And when we cast off our own “leaves,” we shall find it in deathless beauty, along with all the loved and lost. Then, too, we shall behold the spiritual sea, and islands, and rivers, and cities, and sun and stars, and trees, just as aged John beheld them on the Isle of Patmos, when God “opened his eyes” that he might tell us of them.

“Thousands, in the hour of the spirit’s transit, have seen a light, not of our sun, and more radiant than its utmost beam. It comes to the dying, all soft and tender, and floods with rare sunrise into the brain, and makes the dying chamber glow with an effulgence like that which flashed at broad noon on Hebrew Saul. Then, as the earth vapors roll away, and the great time-curtain parts, Eternity stands unveiled; while on its far empurpled coasts are seen the shining multitudes, numerous as the sea-drops.”

And no dreamer’s heaven and hell are here;—far otherwise. Heaven is no confectionery-shop, or fancy fair, or lazy summer garden, or voluptuous lounging-place, fitted up with superfine luxuries for superfine saints. Nor is hell what the pitchfork and poker literature has taught so long, a smoking furnace, lurid with ghastly fire, and horrible with brimstone, into which are indiscriminately flung murderers, Infidels, Heathen, Unitarians, and unbaptized babies,—all one weltering heap.

No. Founded in infinite justice, and settled by the eternal law of fitness, they lie before us, neither to terrify nor to bribe, but as the homes of our choice, and the destinies of our own willing; places for the reaping of what we here have sown, and for the ongoing of what we here begin.

Nature is the dial-plate of both heaven and hell. We are in the spiritual world now,—the veiling of sense only hide it. We put on heaven or hell according to the daily habits

of the soul, and death but lifts up the curtain to show us the society we have chosen. To the good, heaven is already entered, and death only takes the concealments of the flesh away. To those who love and do evil, death, when the flesh falls off, but draws them to their like, — which is hell. While through all spheres, and all ranks of life, from the crystal to the soul, runs one sweet and shining law, “that each shall go to his own place.”

A HYMN.

DARK hung the shadows of the night
 O'er Him who knelt alone ;
 While the deep, silent wilderness
 Watched o'er the Suffering One.

O Holy Jesus ! what within
 That spotless breast of thine
 Lay deepest, in thy solitude,
 Before thy Father's shrine !

The mystic springs of thy pure life
 Lay open to his sight ;
 The motive power that wrought in thee, —
 The secret of thy might.

Man may not penetrate the depths
 Of thought intense as thine :
 He only standeth at the door
 Of that which is divine.

Man in his sin can never know
 That which was life to thee,
 He ne'er can sound thy blessedness —
 Nor taste thine agony.

But he may follow thee in love,
 And lie upon thy breast,
 And ask thee, Lord, what he shall do,
 To be by thee confessed.

Like thee his heart may rest on God ;
 Like thee in secret pray ;
 Watch o'er the sorrowing, lead the blind,
 Nor let the tempted stray.

Looking on thee, he may endure,
 And meekly suffer wrong ;
 Looking on thee, he may go forth, —
 Through faith in thee, be strong.

Dear Saviour, let us follow thee ;
 Humble, sustained, serene ;
 Through darkness, through the wilderness,
 Thy star will still be seen.

Clear as the light of heavenly hope
 Thy guiding star will shine ;
 And cheer us through earth's pilgrimage
 To life undimmed, divine.

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THE "LONG PRAYER."

MUCH has been said of late about improvements in our congregational form of worship ; and the interest with which the various propositions to that end have been received, implies a general desire for such improvement, and a belief in its possibility. Upon the discussion of these proposed changes we do not intend to enter ; they are extensive and important, and require a corresponding examination and consideration. But in the mean time one simple change might easily be made, from which it seems that most important results would follow ; the gain seems so sure and so great, the process of

bringing it about so simple and obvious, that one wonders it is still among the things to be done.

The part of our Sunday religious services which best deserves the name of "Public Worship" should be the "long prayer," if there be anything truly descriptive in its name. The sermon may range wide of any devout mark, the singing may be anything but the utterance of the praise or the longing of the assembled souls, but that part of the services which professes to engage the entire congregation in prayer ought not to disappoint those who have come up to worship God. May it not be said with truth, that, if this prayer fails to fulfil its purpose, the service is on the whole a failure? it being taken for granted that the purpose of the service is worship. Or, on the assumption that religious instruction is as important a part of our public services as union in worship, it would still be true that the failure of the long prayer to bring the congregation into a devout mood, and there maintain them during its duration, involves the failure of one of the two most important ends proposed in our Sunday services.

We may well be interested, then, in raising and answering the question, Does the "long prayer" fulfil its avowed purpose?

Let us in the first place consider the state of mind of a well-disposed person during this prayer; let each reader answer for himself. Do you, *can* you, fix your attention throughout the whole prayer? or is your attention so nearly uninterrupted as to give you the feeling, when Amen is said, that you have really joined hearts with the minister in an act of satisfactory worship? Satisfactory on your part, I mean. Is it not the case with you, as with me, that, in spite of a strong desire and disposition to join in this public prayer, your thoughts run to and fro, "to the ends of the earth"? and when forced back, do they not again and again refuse to follow the lead of the voice that rises from the pulpit?

I have asked many persons, honest and devout, whether they follow this prayer with satisfaction, and in but one case have I received an affirmative answer. Such questions need not be put with regard to the mass of the congregation; a glance about the church will satisfy the most charitable person that he in his disappointment is not one of the minority, but that the prayer fails to rouse devout feelings in the majority of his fellow-worshippers. Listlessness and restlessness are evidently the prevalent moods, and as the prayer advances, they spread over many who at its commencement seemed attentive, till at last there is no mistaking the general relief with which the Amen is received. In fact, it not only fails to rouse the indifferent and to satisfy the desire of the serious, but it mars the devoutness of many a worshipping heart, and leaves it less in harmony with the place and the time than it found it. This is not only to fail of its purpose, but to *defeat* it.

The cause to which these unhappy results may most often be attributed, is the undue *length* of the prayer; here, rather than in any fault of feeling or expression on the minister's part, the defect lies.

It is not in the power of the human mind to continue for many minutes the mood which is essential to social prayer. For the intellect has but a very small share in the act of true prayer, which is indeed almost purely the expression of feeling, and when private prayer is most earnest, when it becomes intense and absorbing, it generally fails to find expression, and cannot shape itself wholly into thought, much less clothe its thought in words. And this not because of vagueness in devotion, but rather on account of intensity and rapidity. Now words are essential in social prayer, (unless it be that silent prayer whose impressiveness must have been felt by all who have been invited to join in it,) and in this fact we at once find an important distinction between it and private devotion. Only by words can the congregation know the mind of him who is to lead their prayer; only

through words can they join with him and each other; but as soon as we begin to listen for words, we begin of necessity an intellectual process, which, though it be neither very active nor very profound, is not *long* consistent with the devotional process.

Many ministers say that the long prayer is the hardest part of their service, and that when ill-health makes them anxious as to whether they shall properly finish the half-day's services, the completion of the prayer takes a load of apprehension off their minds, the sermon being an easy labor in comparison.

Is it to be supposed that a congregation does not see this? Is not a prayer over which the minister "labors" hard for them? Do not they feel repetitions which slip in unawares to the speaker? Does the introduction of certain "commonplaces" bear up their souls, as it bears on the current of the prayer, till it may appropriately be concluded?

If these questions must be answered as we should answer them, it follows that ministers and people ought at once to abandon the idea that any prayer should be prolonged one instant in order to approximate to a canonical standard. It follows that we should all shrink from lengthening by one sentence a prayer which the heart has already finished, lest it become an abomination to the Hearer of prayer. And if it be true that observation of others, and experience of our own condition, combine with the testimony of ministers and congregations to prove that prayers of the usual length are too long for the spiritual good of most parties concerned, then it surely is advisable to shorten them, not to speak of considerations more imperative and sacred. The clergyman whose prayers are more impressive and appropriate than any others to which we have listened, and who is most welcome as the mouthpiece of the devotion of large assemblies on great public occasions, is always brief, and we believe that, as a general rule, a prayer of five minutes' duration bears with it many and many a heart, which would stray from or be

alienated by one of thrice its length. Especially is this true in the case of little children and youth, to whom everything that has been said of adults in this connection applies with double force, and whom it is hard to rouse to an interest in Sunday services, if once they form habits of inattention and indifference. Of the practice and the precept of Him who knew what was in man, who knew the Father as no other son has ever known him, no one need be reminded; it rises at once to the mind that is considering this subject, as the most weighty confirmation of the correctness of our views.

HOLY THINGS.

WHAT God hath sanctified, that call thou not
Unclean or common. Oft the stranger's foot
Treads heedless o'er the spot, that, like a shrine
Of holy memories, bows some heart in prayer.
God's temples are not those alone which man
Has reared, and hallowed by the outward forms
Of praise and prayer. *His* various messengers
Of joy or grief have laid the corner-stone
In many a lowly home, on which the years
Build up the structure of pure thoughts and deeds,—
Those high communings of the soul with Heaven,
That spring from life's intense realities.

The mysteries of holy love invest
With their own holiness the humblest things.
Sayest thou, "It is a withered flower, a weed
Plucked by the wayside"? Dost thou fling it by
As worthless? Nay, my brother, but to me
Those withered leaves may tell a tale of hours,
Shrined in the deep heart's blessed memories,
And love—O sacred love!—now passed from earth away.
I charge thee, brother, walk with reverent tread
Upon thy Maker's earth. Thou knowest not when
Thy sandalled foot intrudes on holy ground.

Press not with harshness on the thousand strings
 That form that wondrous harp, the human soul.
 O gently touch them, that thou call not forth
 The voice of discord, where thou shouldst awake
 The heart's sweet music. Is thy brother void
 Of outward graces? Still beneath the shell
 Of rustic manners there may lie a soul
 Of finest texture, which thy careless hand
 Might rudely shatter, and deface the work
 By God made fair. What He hath sanctified,
 Beware lest thou call common or unclean.

†

THE ANTIQUARIAN YEARLY DINNER AT BREMEN.

ONE of the most interesting occasions which I have met during a rather careful course of travel through Northern Europe, is a yearly antiquarian dinner at Bremen, established about the year 1650, by the founders of an institution for the benefit of poor captains and sailors and their families, and given every year in the manner of our remote forefathers. We travel through Europe and see the shells of old castles, their mouldering and ivy-covered towers, and as we wander through them, and creep through their low doors, and tread their stone pavements, and wonder at their huge fireplaces, we try to conjecture what kind of a people once lived in them, and to imagine to ourselves how they lived, what kind of food they ate, and how it was served, but our imagination is not equal to the weighty task, and all the appliances of modern luxury come in to color the picture, till we give up in vain trying to shape a true conception of the simple manner of "ye olden times." But to-day in Bremen I have been enabled to see how our fathers lived and were served, and I will write it down, if haply it may entertain my distant countrymen.

At two o'clock all of the Bremen ship-owners, and such

strangers as enjoyed the privilege, (and here let me thank the United States Consul in Bremen, and the Vice-Consuls, Messrs. Diller and Benton, for their great courtesy in my behalf,) met at the old house of this Navigators' Aid Company, to partake of this memorial dinner. A fine company, of course, — mostly very substantial men, hardly to be called German in appearance, — far more American than German. There were two hundred in all, and they stood from two to three o'clock in friendly converse in one of the old halls of the building, with the names and the coats of arms of past benefactors painted on the dark wood-work of the walls. At just three the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and a loud voice called the company to dinner in the same words with which German ship-captains call their hands to dinner. I did not catch every word, but, translated, it was something like this, "All hands above and below, hallo! Come to dinner." So we pressed into the long dining-room, richly canopied with all the flags of leading commercial countries, the star-spangled banner being singularly conspicuous. Every side of the room was hidden with the multitude of flags, and interspersed among them were portraits of old benefactors of this excellent institution. Over the door hung the portrait of a signally liberal donor at the time of the founding of the Navigators' Aid Society; his name has been lost, but the record of what he did has survived. Originally his picture was painted in very small size, about a foot square; but since then, as other benefactors have been painted life-size, the directors, fearing lest the credit of this old friend should be outshone by more modern men, have enlarged the picture, and after a most singular fashion! The old bit of dark brown canvas now stands pasted upon a large square field of common portrait size, tinged "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" and to fill up this monstrously absurd vacuum, an angel has been put in on each side of the head, and a quantity of shipping underneath!

Glance a moment at the tables. The plates you will see

re marked 1789, and during seventy-one years they have been brought out, year by year, to grace the board. Notice the huge silver spoons, each one of which would make a dozen of these small efforts of our days. Along the tables you see great silver tankards, each of which will hold nearly a gallon, filled with a dark, sweet, thick beer, such as Luther used to drink, the first draught of which is pleasant, and the second nauseating. Notice the knives and forks, — old, steel ones, you see: our forefathers did not flourish silver forks. See the wooden fish-knives, simple and practical. Notice the little paper of pepper on one side of each plate, and the little paper of salt on the other side: our ancestors did not know the use of castors. Notice the piece of brown paper which lies under each plate: our fathers did not have their knife and fork changed with every course, but wiped them themselves on a bit of brown paper, — and so shall we.

Well, we have looked at the tables, and rather impatiently await the first course. “But softly,” our next neighbor, the Vice-Consul, whispers, “no impatience: our ancestors did not do their eating in haste, — no more shall we; we have got to sit here from five to six hours.” So we patiently wait, and in due time soup appears, — most substantial soup, and most evidently distinguished from modern German soup in that it has a palpable flavor of meat. This we eat not alone, but with chicken, boiled till it is ready to fall apart, and a kind of black bread, which has been cooked in the soup till it has acquired great richness, and has then been taken out, the soup expressed, and the dry bread then served to be immersed in the soup again. With this we eat the most delicious of bakers’ rolls, — so delicious, in fact, that I am almost forced to think that the making of bread has become one of the “lost arts.” With the exception of the chicken served with the soup, there appears no more poultry. I must not forget to state, that before every plate stands a large bottle of wine, white, alternating with red, and though all frank, yet there was not, so far as my eye reached, a particle of drinking to excess.

After an immoderate pause, filled up of course with abundance of talk, the second course appears, — plain boiled fish, served with potatoes and gravy, such as our American people are very well accustomed to, and very good withal, as I trust some thousands of my readers will testify. While the fish was finding a quick disposal in a ready market, a little bell rang, and a gentleman, strikingly American in his air and in his look, rose at the end of one of the tables. At each side stood two other weather-beaten men, looking like ship-captains, and such they proved to be. The gentleman in the middle was a merchant, and his duty was to thank the Company for their presence, and to bid them to do what we express in our excellent way, “make themselves at home.” The Vice-Consul informed me that this dinner is given by three merchants and six captains of Bremen, the number elected as directors every year, and, being elected, they give a dinner, which, however, occurs three years from the date of their election. The three merchants and six captains who were elected directors of the Navigators’ Aid Company this year will give the dinner in 1863. They sit at the head of the three tables, and whenever one of the merchants rises to give a toast or make a speech, the two captains rise and stand dumb by.

The time passes, and at length the third course comes, and to describe it surpasses my power. And this for two reasons, of which one is that my memory could not retain the multitude of dishes, and the other is that there were many things whose names and whose nature I do not know. I know that huge old-fashioned dishes were passed round, containing sausage, cutlets, sauer-kraut, boiled beets treated in some way by me indescribable, boiled beef, boiled veal (supposed), boiled ham, all following each other in immediate succession, and all of which I took, of some because I wanted it, of other some because I wanted to know what it was. One thing there was wanting, that is, good mealy potatoes; these had been served with the fish, but afterwards

they did not appear. Still these dishes were not very different from genuine German fare now-a-days; but now-a-days they are not so forced upon you as they were in the old times. I had no less than five different kinds of meat on my plate at once. While this great king of all the courses was being despatched, the two ship-captains who sat at the end of each table rose, and each took one of the huge silver tankards of old, thick, strong beer of which I have spoken, and, striking the tankards three times against each other, bowed and drank a draught. They handed it to the next two, who in turn took it and did the same, and thus it passed the entire length of the table. During the third course, toasts were given, local of course, such as to the Free City of Bremen, to the Navigators' Aid Company; but of these I will not at any length speak, merely remarking that they continued through the entire dinner.

At length the fourth appeared, — roast beef and roast veal, with delicious plums and stewed apple, and a salad at whose ingredients I dare not guess. It was most distasteful, however.

The fifth was bread, with butter and cheese, just as we have it now in all German dinners; then coffee and cigars. The only difference that I noticed in this, as compared with ancient times, was that the coffee had been sweetened with molasses before it had been brought on.

But though in all these later courses the viands were in the main not unlike what one meets now-a-days in Germany, yet the manner in which everything was served, — the old plates, the unchanged knives and forks which we had to keep clean with our brown paper, the old-fashioned jollity, the speeches in Platt German, the old dialect, most unintelligible to foreigners, the ladies in a secret gallery, where they peeped from behind the banners, they known to be there, yet themselves not visible, ladies having no part in the feast, — all this gave it a novelty and an ancient air which I could hardly believe possible. And then, too, the dinner was in one of the

old Hanseatic towns, and these were all rich Bremen burghers,—judge whether that did not lend its aid. And when the book of old familiar songs was brought in, and they all joined in singing the patriotic airs which men of former days composed and sang, and men worth their half-score of ships rose and gave their own, while the whole company shouted bravo, and half a dozen started in different parts of the hall half a dozen different songs, and the fumes of the two hundred cigars filled the room, and all was mirth and life, you may judge whether or not I could imagine how baronial halls used to appear when the same substantial viands graced the board, and the same songs ran round, and the same Platt German was spoken. It has taken a great journey, almost four hundred miles, to be present at this feast; but it is a real satisfaction to be there, and I will close by saying, that if we could have something of the same sort with us, on Forefathers' day, kept in the primitive style, it would be hardly less interesting in America.

W.

 TO A SUN-DIAL.

THOU silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
 Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
 Shade who canst only show how others shine!
 Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
 In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
 Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,
 Thy ready favors cheer us, — but decline
 The clouds of memory and the gloom of night,
 Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise.
 They bid us seize the moments as they pass, —
 Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
 Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass, —
 Aspiring still, with energy sublime,
 By virtuous deeds to give ETERNITY TO TIME.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

RANDOM READINGS.

LESSONS FOR A DOG-DAY.

"Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and withered every bay."

LESSON FIRST.—Keep cool. That is to say, keep cool within. This will very much modify the sufferings of the outward man. It is an excellent time to begin the control of bad tempers and humors, for when the thermometer is at 94°, the smallest abnormal excitement in the soul has an astonishing influence in throwing the outward man into a fever. People of cool heads suffer the least in dog-day weather. That easy, good-natured, fat man carries about his huge overgrowth of flesh, and looks the picture of comfort, his blood never rising into fever heat; while that lean fellow, who goes into a rage with every mosquito, turns red in the face, makes horrible contortions, and will draw some epidemic into him before long.

LESSON SECOND.—Keep clean. The sun's rays glance off from clean people and are absorbed by those who contract earthliness. That man who just passed, with his face streaked with brooklets of perspiration, will probably be sun-struck before night. It is not so much heat from without that will kill him, as the heat generated from within. It keeps accumulating, and cannot work off through the pores, because they are stopped up; and so he perishes not so much by sun-strokes as by internal liquefaction.

LESSON THIRD.—Be short. It is a good time to learn brevity and compression of thought, and to put the monosyllables into working order. Do not procrastinate anything, but put it off. Do not prevaricate, but lie. That is to say, use the monosyllable in preference. That is all we mean, of course. A contributor on another page recommends making the long prayer into a short one. This is a good time to begin. Apply the rule to long sermons, long letters, long articles, long speeches. Here is a model for us. Some one of his brethren in the ministry thought Dr. Emmons heretical, and wrote to him thus:—

"DEAR DOCTOR:—

"I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it.

Yours,

"——— ———."

To which the Doctor replied:—

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have read your letter, and laughed over it.

"Yours,

"N. EMMONS."

How much much better than half a dozen reams of controversy, which would have left the combatants farther apart than when they began, probably with the loss of Christian temper and charity. Be short, is another lesson of dog-days, and when they are over, the habit will not have been formed in vain. s.

ON BABIES.

It is said that they bring into the household the highest sphere of angelic influence, drawing it round the little being "as bees around a rose," making all human love more delicate and tender wherever they come. Does this explain the mystery that nearly one half the race die in infancy? If they are so important to this world, touching everybody in the house with a magical tenderness, why not to the other, and why may it not be that so many go up into the heavens because they are needed there to keep the love of heaven in its utmost sweetness and purity?

Baby literature is inimitable, and only women can write it, showing, as we suppose, that their genius is of a more interior caste than that of us men, who can only admire babies at a distance, fearing to touch them lest they break in pieces. Here is something to match Mrs. Clapp's "Baby Carl." We do not know who wrote it, nor whence it comes, as we found it afloat, but we would rather have written it than the best Ode to Apollo.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
 With your silken hair and soft blue eyes,
 And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
 And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,—
 God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise ! —
 Your hands, like a fairy's so tiny and fair,
 With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air, —
 Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
 You learned above, Baby Louise ?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise ! —
 Why ! you never raise your beautiful head !
 Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
 With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
 " I love you, Baby Louise."

Do you hear me, Baby Louise ?
 I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,
 And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
 And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower !
 Ungrateful Baby Louise !

After all, however, Mrs. Browning excels everybody else in genuine baby-inspiration. She divines the deepest mysteries of infancy, as if she had open vision of their "angels, who always behold the face of the Father." "A Child Asleep" is an echo from the inmost shrine; and "A Child's Grave at Florence" is an inspiration from the realm where infancy is glorified. And no pencil but hers could have drawn such a picture as this : —

" She threw her bonnet off;
 Then sighing, as 't were sighing the last time,
 Approached the bed and drew a shawl away :
 You could not feel a fruit you fear to bruise
 More calmly and more carefully than so, —
 Nor would you find within a rosier flushed
 Pomegranate.

There he lay upon his back,
 The yearling creature warm and moist with life
 To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends
 Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face ;
 For since he had been covered overmuch
 To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
 Were hot, and scarlet as the first live rose
 The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
 The faster for his love. And love was here
 As instant ! in the pretty baby-mouth,
 Shut close, as if for dreaming that it sucked ;

The little naked feet drawn up the way
 Of nestled birdlings ; everything so soft
 And tender, — to the little hold-fast hands,
 Which closing on a finger into sleep
 Had kept the mould of't.

S.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

No one can tell who the heroes are and who the cowards, until some crisis comes to put us to the test. And no crisis puts us to the test, that does not bring us up alone and single-handed to face danger. It is nothing to make a rush with the multitude even into the jaws of destruction. Sheep will do that. Armies might be picked from the gutter and marched up to be made food for powder. But when some crisis singles one out from the multitude, pointing at him the particular finger of fate, and telling him "stand or run," and he faces about with steady nerve, with nobody else to get behind, we may be sure the hero stuff is in him. When such a crisis comes, the true courage is just as likely to be found in people of shrinking nerves, or in weak and timid women, as in great burly people. It is a moral, not a physical trait. Its seat is not in the temperament, but in the will. How courageous Peter was, and all those other square-built fishermen of the Sea of Galilee, at the Last Supper, and in the garden of Gethsemane, where Peter drew his sword and smote the officer ! But when Christ looked down from his cross, whom did he see standing in that focus of Jewish rage ? None of those stout fishermen, but a young man and a tender-hearted woman, — John and Mary.

S.

"GOD LOVES ADVERBS BETTER THAN NOUNS."

A FRIEND has sent us the following morsel picked up by Southey from an old Scotch writer : —

"Deum magis amare adverbia quam nomina : quia in actionibus magis ei placent BENE et LEGITIME quam bonum et legitimum. Ita ut nullum *bonum* liceat facere nisi BENE et LEGITIME fieri possit."

In English thus : "God loves adverbs more than nouns ; for, in actions, RIGHTLY and LAWFULLY are more pleasing to him than

the *right* and the *lawful*. So that we must not do good unless we can do it *rightly* and *lawfully*." A sound and comprehending principle, and how often, and sometimes how madly violated ! s.

CHRIST "PURE INTELLECT."

"The God we worship is one who embraces in his nature, not only goodness, but power and wisdom; and the Saviour we reverence is not pure intellect,—strange supposition respecting the holy Jesus!—but the perfect image of the Deity with every holy attribute combined; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

The above is from an article in the Christian Register. We wonder who has broached the strange doctrine that Christ is "pure intellect." We do not remember to have met with it in the history of ancient or modern heresies. For ourselves, we spent thirteen pages in proving just the contrary,—that Christ, as the Divine Logos, is born of the DIVINE LOVE, filled with it, always the perfect medium of it, and that through it "the Comforter descends on our souls as the showerings of perpetual grace." Hence that the Logos is where the whole Divine nature comes down into personality,—not one attribute alone, but "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,"—as in a good man intellect is in perfect union with goodness, and is none other than goodness most perfectly manifested, that love may "flow into it, and run down into moulds of beauty and beneficence."

s.

DR. GAY OF HINGHAM.

THE mischief of sects is, that they get one-sided, hold only partial truths, and run into extremes, and so lose all comprehensiveness. This would not be if the denominations, instead of splitting and getting isolated, had kept together and interacted, and so preserved a wise balance without breaking into *isms*. The Congregational churches never should have divided into Unitarian and Trinitarian, but worked out the problem in harmony of the Divine Unity and Threeness, of human ability and depravity. Then they would have been saved from bald Tritheism on the one hand, and from confounding and losing sight of the Divine hypostases on the other,—from demonizing man on one side, and from deifying him on the other.

The old Arminian and Calvinistic clergy, ere the bitter controversy broke out, used to meet and criticise, in a friendly way, each other's theology. In the same association met Dr. Gay and Dr. Dunbar,—the former representing Arminianism, the latter Calvinism. It fell to the lot of Dr. Dunbar to preach before the association. He felt moved to be very positive, and make a very distinct enunciation of Calvinism. With each of the five points he would bring down his fist upon the desk, with the exclamation, "This is the Gospel!" First, total depravity was depicted, with the emphatic indorsement, "This is the Gospel!" Then election and reprobation, then irresistible grace, then effectual calling, and so to the end, and under each a tremendous sledge-blow on the pulpit, with "This is the Gospel." After service the ministers met, and each in turn was asked by the moderator to give his views of the sermon. Dr. Gay had a sly, genial humor which diffused good-nature through the clerical body he belonged to, and kept out of it the theological odium. His turn came to criticise the sermon, and he delivered himself in this way:—

"The sermon reminded me of the earliest efforts at painting. When the art was in its infancy and the first rude drawings were made, they wrote the name of the animal under the figure which was drawn, so that people could be sure to identify it. Under one rude figure you would see written, 'This is a horse;' under another, 'This is an ox;' and so on. When the art is perfected a little, this becomes unnecessary, and the animal is recognized without the under-script. I am greatly obliged to my brother Dunbar in this infancy of the art, that he helped me in this way to identify the Gospel. As I followed him through the five figures which he sketched for us, I must confess that, unless he had written under each one of them in large letters, 'This is the Gospel,' I never should have known it."

S.

"HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?"

NOBODY ought to object to the practice of criticising sermons. Sermons are not worth much unless they stir up thought, and give it an airing, and set people to judging and comparing. But I hate to have a person turn to me as soon as I have left the pew, and say, "How did you like the sermon?" How do I know how I like it, till

I have had time inwardly to digest it. The practice, however, sometimes reveals very strange crossings of denominational lines. A minister once preached a sermon to a "Union Congregation." They got together of a summer's day, no matter whence or how, — Unitarians, Orthodox, Swedenborgians, Methodists, Churchmen. The preacher was on one of the fundamental doctrines, and went thoroughly into the heart of his subject, ignoring technical phrases.

"How did you like the sermon?" was asked the High-Churchman.

"Very sound doctrine, only the man is sailing under false colors."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Calvinist.

"O, very good orthodoxy."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Unitarian.

"Very well, very well; very good Unitarianism, though, perhaps, under another set of phrases."

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Swedenborgian.

"O, he's read 'the writings'" (looking wise).

"How did you like the sermon?" to the Methodist.

"Very much. It is just my religious experience."

The real Church of the Lord is comprehending, and includes all who look obediently to him. Like the ocean, it is vast, and only when its waters of truth run into little creeks, and bays, and canals, does it take on denominational titles and local names. In heaven we shall have sailed out of the creeks and estuaries, and have joined the great fleets and navies on the open sea.

s.

CONTROVERSY.

I LIKE controversy when it is thoroughly honest. I do admire to see two large and generous minds approach a subject from opposite quarters, and then to watch the new lights that flash over it and show it in a thousand relations that were not obvious before. It lifts us out of the ruts of our sect and party, in whose treadmill we had been grinding all our lives, and mistaking it for the universe. But controversy with small minds is the smallest business that is done in this world. It slides inevitably into word-catching, and ends in personalities. The moment I saw a man consciously trying to put my language to a different use from what I had put it myself, I would stop

short with him, and say: "I am glad to compare ideas with you, but I have no time for word-catching." To say, as Dr. Johnson did, "I can't furnish meaning and brains too," is not courteous. The only controversy that ever convinces the controvertists is a friendly comparison of beliefs, each turning the other's round, and viewing it under all the angles of reflection. It is not this sort of controversy, but fighting with word-mousers, that Dr. Holmes must have in mind. "You know that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe-stem, and another big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it."

s.

CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY A FORM OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE last "Westminster" contains an article upon "Strikes — their Tendencies and Remedies," which is conceived in an admirable spirit, and wrought out with wisdom and prudence. We hope that some of the periodicals which are circulated in our large manufacturing towns and villages will place it before their readers, employers and the employed. Our laboring class, male and female, includes many who are capable of recognizing the meaning and force of the writer's arguments and suggestions, and it is of the utmost importance that there should be a better understanding than exists at present between labor and capital. The essayist writes more than most who have handled the subject in the interest of the laborer, and yet he is no violent, thoughtless radical, dealing only in declamation and abuse. The law which must regulate a strike, and under which alone it can be of service to the operative, is very clearly pointed out, and the good which has been effected by these combinations is distinctly made out and asserted against the assumption that they have wrought only mischief. But what has interested us most in the article is the encouragement which it affords, by the array of instances of authentic experience, to those who desire and propose a co-operation of labor and capital in carrying forward the various mechanical and commercial enterprises of the day. Socialism supplies no preventive of selfishness; it has not even any effectual remedy for it; but it does afford some hints towards removing the occasions for the eye-service and

self-seeking. Without being agrarians, we can, if we are employers, give our *employés* a percentage upon the profits of their industry and industry, and this will wonderfully second our homilies upon honesty and Christian diligence, and will prove to the young men and young women of our establishments that we are large-minded, perhaps large-hearted, perhaps Christian in something besides church-going and the repetition of the creeds. How much a simple arrangement of this kind would effect towards removing that most wretched and most uncomfortable antagonism which so often prevails between those who supply the skill and strength, and those who furnish the capital and pay the wages, in our land of workshops! M. Leclaire, a house-decorator of Paris, found this plan eminently successful in the management of some two hundred workmen. He and they with him earned more, and were better and happier and more manly. Christianity can be fully realized in our world only where there are wisdom and earnestness to devise and promote some such practical arrangements as have been hinted at. We believe that the time is not far distant when an enlightened laboring population, without any tirades or violence, will learn how to make ten hours' labor yield them something besides a meagre support, and by skilful co-operation will be able to supply their families with the necessaries of life at rates not higher, to say the least, than those at which the tables of the rich are now supplied. Is it not cruel that the honest and faithful laborer must pay more for a poorer quality of almost everything which is needed by his household, than is demanded of his wealthy neighbor who buys by the wholesale? How large a part of the craftsman's pittance is thrown away in some miserable grocery, where every other article is adulterated, and where a large part of what he buys sticks to the measure. Next to model houses we must have model shops, and without going counter to the stern laws of trade they can be had. God bless every friend of the hard-handed laborer! These dog-days should make every one's heart tender towards them!

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Harvard Collection of Sacred Music. By FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1860.—This volume, which is inscribed to the Harvard Musical Association, is elegantly printed from engraved plates. It is a fine specimen of musical science and typography. The materials of which it is composed have been drawn from the best sources. Beside the original compositions, there are excellent selections from Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, and the greatest of all modern composers, Mendelssohn. From the vocal and instrumental compositions of this master, the author has made twenty-one judicious selections and arrangements. Of the twelve select pieces which the book contains, nine are from Mendelssohn. From "St. Paul," there is an arrangement for four voices of that magnificent air for an alto voice, "But the Lord is mindful of His own;" from "Elijah," the exquisitely beautiful quartette, "O come every one that thirsteth;" from "Athalie," the chorus, "Heaven and the Earth display;" from "Christus," the choral for male voices, "He leaves His heavenly portals;" and from "Laudu Sion," the soprano solo and chorus, "Sing of judgment, sing of mercies."

In harmonizing the vocal score the parts have been set high; not, however, higher than have ever been set by the standard composers. The author has written a separate accompaniment for the organ, instead of arranging the tunes with a "figured" bass. The practice of arranging tunes with a figured bass is common with editors in this part of the country, but it is one which cannot be too strongly reprehended. By this method the organist confines himself only to the text of the composer, so far as to perform the leading melody and the bass as the author has written them; the subordinate parts he supplies as caprice or fancy dictates. When confined to a written accompaniment, he *dispersed* the harmony as the author has written it.

The hymns have been principally selected from Mr. Longfellow's collection. The author is deserving of praise, for the taste and judgment he has evinced in selecting and arranging the contents of the book. We would recommend it to the attention of choristers and choirs generally.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.—A large part of the correspondence which is preserved in these volumes must fail to interest the reader, and a much smaller collection of letters would have sufficed to illustrate the genial and truly human spirit of one, who, under the almost constant pressure of physical weakness and suffering, and often carrying in his own breast a very sad heart, faithfully exercised the gift that was in him to amuse his generation, and found time and strength besides to quicken the conscience and the sympathies of a careless, selfish world far beyond the professed and professional philanthropist. One volume would have been better than two. When will compilers of “memorials” learn and practise the duty of omission? Many of these letters are just what good-natured and tolerably well-educated persons write to each other every day;—hundreds of them are crossing the Atlantic in the Royal Mail Steamships continually,—serve their purpose to amuse and bring tidings of the absent, and are laid away in drawers to be preserved for a time,—perhaps to be read in after-years by the children and grandchildren of the household,—perhaps to be swept into the fire in the day of removal. Such things ought to be written, but they ought not to be printed. Hood put his best, not into his letters, but into his books. We find in the correspondence no rich vein of humor, but are rather wearied by it, as by one who forever persists in trying to be funny. What is there amusing in the Dialogue on the 203d page of the first volume,—“‘Tim!’ says he; ‘Sir!’ says he;” &c., &c.? What necessity for preserving the “Song for the Nineteenth,” on the 195th? Nevertheless, the “Memorials” are on the whole valuable, as the picture of a much enduring and true-hearted man, who in laboring for others was mindful of his own, and whose exquisite lyrics of humanity and charity might excuse the publication by near kindred and loving friends of almost any amount of trivialities.

E.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter of California. By THEODORE H. HITTELL. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co.—A narrative of bold adventures, terrible conflicts, narrow escapes, and wonderful achievements among grizzly bears, elks, wolves, buffaloes, with de-

scriptions of camp life, and the wild, grand, and picturesque scenery of the Sierra Nevada and its slopes. It is a book which the boys are eager for devouring, and it has been snatched from us several times since we have taken it in hand. It imparts incidentally knowledge of the nature and habits of the animals of the forest, of hunting and trapping, of life in the woods, and of mountain and forest scenery, while the series of strange incidents keeps up the interest of the narrative.

S.

A Book of Hymns and Tunes for the Sunday School, the Congregation, and the Home. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book was prepared by Rev. S. Longfellow for the service of his Chapel, and is now published for the purpose of supplying a want generally felt. We should protest strongly against the alteration for the worse of some of the hymns.

S.

Midday Thoughts for the Weary. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1860. — This is one of those little books that carry strength and consolation, by the blessing of God, to multitudes of poor invalids who are utterly unable to read long and labored treatises. These selections are from the best writers, and are admirably adapted to advance the purpose for which they have been put together.

E.

History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By GEO. B. PRESCOTT, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — An exceedingly valuable and interesting volume, illustrated by abundant drawings of the various instruments, and in every way a sufficient *résumé* of what every person of intelligence would wish to know upon a subject of the utmost importance. We were amazed to find how much work was done by the unfortunate Atlantic Cable before it became useless. If our readers will buy and study this volume, the Telegraph will be no longer to them the utter mystery it is to so many.

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No. 4.

SIGNS IN THE FIRMAMENT.*

WE have placed at the foot of this page the titles of two recent works most significant of the present tendencies of religious speculation. The first, "The Rock of Ages," many of our readers are already acquainted with, as being heralded to the American public by Dr. Huntington, and regarded by him as a triumphant defence of the Athanasian Trinity. Mr. Bickersteth is an English Episcopal clergyman, evidently a man of earnest piety, anxious for the conversion of some of his Unitarian friends and neighbors to higher and more vitalizing truth. His book is made up largely of quotations from the Bible, Old Testament and New, and the texts are strung together in parallel columns to prove, first, that the Father is God; secondly, that the Son is God; thirdly, that the Holy Ghost is God; and, fourthly, that

* The Rock of Ages; or Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. With an Introduction by the REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., late Preacher to the University and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Essays and Reviews. London: Parker and Son.

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neither of them is God, but that all three together make but one God. No consistent law of interpretation is followed or hinted at, but the texts are collected sometimes from mere verbal coincidence, no matter what self-contradictions they are made to declare.

The Introduction by Dr. Huntington comprises about twenty-four pages in the writer's characteristic style. It is largely taken up in unfriendly criticisms upon the position and character of some of the leading writers among the Unitarians with whom he has been associated, and in eulogizing the work he is introducing to the public in very lofty phrase. He thinks it "a firm, massive, and cumulative argument," — one in which "portions of the Book, which before appeared disconnected, or meaningless, or obscure, range themselves into the progressive order of revelations, luminous with a flood of glory from the throne of God and the Lamb." The Introduction closes in the following strain: "The immortal cause is strengthening, the Church moves gloriously on to her triumph in the second advent of her living Head. The multitudes are gathering and flocking as doves to their windows. 'All they gather themselves together, — Gentiles to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee.' The 'Rock of Ages' is not moved. The 'coming Church,' the 'new Church,' 'the Church of the future,' can be no other than the Church which has been, is now, and ever shall be, ever new and ever old, world without end. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" This is dated "Monday in Whitsun-week, 1860."

Mr. Bickersteth's Preface is modest and in an excellent spirit. He evidently has a sincere desire to do good to the class of minds for which he writes, and he is anxious that Unitarians may be brought into the fold of the Episcopal Church. "O," says he, "that it might please God that the movement amongst the American Unitarians might spread to their own land!"

It is in connection with another voice from this same Episcopal Church, that this appeal from Mr. Bickersteth and his editor become chiefly significant. Our readers are aware that there is a portion of the English Church known as the "Broad Church," which has decided Unitarian tendencies, if indeed it is not steering straight beyond into the rationalism represented here by Theodore Parker. This division embraces some of its ablest writers and scholars, such as Kingsley, Jowett, Powell, Pattison, and Maurice. A book of Essays and Reviews has just been published, representing this phasis of religious thought, the manifestation, it is said in the North British Review, "of a theological school numerous, active, and influential, and probably increasing in the Church of England." We give below the contents of the volume.* It is reviewed in the last number of the North British, and is soon to be republished by Walker, Wise, and Company. We have only read a portion of the work in the proof-sheets, and will not pretend to say whether throughout the strictures of the Scotch Reviewer are entirely just. But what it is, and what it tends to, and what it represents, — of this there can be no mistake. The contrast between this work and that of Mr. Bickersteth is very striking, in more respects than one. The themes are handled with great freshness and freedom, and sometimes with conspicuous ability, and are free from such puerilities of criticism as Mr. Bickersteth weaves into his argument. The writers are men evidently who have discovered that reason was given them to be used, and not to be trifled with, and that the highest problems in religion, philosophy, and cosmogony are not to be settled by the literal sense of the Apocalypse or the Book of Genesis. Their doctrine is that the race is a collective man,

* The Education of the World, by FREDERICK TEMPLE, D. D. Bunsen's Biblical Researches, by ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D. D. On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by BADEN POWELL, M. A., F. R. S. Séances Historiques de Genève: The National Church, by HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B. D. On the Mosaic Cosmogony, by C. W. GOODWIN, M. A. Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750, by MARK PATTISON. On the Interpretation of Scripture, by BENJAMIN JOWETT.

to outgrow in time the regulative discipline of childhood, and be moved by the Spirit within, and not subject to authority without ; that the Bible is not a book of plenary inspiration, or Christianity a universal religion specially authenticated in Palestine, but that God inspires men ever and everywhere, — that there is only one kind of inspiration, and all good men have it, as well as prophets and apostles ; and that the doctrines of the Church, such as the Trinity and the Fall of man, are to be held in the light of a “ philosophical rendering.” “ Considerations,” says Mr. Williams, “ religious and moral, no less than scientific and critical, have, where discussion was free, widened the idea of revelation for the Old World, and deepened it for ourselves ; not removing the footsteps of the Eternal from Palestine, but tracing them on other shores.” (p. 58.) The doctrine of the Trinity, adopted from Bunsen, is thus stated, as evolved from the first chapter of John : “ The profoundest analysis of our world leaves the law of thought as its ultimate basis and bond of coherence. This thought is consubstantial with the being of the eternal I AM. Being, becoming, and animating, or substance, thinking, and conscious life, are expressions of a triad which may also be represented as will, wisdom, and love ; as light, radiance, and warmth ; as fountain, stream, and united flow ; as mind, thought, and consciousness ; as person, word, and life ; as Father, Son, and Spirit. In virtue of such identity of thought with Being, the primitive Trinity represented neither three originant principles nor three transient phases, but three external inherences in one Divine Mind.” The fall of Adam, this same writer says, “ represents ideally the circumscription of our spirits in limits of flesh and time, and practically the selfish nature with which we fall from the likeness of God which should be fulfilled in men.”

We have here, then, the phenomenon of a Church appealing most pathetically through one class of its writers to the Unitarians, telling them even that they are beyond the conditions of salvation, and this same Church through another class of its writers, and those its most learned and eloquent scholars,

putting forward the very views which the Unitarians hold, and even pushing them into an extreme from which many of the latter shrink back with dismay. How many conversions from heresy will such a Church be likely to make from the class of thinking and sensible men? Such men will be pretty likely to answer, We will listen to your appeal when the ablest thinkers among you believe what you are saying, instead of holding your teachings as puerilities and fables, well enough for children, but not for people who are full grown.

There are some reflections of a very practical nature which suggest themselves, in view of these disclosures and of the whole tendency of religious thought. It cannot be long before the great question will be, What is the Bible, and how is it to be used in religious controversy, and in enucleating the grand system of truth which we call Christianity? A man comes to you with a pile of proof texts which he has scooped up from Genesis to Revelation, thinking, perhaps, that the higher the pile rises, the more "massive" is the argument. Some of them may be from the narrative which describes the world as made in six days, this little earth first and the suns and stars afterwards; Adam losing one of his ribs, and Eve fashioned mechanically out of it. Some of them may be from the story of Samson's foxes; some from the story of Jonah and the whale; some from the Psalms, perhaps the texts alongside of David's curses; some from the Revelation, where the stars fall to the earth, and a city descends as high as it is broad. What does he expect to prove by heaping passages together, unless he can tell what is specially the Word of God and what is not? or if all is, what is the *law of interpretation* which will disclose its treasures? It affronts the reason to tell one of the unity of the Bible, when we cannot read ten consecutive pages in some parts of the Old Testament without finding something which, by Mr. Bickersteth's method, might be made to shock the feelings of humanity, the first rules of Christian morals, the known facts of scientific discovery, and every precept of the Sermon on the Mount. To say that

all the stones of the letter must be swallowed, and that we must make believe that they are bread, is worthy of the days of the Gregorys and Leos, but can impose no longer upon reasonable minds. That Mr. Bickersteth is a more honest inquirer than the writers of the "Essays and Reviews" we do not know, and have no right to assume; certainly he cannot compare with them in breadth and culture and the power of rational argumentation.

There is a choice between three alternatives. Rome is right, and the reason must be surrendered blindly to church authority, and the Protestant Reformation was a great mistake, and Teutonic Christianity is a failure. Or Rationalism is right; Scripture is below reason and must yield to it, and there is no authority but the light within. Or Scripture has a meaning above the letter, to be found by no guess-work of individuals, but by a law divinely revealed and all-harmonizing, not contradicting reason, but lifting it up into the divine illuminations. There is no future to Christianity; what has been always must be. Progress is going backward to the worst days of the Church, and reason and civilization must be folded in by the ancient darkness. Or else progress is to take us away from Christianity, and leave it behind among the old superstitions and provisional religions, and we must find our way without it by the individual reason. Or else Christianity, as a universal religion, has a meaning in it which we have neither lived out nor learned out, but whose disclosures shall continue forever, reconciling what seemed in conflict, unitizing all things, showing what there was of truth in the ancient formulas, bringing the new out of the old, solving the problems which have distracted the Church, and bringing the spirit of the heavens more perfectly into human affairs. These are the three alternatives. We do not see that a fourth is possible. Each must have its full trial and work out its own results, and for this we watch what the Scotch reviewer calls "the signs in the firmament, menacing change."

THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.*

BY FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.

IN a world of mere phenomena, where all events are bound to one another by a rigid law of cause and effect, it is possible to imagine the course of a long period, bringing all things, at the end of it, into exactly the same relations as they occupied at the beginning. We should then obviously have a succession of cycles, rigidly similar to one another, both in events and in the sequence of them. The universe would eternally repeat the same changes in a fixed order of recurrence, though each cycle might be many millions of years in length. Moreover, the precise similarity of these cycles would render the very existence of each one of them entirely unnecessary. We can suppose, without any logical inconsequence, any one of them struck out, and the two which had been destined to precede and follow it brought into immediate contiguity.

This supposition transforms the universe into a dead machine. The lives and the souls of men become so indifferent, that the annihilation of a whole human race, or of many such races, is absolutely nothing. Every event passes away as it happens, filling its place in the sequence, but purposeless for the future. The order of all things becomes not merely an iron rule, from which nothing can ever swerve, but an iron rule which guides to nothing and ends in nothing.

Such a supposition is possible to the logical understanding: it is not possible to the spirit. The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose. To the spirit, all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of

* We give here, from the sheets, by leave of the publishers, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., the first pages of the opening essay of the work quoted in the preceding article, which will give the reader an idea of its style and spirit. — Eds.

time is no exception to this demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself. A series of recurring cycles, however conceivable to the logical understanding, is inconceivable to the spirit; for every later cycle must be made different from every earlier by the mere fact of coming after it and embodying its results. The material world may possibly be subject to such a rule, and may, in successive epochs, be the cradle of successive races of spiritual beings; but the world of spirits cannot be a mere machine.

In accordance with this difference between the material and the spiritual worlds, we ought to be prepared to find progress in the latter, however much fixity there may be in the former. The Earth may still be describing precisely the same orbit as that which was assigned to her at the creation. The seasons may be precisely the same. The planets, the moon, and the stars may be unchanged both in appearance and in reality. But man is a spiritual as well as a material creature; must be subject to the laws of the spiritual, as well as to those of the material world; and cannot stand still because things around him do. Now, that the individual man is capable of perpetual, or almost perpetual, development, from the day of his birth to that of his death, is obvious of course. But we may well expect to find something more than this in a spiritual creature who does not stand alone, but forms a part of a whole world of creatures like himself. Man cannot be considered as an individual. He is, in reality, only man by virtue of his being a member of the human race. Any other animal that we know would probably not be very different in its nature, if brought up, from its very birth, apart from all its kind. A child so brought up, becomes, as instances could be adduced to prove, not a man in the full sense at all, but rather a beast in human shape; with human faculties, no doubt, hidden underneath,

but with no hope, in this life, of ever developing those faculties into true humanity. If, then, the whole in this case, as in so many others, is prior to the parts, we may conclude that we are to look for that progress which is essential to a spiritual being subject to the lapse of time, not only in the individual, but also quite as much in the race taken as a whole. We may expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding.

This power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment. The successive generations of men are days in this man's life. The discoveries and inventions which characterize the different epochs of the world's history are his works. The creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles, of the successive ages, are his thoughts. The state of society, at different times, are his manners. He grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do; and his education is, in the same way and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours.

All this is no figure, but only a compendious statement of a very comprehensive fact. The child that is born to-day may possibly have the same faculties as if he had been born in the days of Noah: if it be otherwise, we possess no means of determining the difference. But the equality of the natural faculties at starting will not prevent a vast difference in their ultimate development. That development is entirely under the control of the influences exerted by the society in which the child may chance to live. If such society be altogether denied, the faculties perish, and the child (as remarked above) grows up a beast, and not a man. If the society be uneducated and coarse, the growth of the faculties is early so stunted as never afterwards to be capable of recovery: if the society be highly cultivated, the child will be cultivated also, and will show, more or less, through life,

the fruits of that cultivation. Hence each generation receives the benefit of the cultivation of that which preceded it. Not in knowledge only, but in development of powers, the child of twelve now stands at the level where once stood the child of fourteen; where, ages ago, stood the full-grown man. The discipline of manners, of temper, of thought, of feeling, is transmitted from generation to generation; and, at each transmission, there is an imperceptible but unfailing increase. The perpetual accumulation of the stores of knowledge is so much more visible than the change in the other ingredients of human progress, that we are apt to fancy that knowledge grows, and knowledge only. I shall not stop to examine whether it be true (as is sometimes maintained), that all progress in human society is but the effect of the progress of knowledge: for the present, it is enough to point out that knowledge is not the only possession of the human spirit in which progress can be traced.

We may, then, rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. The men of the earliest ages were, in many respects, still children, as compared with ourselves, with all the blessings and with all the disadvantages that belong to childhood. We reap the fruits of their toil, and bear in our characters the impress of their cultivation. *Our characters have grown out of their history, as the character of the man grows out of the history of the child. There are matters in which the simplicity of childhood is wiser than the maturity of manhood; and in these they were wiser than we. There are matters in which the child is nothing, and the man everything; and in these we are the gainers. And the process by which we have either lost or gained corresponds, stage by stage, with the process by which the infant is trained for youth, and the youth for manhood.

This training has three stages. In childhood, we are subject to positive rules, which we cannot understand, but are bound implicitly to obey. In youth, we are subject to the influence of example; and soon break loose from all rules,

unless illustrated and enforced by the higher teaching which example imparts. In manhood, we are comparatively free from external restraints ; and, if we are to learn, must be our own instructors. First come Rules, then Examples, then Principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the Gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child, under tutors and governors, until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example, to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself, to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within.

AN old lady is said to have expressed herself greatly comforted by the text of Scripture, "Why need you worry?" The good woman seems to have been somewhat at fault as to exactness of quotation. Yet she had succeeded in compressing the spirit of many passages into these four words. Why need we worry, indeed, when we are exhorted to cast all our cares on that Heavenly Father, who careth for us? Why should the happiness of to-day be marred by fears for to-morrow, when we are pointed to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, and assured that the same hand that feeds and clothes them will sustain and guide our steps also, and number the very hairs of our heads?

"Thou hast seen many sorrows, pilgrim of earth," says one ; "but the greatest of all has been the looking for of evil." Is it not so? How often have we felt rebuked, when some much-dreaded event has either failed to reach us, or has come laden with blessings! How often has a way been opened before us, when our dim eyes had been able to discern only insurmountable barriers! The simple faith that can trust its all with God, how rich is it in peace and blessing! Lord, evermore grant us this faith!

ON MY CAIRN A PEBBLE THROW.

I.

ON my cairn a pebble throw
When 'neath the turf you say I'm sleeping ;
Spend no time in hopeless woe ;
Smile through tears of tender weeping ;
Do not think with vain regret
Of the life you can't forget :
Do not miss me, — own my place
Filled, — it will not me disgrace ;
Goodness is not all the same,
But different as star from star,
As flowers of many a hue and name
Sameness would true order mar :
So when the lights of memory glow,
On my cairn a pebble throw.

II.

Though I'm 'neath the turf you say,
I'm not sleeping, well you know ;
I'm awake in glorious day,
I in heavenly sunshine grow.
If you think that I was leal,
True to think and true to feel,
True to speak and true to act,
Making life a heartfelt fact,
In that sweet thought true comfort take,
My cairn an altar raise to duty :
Its sweetness has a charm to make
All the pebbles gems of beauty :
So when the lights of memory glow,
On my cairn a pebble throw.

MOUNT VERNON.

NOTHING can be pleasanter than a sail down the Potomac, even if the tomb and the mansion of Washington were not a sufficient inducement to draw one in that direction. I had been listening two days to the debates in the national Senate and House of Representatives: the speeches for the most part were in defence of slavery. Sick of bad rhetoric, bad manners, bad logic, and bad morality, I made my way, on a beautiful, clear morning, to the wharf where lay the steamboat that plies regularly between the Capitol and Mount Vernon. I was nearly the first on the deck; it was swept by a cool breeze, and I sat tracing the windings of the Virginia shore opposite, and discriminating the lines of blue as they shaded off over the landscape. Presently a fashionable party from the city came on board. A young fellow, with two ladies, came rustling upon the deck; they ran into the face of the fresh and grateful breeze. The ladies shrieked, "O this horrid wind! Let us go back! I don't think there's anything up here that's interesting!" — and they soon disappeared for the cabin below. Notwithstanding this high authority, the fifteen miles' sail between Washington and Mount Vernon past the old city of Alexandria, and the old Fort Washington, and the green banks with their splendid mansions gleaming through the richest foliage, and the wheat-fields rolling away over the slopes and undulations, is a continual feast to the eye. When you get as far south as this, the sunlight takes on a hue which we miss here at the North. Everything wears a brighter coloring, and the verdure and the fountains and the marble statues gleam in a soft and orient splendor.

As you pass Alexandria, they point out the church where Washington worshipped; the very pew where he sat and responded from the prayer-book is preserved just as when he left it, and has become the shrine of pilgrims. Notwithstanding the cracking of champagne bottles, and the general

nonsense and giggle from the fashionable party, — things which rather grate upon the feelings when on a pilgrimage to Washington's tomb, — I abstracted myself from them as well as I could, and after sailing an hour and a half, our vessel lay at the pier at the foot of Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon, as our young readers will please to observe, is not a mountain at all, but a gentle swell on the right bank of the Potomac, commanding a reach of some twenty or thirty miles of that noble river. A path, which has been worn by myriads of feet, leads from the landing pier, first to the tomb, and then to the mansion about forty rods above it. The mansion is a two-story structure, of moderate size, in a state of dilapidation and decay. Back of it are the gardens, enclosed by brick walls, which are falling down. The same old trees surround the mansion under which Washington used to walk. The negro huts are standing just as he left them. The brick barn and the tool-house are looking shabby, and out of repair. Negroes, the slaves of the present proprietor, are lounging about, having a good, easy time. I counted about a dozen women lounging bareheaded around the buildings, with the young Africans, both bareheaded and barefooted, hanging upon them, or speering upon the visitor from behind their mothers; able-bodied black fellows leaning on the fences, under the trees, or lying down under them in a comfortable snooze. They all seemed to put on an aristocratic look, as if they thought they were keeping up the dignity of the place. They spent their time evidently in doing nothing else. Any Yankee would have set them to work repairing the fences, and clearing the grounds, and trimming the old dead wood from the trees.

Close by the tomb runs an old Virginia rail-fence, half fallen down. I climbed to the top of it, and looked over into the enclosure. On the little mound which covers the vault had been planted some shrubbery; it looked old enough to have been placed there by the gentle hand of Martha Washington herself. It was scraggy, and covered with dead wood,

as if in doubt whether to live or die. Ten minutes' care would restore it to its comely condition. The top bricks of the wall are loose and falling off.

My pilgrimage to these hallowed grounds was a few months since, and before the Ladies' Association had taken possession. It is earnestly to be hoped that good sense and good taste, and a becoming reverence for the spot, will suggest to them the propriety of making no other alterations than are absolutely necessary for the neatness and repair of the place, and for preserving its old features undecayed. I do hope, however, they will remove from the mansion, unless the proprietor does, one of those pictures which is almost enough to raise the ghost of Washington himself. In one of the sitting-rooms there are various paintings, most of them battle-pieces, placed there by Washington, none in which he had been himself an actor. There is one picture, however, which evidently he did *not* place there. It is meant to represent the death of the Father of his country, and to show him taken up to heaven by angels. But instead of presenting him alive and glorified, it shows a dead body, the angels tugging at it and trying to drag it off. Not in that shape, we trust, did Washington go up into the skies. More enlightened views of death and resurrection, it is to be hoped, will have their plastic power over the conceptions of art. They will teach it better than to project death and corpses into the spiritual world, since we may reasonably hope to leave them in the grave-yards. So, too, we trust the angels in the pictures will dispense with their wings, which make them look as if they needed some help in passing from one *locale* to another through the atmosphere, — in fact, were not, like us, human beings, in human form, and clothed in tender though glorified humanities.

MODERN TRINITARIANISM.

THE pamphlet, the title of which is given below,* has a certain representative value from the fact that it is a reprint from a leading theological review. We have for this reason examined the statements and explanations of the writer with much interest, and have found some things which, as they may be worth the attention of those who are studying the course of religious opinion in our day, we will try to set down.

The writer, as was to have been expected, assigns to the Logos of John a hypostatic personality, coeternal with God, affirming, as against the Arians, that He was not created. So far there is nothing unusual; but passing to the next page, we find that his "hypostatic personality" was "not begotten even," and that "this idea of generation, though predicable of the Son, cannot properly be predicated of the Logos. It was only by making the Son identical with the Logos that men began to speak of the 'eternal generation' of the Word."

"We would here also remark, in reference to John's characterizing of the Logos, that nothing is said of the emanation or generation, or derived existence of the Logos, and nothing of his dependence on, or subordination to, the Father. These are the unwarranted concessions of some who, while professedly holding to the absolute equality of the Son with the Father, have yet denied it in words. Many of the early Fathers maintained that the Son existed, from all eternity, in the substance of the Father, and was begotten of that substance; so that, in the language of the Nicene creed, he was 'very God of very God,' an expression wellnigh unintelligible, and savoring more of paganism than of Christian theism. To affirm that the Logos existed, from all eternity, in the substance of the Father, and was of that substance, may be well enough; but if by the 'generation of

* Scriptural Evidence of the Deity of Christ. By REV. DAVID B. FORD, A. M., South Scituate, Mass. Reprinted from the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for July, 1860. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

the Logos,' any have meant to deny his absolute *aseitas* or self-existence and independence, then we must, in view of John's representation of the Logos, wholly dissent from that opinion. Not here, certainly, do we learn that the Father is the fountain and original of the whole Deity, or that he communicated his own divine essence to the Son. The Logos of John is no *κρίσμα*, nor *ποίημα*, nor *γέννημα* even; but the *αἰρόθεος*, the eternal and self-existent God."

We cannot but admire the boldness of the orthodox theologian who thus flies in the face of the Nicene Creed, which has heretofore at least been regarded as good Church authority upon the question of our Saviour's nature.

Again, when, in Col. i. 15, Christ is called "the first-born of every creature," we are to understand the expression of the "*incarnate* Word, the God-man." "As such, he is called the image of God, the first-born (not first-created) of every creature. The term *first-born* not only indicates a priority as to time, but also very frequently conveys the idea of superiority or excellence." "With this idea, however, there may be connected the kindred one of Christ's ante-mundane existence." So the phrase "the beginning of the creation of God" is explained by the remark that *ἀρχή*, both in classic and in Scripture Greek, has a much wider signification than our word *beginning*. It may signify "head or lord." It will be seen that by this process these texts are taken out of the list of those which are cited in proof of the Saviour's pre-existent state of glory. The element of *time* is taken out altogether.

Again, in remarking upon the clause "the Word was *with* God," the writer tells us that the Apostle has not defined the preposition "*with*." It does not point to an "outward personal fellowship." Some explain it, "the Logos was in God." So our Saviour frequently represents himself as in the Father, and the Father in him.

"Some such conception as this lay at the basis of the *λόγος ἐνδιάθετος* of the early Fathers; i. e. the unspoken word; and thus the immanent thought or reason of God. For ourselves, without desiring

to remove the distinction between the Logos and God, which is certainly implied in the text, we should wish to make *πρὸς τὸν θεόν* express, or at least not to preclude, the essential oneness of the Logos with God, and thus his consubstantiality with the Father. It were easy to explain this cause in entire harmony with Sabellianism, provided that this attractive theory could only answer the fair demands of the Christian economy. Instead, however, of doing this, it makes the plainest and soberest representations of the New Testament a pretence and a solemn farce. Adopting, therefore, the language of the creeds, we must, while not dividing the substance, be careful also not to confound the Persons. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, although this middle course, as Chrysostom long since well represented, is not without its difficulties."

Note again the following :—

"The Logos may be called the Son of God, though when thus designated, special reference is had, as we suppose, to his mediatorial and redemptive work. The only-begotten of the Father, whose glory was beheld by the disciples and the world, was the *λόγος σεσαρκωμένος*, the incarnate Word."

Also, the comment upon Phil. ii. 6 :—

"Some compare this 'form' of God to the 'image' of God, the 'express image' of his substance, and the 'effulgence' or 'reflection' of his glory (Col. i. 15 ; 2 Cor. iv. 4 ; Heb. i. 3) ; but we think these epithets are used rather of the mediatorial Logos or the historical Christ."

We wish further that our readers would ponder the following foot-note upon this sentence : "The sacred writers, in their doxologies, repeatedly ascribe to Christ glory and dominion everlasting."

"The prophecies relating to Christ declare that his throne endureth for ever and ever, that his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one which shall not be destroyed, that he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. And from the passages above quoted we learn that the redeemed on earth and in heaven ascribe to Christ honor, power, dominion, and glory for ever and ever. Only in 1 Cor.

xv. 24, 28, do we read that the Son shall finally deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, and himself become subject unto Him. This passage, standing alone in the Scriptures, is by far the most difficult one to harmonize with the fact of Christ's supreme divinity. Indeed, if the Son were here regarded as wholly identical with the Logos, we should feel obliged to yield the point in question. But the idea that the Logos, as such, is finally to become subject to the Father, cannot be entertained for a moment. The reference in these verses is manifestly to Christ as the Messiah or Mediator. When this mediatorial king shall have put all enemies under his feet (vs. 25), then the work of mediation will necessarily cease, and thus the kingdom of Christ will *ipso facto* become the kingdom of God, i. e. the Eternal Divinity will henceforth rule without a mediator. Whatever else the "subjection" spoken of may refer to, we cannot suppose that Christ will ever cease to possess that divine glory which he had with the Father before the world was, or that the saints in heaven will ever cease to ascribe glory, honor, and power to the Lamb that was slain. Indeed, the heaven of Paul and of the primitive disciples consists in their 'being ever with the Lord,' 2 Cor. v. 8; 1 Thess. iv. 17; Phil. i. 23. Marcellus of Ancyra supposed, after the manner of Sabelius, that the Logos would finally return to his original state, i. e. would cast aside the human envelope and become merged in God as he was 'in the beginning.' But what would become of the divine σάρξ (the flesh) he could not tell. We shall come, he says, to the knowledge of this only when we see face to face! See Neander, Ch. Hist., Vol. II. p. 757."

We cannot avoid asking whether dogmatism ought not to pause in view of such difficulties of interpretation, and must press the question, "To whom are we to give the glory,—to the unembodied or to the embodied Logos, to the Word which is God as Creator, Redeemer, Saviour, or to the Mediator who, in some remote age, shall be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

We are surprised at the statement on the 40th page, that "Arianism, and not Trinitarianism, was the legitimate offspring and outgrowth of Platonism." Arianism—a form of Christianity, by the way, with which we have no affinities—

seems to us as remote as possible from either the letter or the spirit of Platonism, which, as the Church fathers held, not without reason, was in some sort a schoolmaster to lead men to Christ, the Life of whose Life was unquestionably the Word that was in God, and that was God.

"Can it be," asks our author, "that all the Scriptures, all our preaching, all our religion, all our hopes of forgiveness and heaven, all our trust and our joys, and the deepest affections of our hearts converge in, and centre around, any created, finite being?" We should answer, Most certainly not about his *finiteness*. We are not saved by Jesus, — "*Cursed is the man that trusteth in man!*" — but by God in Jesus; yet it does not follow that Jesus is another God. "*God* in Christ reconciles the world unto himself." There is no God but God, and the man Christ Jesus is the Mediator.

The discourse from which we have made these extracts is plainly animated by a single and earnest love of the truth, as it has been seen by the writer. Had he contented himself with endeavoring to show that in all literalness Christ is the Image of the Invisible God, the only Way to the Father, the Son who alone reveals the Father, he would have done a good service; but, in our judgment, he has utterly failed to set forth our Lord as the Second Person in the Trinity, God the Son, — a phrase unknown to Scripture, — co-eternal and co-equal with the Father. Any such attempt will ever be, we are persuaded, an utter failure.

E.

How sublime appear the meeker features, the suffering virtues of Christ, when we think of the extraordinary elevation of his powers! The eyes which wept over Jerusalem were illuminated by the unearthly light of prophecy! The hands, the feet, nailed to the cross, had dispelled disease, and walked upon the rushing wave! That voice, pouring forth dying prayers and remembrances of sacred words, perhaps learned in childhood, providing an earthly home for her from whom he had learned them, before he could say, "It is finished," and pass peacefully to the mansions of the Father's house, — *had rebuked the storm, and called the dead out of their graves!*

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

II.

THE DREAM.

THE KING OF BABYLON.

O YE Chaldeans, ye astrologers,
 Ye sorcerers, and ye magicians, who
 Are bidden hither at your king's command,
 Lo ! I have dreamed a dream, which to recall
 Vainly my spirit toileth. Ye who boast
 The subtle power to unweave the web
 The stars have wrought with countless, tireless darts,
 On through the ceaseless ages, — ye who read
 The dim and shadowy Past, or lift the veil
 Of dark Futurity, — reveal to me
 My vision !

THE CHALDEANS.

O king, live forever ! Tell
 Thy servants of the vision thou hast dreamed,
 And its interpretation we will show !

THE KING.

It hath departed from me ! And if ye
 Will not make known to me the dream itself,
 With its interpretation, ye shall be
 Cut into pieces, and your houses made
 A dunghill ! But if ye obey, rewards
 And gifts and honors shall be yours ! Therefore,
 Tell me the dream !

THE CHALDEANS.

O mighty king ! wilt thou
 Reveal to us the vision thou hast dreamed,
 Then its interpretation we will show.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

THE KING.

If ye will not make known to me the dream,
 There is for you but one decree ; for ye
 Corrupt and lying words will speak, to gain
 A change of time ! Therefore, tell me the dream !
 Then shall I know that ye may likewise show
 The dream's interpretation !

THE CHALDEANS.

There lives not
 Upon the earth the man that can tell thee
 Thy vision ! Therefore hath no king, no lord,
 No ruler, sought so wonderful an art ;
 Neither astrologer, magician, nor
 Chaldean ever hath such art attained.
 The gods alone, whose dwelling is on high,
 And not with mortals, can show forth thy dream.

THE KING.

Then shall ye all, wise men of Babylon,
 Be slain ! Let the decree of death go forth !
 Arioch, hasten to obey my will !

DANIEL.

Blessed forever be the Name of God, —
 Jehovah ! Wisdom, Might, and Truth are His !
 He changeth times and seasons ! He doth kings
 Set up, and He removeth : it is He
 Who giveth wisdom to the wise, and He
 To them who understanding have hath taught
 Their knowledge ! He the deep and secret things
 Revealeth ! Light and Darkness dwell with Him !
 O Thou, my fathers' God ! Thee I do thank
 And praise ! For Thou to me hast given might
 And wisdom ; Thou what we desired of Thee
 Hast unto us made known, — Thou hast revealed
 To us the vanished vision of the king.
 Brothers, our father's God hath heard our prayer :

The mercies we desired of Him, in faith,
 Doth He bestow on us ! Now will I haste
 Unto Arioch, captain of the guard,
 Him whom the king hath ordered to destroy
 All the wise men of Babylon, to say,
 " Destroy not Babylon's wise men ! but bring
 Me in before the king, that I reveal
 To him his dream's interpretatio ."

PNEUMATOLOGY.*

No. II.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

THERE is reason to believe that a large number of intelligent people in Christendom — many of them members of Christian churches — have come to look upon the spiritual world as such a vague, shadowy, unsubstantial realm, that it is hardly to be admitted into the category of *real* things. And when a writer begins, in sober earnest, to treat it as a reality, and to talk of spirits, not as shadows or phantasms,

* The remarks by the Editors with which the last article on this subject was prefaced suggest the propriety of saying here, that, however Swedenborg may be referred to, and sometimes quoted, in these papers, it is never the writer's intention to appeal to him as an *authority* upon any point that may herein be discussed. Whatever be the strength of his own faith in the truth of Swedenborg's disclosures, he asks for the views that may be presented no consideration beyond what their obvious truth and rationality may fairly challenge. He claims to be the advocate of free and fearless investigation, — a friend and humble seeker of the truth, not the worshipper of any man, nor the devotee of any sect.

He wishes to say further, that, while conceding and admiring the piety and charity of many members of the nominal New Church whom it has been his privilege to know, he nevertheless believes that the true and living Church of the Lord is not confined to any religious organization or sect ; and he probably has less sympathy with — as he has a more intimate knowledge of — " Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism " than the Editors of this Magazine themselves.

but as positive entities, many of these people will begin to shrug their shoulders, and throw out sage remarks about "Dream-land," and the expediency or wisdom of sticking closely to *terra firma*. This is one of the embarrassments which a writer on Pneumatology has to encounter in the outset, — to wit, the known prevalence of a disbelief in the *reality* of a spiritual world. No doubt "Modern Spiritualism" has done considerable within the last few years towards overcoming the scepticism on this subject which has existed among Christians. Yet, in the minds of a great majority of readers, particularly the more cultivated classes, the belief in spirits and a spiritual world, as real entities, is still so feeble, that one can hardly undertake to write about them, without awakening the suspicion, at least, that he is forsaking the region of the practical and profitable, and wandering off into dream-land. But it is a great mistake to suppose that inquiry in this direction is unprofitable. On the contrary, we believe that a strong controlling faith in the realities of the spiritual world will ever be found among the most powerful quickeners of the intellect; and that clear and positive knowledge of the laws of that world, and its connection with the world in which we are now living, will prove a most efficient aid in the great work of regeneration.

But if there be a spiritual world inhabited by spirits and angels, capable, too, of having its grand realities disclosed to the eyes of one yet in the flesh, we should suppose that a truth so interesting and important would not have been permitted to rest on the testimony of any single individual. We should expect to find at least some gleams of it in all ages of the world,—nay, some general and wide-spread belief in it. For thus it is with all great truths. They are never suffered to become quite blotted out from the general intellect and heart of humanity. Some faint impression — it may be indistinct and scarcely legible at times — but some faint impression of them may be found everywhere and always. The truth may be marred, distorted, strangely perverted, —

that great truth, indeed, has not been? — but it is never entirely lost. Thus has it fared with the truth of God's own existence. Various opinions have been entertained of the true character and attributes, corresponding to the various states and conditions of human society; but in no nation and no age of the world has the idea of the existence of a God been utterly lost. So, if there be a spiritual world peopled with the spirits of those who were once dwellers in the natural here, and if it be possible for the inhabitants of that world ever to become visible to men, we should expect that a truth so important and interesting would never have been wholly out of sight of. Among different people and at different epochs we should expect it would have assumed different, and sometimes grotesque, and even monstrous forms; but through all changes, and under all its distortions, we should still expect to be able to trace some glimmerings of the truth itself. And such, precisely, is the fact. In all ages there has existed a general belief in a world of spirits, and in the *possibility* of the denizens of that world, ordinarily unseen, sometimes manifesting themselves to men in the flesh,— a belief, indeed, *in the reality* of this alleged fact. True, this belief may, as indeed it has at times, become wellnigh extinguished from the minds of individuals and even whole classes. Witness the Sadducees among the Jews of old, who maintained “that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit.” Yet the very fact here recorded, that this sect *denied* the existence of angels and spirits, warrants the conclusion that their existence was believed by the other sects. But, generally speaking, the faith of mankind in the existence of a spiritual world has been so strong and so universal, that the grossest materialism and the coldest and most sensual philosophy have not been able wholly to extinguish it. And is not the universality of this belief some evidence of its truth? And does it not justify the inference, that there must have been some well-authenticated instances of a visible manifestation of spirits to men?

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology*, — a work written expressly to disprove and ridicule all alleged appearances from the spiritual world, — admits that the belief in the possibility of such appearances, and even in the fact that there have been open communications with that world, is almost universal. Thus he says : —

“ The general, or, it may be termed, *the universal*, belief of the inhabitants of the earth in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution ; but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. But the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals. These spirits in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. To multitudes, the indubitable fact that so many millions of spirits exist around and even among us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other able to communicate with the world of humanity.”

And yet this learned author undertakes to show that open communication of spirits with men is a thing intrinsically impossible. And well he may, after defining a spirit to be something which “ has neither substance, form, shape, voice, or anything which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties.” In other words, it is an undefinable, unimaginable — nothing. Yet this is probably not far from the popular *theological* definition of a spirit. But how such

ure *nonentities* can be supposed to feel any interest in human affairs, or to exert any influence upon them, or how they can be *numerically* described, the great story-teller does not inform us.

Not long ago our eye fell upon an able article in the North British Review, in which the writer, after alluding to the belief, "in all ages and in every country," that "spirits occasionally visit or revisit the earth, making themselves sensible to people yet in the flesh," adds: "It is upon the records of such apparitions, indeed, that it rests its claims as a part of the popular creed of the world." And he further says, that "not only did Plato, Pliny, Henry Moore, Matthew Hale, Samuel Johnson, Addison, and a host of other worthies, believe in such appearances, but there is actually a band of living authors on the subject." And among these he mentions the distinguished names of Passavant, Eschenmayer, Ennenoser, Stilling, Kerner, and Schubert, who, he says, "have all investigated this shadowy question in the character of believers." The same writer speaks of the gradual decline of this once universal faith in spirits and their possible manifestation to men, which he attributes to the influence of the experimental and sensuous philosophy of the eighteenth century.

"The Saddusaic spirit gained a decided and all but supreme ascendancy over the mind of Europe in the course of the last century. Even those faithful souls who continued to hold by the mysteries of Christianity, and still more those who only thought they did or pretended to do so, acquired the habit of calling everything to the bar of concrete experience. Rationalism became the spirit of all criticism. Positivism was the exclusive methodology of the age. Wonders ceased, for everything was to be explained on natural principles. . . . This bringing down of every asserted thing to the measure of the sensuous experience of the age was easily put in execution upon ghostly apparitions. They were spectral illusions, they were coincidences, they were peculiar

dreams, they were this and they were that. One thing was certain, at least, they were not ghosts. In fine, it became a mark of vulgarity to suppose for a moment they could be spirits. Accordingly it is true, that, to the present hour, very few people can find courage enough to raise the question ! ”

Yet this writer himself appears to have no settled belief in the reality of spirits, and, of course, none in the possibility of their being ever seen by mortals. He does not pretend to deny the alleged *phenomena*, though he is much perplexed to find a satisfactory explanation of them. For, without propounding any theory of his own, he rejects alike “ the spectre theory,” as he terms it, of medical men, which ascribes the phenomena to some peculiar “ physiological condition of the brain, spinal cord, and nervous system,” and “ the ghost theory ” of the spiritualists, which maintains that these appearances are substantial entities ; and he calls Swedenborg “ that greatest, purest, most accomplished, and most philosophical of hallucinators.”

Probably no man ever devoted more time and careful study to the investigation of the beliefs of various ages and nations on this subject, than Professor Jung Stilling. And this distinguished metaphysician says : “ All nations, that are in any degree cultivated, possess the fundamental idea of God, *of a world of spirits*, and of the immortality of the soul. *All agree* in this pure and abstract idea. But from whence have they derived it ? Naturally, by a revelation of God, of the world of spirits, and by apparitions of deceased individuals, which they had either learned from their forefathers or experienced themselves.” (Theory of Pneumatology, p. 137.)

Of similar purport is the following, which Johnson, in his “ Rasselas,” puts into the mouth of the sage Imlac : “ That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom appari-

ions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth ; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible." And Addison affirms the universality of this belief, in the following language, which occurs in one of the numbers of the Spectator : " I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact." (Spec., No. 110, Friday, July 6, 1711.)

Nor is it true, what some would have us believe, that this faith has been strongest among ignorant and barbarous nations, and in the least refined and cultivated periods of human history. So far from it, the opposite is nearer the truth. Where do we find it most prevalent and deep-rooted in the hearts of the people this day ? Undoubtedly in Sweden, Scotland, and Germany,—countries where are to be found the most highly educated and religious people on the face of the earth. It was, too, during the most brilliant period of English literature, that this faith was deepest and most pervading in Great Britain ; and it found its clearest and truest expression in the songs of her most enlightened and gifted bards. How often does it reveal itself in the plays of that great prince of dramatists, which are acknowledged to contain not less of truth than of poetry ! Angels, spirits, ghosts, and apparitions are mentioned by him with the greatest familiarity, as things that everybody believed in. The spirits of departed friends are spoken of as angels, and as exercising a guardian care over those they have loved on earth. Thus, in Hamlet, Laertes says of his deceased sister :

"Lay her i' the earth ; —
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A *ministering angel* shall my sister be
 When thou liest howling."

And Falstaff, in Henry IV., speaks of "a *good angel* about the boy ;" and the Chief Justice says to Falstaff :

"You follow the young prince up and down
 Like his *ill angel*."

And not only does Shakespeare often speak of invisible spirits, good or evil, as attendant on men, but he as often speaks of the spirits of the departed at times rendering themselves visible. And not only are they represented as seen and spoken to on several occasions by men in the flesh, but they are more than once introduced among the *Dramatis Personæ*, as acting a part in the play. Thus, in *Winter's Tale*, Antigonus says :

"I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
 May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
 Appeared to me last night ; — for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So filled, and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay ; thrice bowed before me."

And then he goes on to relate what the spirit of Hermione said, what she requested him to name the child, and how she disappeared. Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Brutus says :

"The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
 Two several times by night ; at Sardis once ;
 And this last night, here in Philippi fields."

And when the ghost of the murdered Banquo appears at the feast prepared for noble lords, the startled Macbeth addresses himself to the apparition, and cries :

"Av aunt ! and quit my sight !"

So, again, in Hamlet. The ghost of Hamlet's father appears several times, "in the same figure like the king that's dead," and is seen by several persons. And on one occasion Horatio addresses it : —

"What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee, speak.
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O speak!"

And although the ghost does not speak, yet afterwards, when seen by Hamlet himself, he answers his inquiry, and says :

"Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

But this, it is said, is all fiction, — the mere coining of a poet's brain. And it is true. But is it not the coining of a poet who saw things with no ordinary eyes and by no ordinary light? — of a poet who knew that in every fiction which enlists the sympathies and moves the hearts of men there is and must be a solid substratum of truth? Full well knew this gifted child of song, that in introducing these things into his stories he was confining himself strictly within the realm of the possible, — that he was relating nothing which, in itself, was absurd or intrinsically impossible. He knew that he was appealing to a faith deep-seated and all but universal in the heart of humanity. Had he given us a picture of men or horses equipped with wings, and coursing through the air, of trees walking or of stones speaking, we should have regarded such things as simply ridiculous.

Then see how deep and all-pervading was this faith among the Greeks and Romans, those most enlightened nations of

antiquity. Grant that in their theory of Pneumatology there mingled many grains of error, — that it was the truth greatly distorted. But for all that, who can tell how much the intellect of those nations was quickened by this faith in the reality of a spiritual world, or how much their orators, poets, and artists owed to it their highest and best inspiration. A writer in the *Biblical Repository*, a few years ago, treating upon this subject, remarked: “The Greek was intellectually great, because of his strong, living faith in the reality of a spiritual world, something more enduring, more excellent than earth. From that source he derived whatever was excellent in his character, whatever was great in his achievements. That faith enabled him to make the marble speak, and the canvas breathe; and that was the Castalian fount where his spirit drank the inspiration of poetry. He saw, it must be admitted, a dim, distorted shadow, but it was cast from the true substance; it was a faint reflection from that light so clearly revealed in the Bible.”

And the same writer, raising the inquiry as to the source of such belief among the ancient Greeks, further remarks: “Was this a dream, a mere fiction? Or may we refer this spiritual supervision of earthly things, this mingling of good and evil spirits in human affairs, to some source in the region of truth? Is this simply a corruption of some important doctrine, — some revelation once made by God to man? We have no doubt that the latter is true, and that, in all the lesser deities of the ancient world, in the good and evil spirits that swarmed in air or walked the earth, we have but a monstrous corruption of an original truth, one of the most beautiful and interesting doctrines of Scripture, the ministration of angels.” And after referring to the characteristics of our own age, and to the sad want of “a strong controlling faith in the realities of the spiritual world,” which the writer thinks is so apparent everywhere, he pertinently asks: “Are we not in danger of forgetting that the presence and power of that false system which once ruled the nations

demonstrate *the existence* of a spiritual world, which is not a falsehood, but a solemn and enduring reality? ” *

We say, then, that there has hitherto existed a general and almost universal belief in the reality of a world of spirits, not manifest to our natural senses, but which nevertheless may be, and sometimes has been, to a limited extent disclosed to the view of mortals. Judging, therefore, from the *consensus gentium universalis*, there is certainly nothing impossible or improbable in Swedenborg's alleged intercourse with the spiritual world. It is not opposed to, but quite in harmony with, the prevailing faith of mankind in all ages and nations. And is it to be believed — *can it be possible* — that a belief so universal as this has, after all, no solid foundation in reality? If the fact that all nations, in all ages, have believed in the existence of a God, be deemed a strong argument in proof of His existence, then is not the equally universal belief in the existence of invisible human spirits, and their occasional manifestation to men, an equally strong argument in favor of its truth?

But it is one thing to be convinced of the existence of a world of spirits, and of the *possibility* of a disclosure of its great realities, and quite another thing to be convinced that such a disclosure has actually been made. One who cheerfully concedes the former may, without the least inconsistency, resolutely deny the latter. And we are not morally bound to accept either, save upon what seems to us clear and adequate evidence. *Is* there any such evidence that the realities of the spirit world have been laid open? We will see.

B. F. B.

Orange, N. J., Aug. 29, 1860.

* Bib. Repos. for July, 1845, pp. 392, 398, 399.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.*

A SERMON BY REV. GUSTAV REICHE.

LUKE vi. 37. — "Forgive, so shall ye be forgiven."

THE forgiveness of sins consists in being delivered from them, — therefore in a change wrought out in man, and not in a change of the feelings of God towards man. *God is unchangeable!* As every man, whether good or bad, is surrounded by the light and warmth of the natural sun, so is every man closed around by the truth and love of the Lord, who in his unbounded love and his everlasting mercy wills not that any should perish. It is not the displeasure of the Lord that forms the wall of separation between him and mankind; but *our own sins divide us and our God from each other*. Because errors ever arising from our selfish lives form dark, obscuring clouds, which will not allow the friendly light and beneficial warmth of the *ever-shining Sun of Grace* to come to our perceptions with its blessed influence, and because, according to the laws of the eternal, divine order, sins, which are spiritual disorder, must have their melancholy results in relation to spiritual things, just as disorder in the natural life cannot be without its melancholy and disastrous consequences: thus it appears in the sins of the living man as if the Lord had turned his face away from him, and was angry with him. This natural and material manner of regarding things causes the idea that the forgiveness of sins consists in the alteration of the inclinations of God towards man. The Lord is near to every man with his forgiving grace.

The man who is filled with love of the world and self-love would employ himself incessantly in acts of the extremest ill-will and cruelty towards others, and thus plunge himself into the most intolerable misery, were he not constantly withheld

* Translated from *Der Monat Schrift der Neuen Kirche*, published at Baltimore by Rev. O. Brickman. It unfolds the doctrine of forgiveness with great plainness and simplicity. — Eds.

by the wise and loving Providence of the Lord, as far as this can act, leaving the freedom of his will untouched. To this end the very worldly and selfish love of the self-seeking man himself must serve. Does not such an one avoid doing *outward* evil, which the Lord regards as a small thing? Does not he who loves only himself and the world do good *outwardly*, in order to gain thereby honor and worldly advantages? Are not many persons restrained from committing crimes from fear of punishment? Does not the selfish, sinful nature of such men bind them as with iron chains, so that they do not rush openly into the most frightful sins, and so into the deepest ruin?

Is not this the loving and wise ordination of the Lord? Thus even to these men is the Lord a merciful redeemer; for he constantly preserves them from the worst outbreaks of their sinful being, and holds them back from rushing into the deepest and most intolerable misery.

But this is, however, only an outward forgiveness, because with such men the Lord with his pardoning mercy must stand without. Such men do not live in a state of grace; not, as the old unfounded and irrational doctrine deduces, because the Lord withdraws his mercy from them, but because they will not open the *door* of their *hearts* to receive the grace which is standing without and *knocking*; estranging themselves wholly from it, *because they love darkness better than light*.

We rejoice in the true inward forgiveness of our sins when we listen to the voice of divine truth, i. e. when the light of divine truth exhibits and holds up to us as a sin against the Lord our own selfishness, variously manifested in action, and when we flee from it and subdue it as sinful. When we fight against and conquer the sins which have become manifest to us, we struggle and conquer as if we performed from ourselves, and by our own strength, this spiritual labor, but it is done in truth by the power of the Lord within us. By ourselves we can do this as little as our self-love, which is our own property, can perform works of pure disinterested

love. The divine truth enters into us, and conceals from us our evil and false state;—and it is left free to us whether we will come to this light or not. If we incline to the truth, we receive it into our desires, and so into the will, because the desires belong to the will. In this manner, the Lord can by his truth form within us a new conscience or will, out of which new will we can fight against and conquer the evil within us. Thus we conquer as if from ourselves; but in truth it is the Lord who is the conqueror within us, whose aid we have implored to give us victory in the contest. The Lord is not only the conqueror over our sins, but it is he also who withholds us from them through eternity, filling our purified being with his love and truth. Thus is the Lord the *Saviour* and *Forgiver* of our *sins* and *errors*; thus we come into the *favor* of the *Lord*, and may live in it, because that which before stood without shares our very being with us, and thus, as the Apostle says, we become partakers of the Divine nature. The same Apostle means just this when he says: “*Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.*”

This forgiveness is granted to us only in the same measure as we forgive our fellow-men. In exact agreement with our text, the Lord says in Matt. vi. 14, 15: “If ye forgive unto men their sins, so will your Heavenly Father likewise forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses.” Thus it is only our own selfish nature which is not ready to forgive the sins of our fellow-creatures,—which stands in the way of the forgiveness of our own sins.

We should never call sin virtue, nor virtue sin;—we should also call every sin by its right name. But whenever we approach our erring neighbor with sharp, cutting words, and with contemptuous judgments, and, because we do not commit exactly the same faults, imagine ourselves far above him, we are in truth not only not better than him whom we thus condemn, but in most cases we are even worse than he.

It is only self-love, which always exalts itself above others, which is capable of such condemnation ; for if a man did not conceive of himself as *peculiarly good*, such disparaging thoughts would neither arise within him, nor pass from his lips in words. If we would only listen to the truth aright, we should at once perceive that exactly this loveless condemnation is the beam in our eyes ; for by the beam is signified our own self-righteous goodness, in which man always thinks himself exalted over others, and seeks to exhibit this his self-conceived goodness by unloving severity of criticism and contemptuous judgments of his erring fellow-creature. Even if we were outwardly entirely free from fault, we should commit in such judgments the very sin of sins. For however earnestly the man may try to persuade himself and others that his proud fault-finding and condemnation is a zealous love for goodness and truth, yet this conduct of his is in fact only the offspring of his self-love, in consequence of which he looks eagerly into the faults of others, in order to have something which he can tread under foot, and by which he can show, according to his own inmost belief, how excellent he is, and how highly he rises above his neighbor. The man who receives into himself the true love of the Lord, never seeks to make a show of his own love of goodness by his unkind and severe condemnation of his fellow-man, of which only self-love is capable ; — rather will he, even when the wrong-doer has acted as a bitter enemy towards him, manifest his pity for him, and his love of goodness, by such diligent acts, both of word and deed, as might help to restore the guilty man, or by which, if the criminal is a declared enemy of the truth, he may not be excited by any bitter or violent reproach to devising revengeful retaliation, and so plunging himself into greater evil. Let us persuade ourselves as much as we will that we are only zealous for good for the sake of goodness, yet is our outwardly correct conduct, and our horror which we express against crime, only a Pharisaic hypocrisy, if we judge our erring neighbor in

a proud, condemnatory, loveless manner, and thus inwardly raise ourselves above others. Besides, we can never rightly understand the inward condition of the sinner; this can only be seen by the Lord, — the heart-searcher of all men. The man may have been led by various misconceptions to his unrighteous conduct, without having at the same time any *malicious intention*. It is also often necessary that what is in the man should be made manifest by various circumstances, in order that he may learn to perceive it in its true light, and thus learn humility and become better; for no improvement is possible for a man when he is ignorant of himself. The sinner is not for this to be justified in his wrong-doing, still less should he justify himself; but instead of rejecting him and trampling him in the dust by our unloving condemnation, we should endeavor to win him by forgiving love, as did the Lord, whom we should endeavor to follow with all men. But if in such cases we judge as did the often-referred-to Pharisee, in a cold and unloving manner, we are not only faulty like him whom we thus condemn, but we are really worse than he, in spite of all our outward, more favorable appearance; for we commit exactly by this *unloving judgment* the sin of sins. Here we may apply the words spoken by the Lord to the scribes and Pharisees: "Whoremongers and adulterers shall sooner enter the kingdom of God than ye."

As far as this selfish nature rules within us, which is far from the forgiving and winning love of our fellow-man, so far are we incapable of rejoicing in the inward forgiveness of our own sins; for this self-righteousness is the sin which separates us and our God from each other, and which cannot be forgiven us nor removed from us, so long as we live and adhere to it. Divine truth reveals to us this selfish nature, which is far from the forgiving and persuading love of our fellow-man, as a sin; and only in so far as we flee from and subdue this sin in the manner above described, can it be forgiven to us. Hence, "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

When we are tempted, in our own self-exaltation, in order to show our apparent zeal for goodness, to scourge the failings of our neighbor with a *contemptuous* and *rejecting severity*; when we have eyes only for the failings of our brother, and allude to them inconsiderately on every occasion, out of apparent zeal for virtue; when we feel ourselves impelled to reprove our brother in a haughty, superior, and commanding tone; — then we have reason to stand still, and open our ear to the divine truth which says to us that this is not zeal for goodness, but rather the self-righteous, loveless, Pharisaic judgment, — the sin of all sins. If we hear this truth with an ear which is willing to listen, it will make us free; for we shall then struggle with its aid against our unforgiving spirit, and turn towards the persuading and forgiving love of our brethren. This is the only way in which we can receive the pardon of our own sins. But in the opposite case, by hardening ourselves in judging with the *beam* in our eye, we go farther and farther into the self-condemning, self-deceiving condition of a *blind Pharisaism*, in which we confirm ourselves firmly and steadfastly, as did the Pharisees of old, in the opinion that *we alone see the right*, and that it would be well if *all men were only as we* are. In this case, as the Lord says, our sins must remain with us. “Only when we forgive, can we be forgiven.”

We mistake greatly, when we think, as is commonly supposed, that our forgiveness consists in the pardoning of offences committed against us, which we remit to the offender when he perceives his injustice, and expresses to us in any way his desire for forgiveness. Strictly speaking, no man can sin against us, for all sin is against the Lord, as is declared in the Psalms: “*Against thee alone, O Lord, have I sinned.*” Only our self-love feels *personally* wounded, and demands satisfaction for the soothing of its pride. That obedience and respect to the truth and to all that is good should be rendered by all, we must desire and wish from love to God and man. The righteous man will also willingly acknowledge an

injury committed against a man, although he intended only good, as an injurious act. But if we desire, when our self-love is encroached upon, that the offender shall first humble himself before us, and thus satisfy our pride and vanity, before we can forgive him, according to the common phrase, then we need as much the forgiveness of our own sins, as he who is forced to bow before us ; and so long as we require such concessions, our own sins cannot be forgiven us. If the love and truth of the Lord ruled over our whole will and understanding, and we did good according to them in pure disinterested love, then we should not feel ourselves *personally* injured, nor should we, in the flaming fire of injured self-love, hurl around poisonous, wrath-exciting condemnations, when they say *all manner of evil* against us. In all such cases we should go on quietly and undisturbed in the fulfilment of our duties, firmly convinced that such attacks cannot really hurt us, because all evil and all error must at last be brought to shame in the presence of goodness and truth. We shall then see also, that those who oppose us in this manner, instead of injuring us, fight against themselves, to their own injury ; for the man who takes pleasure only in attacking others, in slandering and condemning them, in endeavoring to bring them trouble and inward suffering, is acting from a horrible, demoniac principle, through which he will finally, if he does not repent while here, be condemned to the infernal fire of the unspeakably painful, ever-burning devil of his selfish nature. Therefore the injured man, if he is a Christian in deed and truth, cannot possibly hate such a man, but will heartily compassionate him ; he will seek to do him good in preserving love, by the truth, and by every means in his power, and for this reason will carefully abstain from all passionate recriminations, in order, as far as in him lies, not to excite his anger again, and so force him into a closer union with hell. This is to follow the Lord, — “to forgive as he forgives, so that we may be forgiven.”

This forgiving and yearning love is, however, as was shown

love, not from ourselves, but it is the love of the Lord in us! Therefore we should not ascribe to ourselves even this forgiveness, but to *the Lord alone, who is therefore, in the richest truth, the only Redeemer*. If, then, we forgive rightly, we shall ascribe all goodness to the Lord, and regard ourselves only as his instruments; and the more we do this, the more can be forgiven us, — the higher can we rise in the heavenly life, — with the deeper, the more inward consciousness of the truth, can we speak the words of the Apostle, "Our conversation is in heaven." What a depth of Divine wisdom, pointing out to us the way of life, lies in the words, *Forgive, so shall ye be forgiven.*"

THE DIVINE FREEDOM.*

THERE are two methods by which we may form a conception of the Deity. First, we may start from the idea of an finite Being, and continue our analysis until we arrive at a still less positive result than Mr. Parker in his Discourse (pp. 156, 157), or are obliged, with the author of the Essay on Intuitive Morals (pp. 165, 166), to solve the contradiction between Foreknowledge and Freedom by annihilating the one; until we are compelled to consider the Divine mind working in a manner entirely different from ours; until our conception of his justice informs us that there ought to be no sin, — of his mercy, that there ought to be no suffer-

* A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion. By THEODORE PARKER. Third Edition. Boston. 1847.

Nature and the Supernatural. By HORACE BUSHNELL.

An Essay on Intuitive Morals, being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I. Theory of Morals. American Edition.

Discourse before the University in Cambridge, at the Dudleian Lecture, 14th March, 1821. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING. Works, Vol. III.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. An Essay. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. The New Testament.

ing,—of his impartiality, that there ought to be no difference in the endowments and circumstances of rational beings.

Secondly, we may start from the phenomena cognizable through the senses and consciousness, and inquire what sort of a Being a comprehensive survey of the facts of the universe, the events which history records, and the spiritual qualities of man, will suggest.

The object of this paper is to employ the second method with reference to the relation of the Deity to the physical forces of the universe. The statement of the three current theories in respect to the connection of a personal God with the material world, will present the points at issue, and show the importance of the discussion.

First, there is the theory that the inherent properties of matter and spirit and the rule of law suffice for all the phenomena which we perceive. According to this view, the Deity, far back in the remote ages, set certain forces at work, which by their mutual co-operation and equipoise have produced the existing order of nature, and will produce whatever may come to pass. He put forth his creative energy, and formed matter and the laws which govern it. He set in operation gravitating, electric, chemical, and vital agencies, and then left them to manufacture the various events and processes which have taken place since the beginning of the world. He annexed different properties to different kinds of matter, giving fluidity to water, plasticity to clay, heat and light to the sun's rays, and so on through all the qualities belonging to the various substances around us; and it is believed these qualities are retained without any further exertion of the Divine power. As when the workman on steel has furnished a main-spring with the conditions of its elasticity, and the watchmaker has made, arranged, and wound up the mechanism of a timepiece, it goes without his superintendence, so the universe, after the creation of its materials, the establishment of its forces, the bestowment of its qualities, and the enactment of its laws, performs its

operations independently of its Creator's energy and volition. It has powers delegated to itself sufficient for the performance of all its functions. This may be called the Deistic theory of the connection of God with the world.

Secondly, we have the Theistic theory, which admits that a law is nothing without an executive force behind it, and affirms the present power of God in all the changes that are each moment taking place, but asserts that He works always according to uniform methods and definite rules. The mechanical and spiritual forces of the universe are the wheels within wheels, but have a living spirit which works through them, and in no other way. These forces are so combined and adjusted as to produce the greatest amount of good on the whole, but occasionally the individual must suffer. Gravitation will not only hold our structures and ourselves to the earth, but sometimes breaks our limbs and ruins our dwellings. Fire, water, and electricity will not only serve, but destroy. What is for the general good will sometimes, according to this theory, prove destructive to the individual. By the penalties which he suffers, he is made to search more diligently into the limitations that surround him, and to conduct himself according to the regulations established by the Divine will; but nothing is changed in pity of his distress, or in answer to his petitions. The heavens are brass over his head. A relentless fate presses him on every side. The individual is lost in the whole. Supplicatory prayer, under this view, is not veritable asking and receiving, not even a "spiritual self-excitation," but a form as foolish and hollow as petitions addressed to a tornado or locomotive. Providence is merely the upholding in activity of the forces and properties that were first created. Its care for the individual is only like that of a good machine, which assists when rightly used, but rends and crushes those who, through ignorance or carelessness, obstruct its movement.

Under both these mechanical theories of the universe,

one of these three conclusions is unavoidable: either the Deity is not perfect in holiness and goodness,—or he fails in carrying out his designs,—or else physical and moral evil are not really evil, but a means of good. If the Deity, with foreknowledge, established those agencies that are active in the world, and designed them to produce a particular result, not only is our action, being previously determined, wholly out of our own choice, but God is responsible for all the sin and misery that have ever happened or ever will happen. He who plans, manufactures, and keeps a machine in motion, is responsible for its effects. If, too, the powers first created were sufficient in their evolution to accomplish all that has taken place since their establishment, we can look for no subsequent interference on the part of the Deity; no constant connection between him and the events of history and the soul of man; no revelation of him through holy men; no redemptive agency exerted through Christ for repairing effects which the Creator himself had produced. Sin, responsibility, pardon, Divine influence and aid, become illusions, false ideas, designed to promote the improvement and progress of mankind.

Thirdly, in opposition to these theories, the Christian view of the connection of God with the universe represents the Deity, not as afar off in a distant heaven, resting from his labors and idly enjoying the magnificent spectacle of the Cosmos, but as livingly present in elaborating, by his intelligence, power, and will, the lily's beautiful array, as is the artist who depicts it in colors, or forms it in wax, or chisels it in marble. With such a discrimination between physical and moral laws (evinced in his words in respect to the man born blind and to those on whom the tower of Siloam fell) as was peculiarly foreign to the notions of the age in which he lived, he still had a deeper sense of God's intimate connection with the world and with man than had ever arisen, even in a people who considered themselves as special objects of Jehovah's protection and care. Jesus taught a natural

and a supernatural connection of God with the world,—a natural one operating under general laws, a supernatural one coexisting with natural forces and controlling them for the highest ultimate good of each creature that he has made. *The natural and the supernatural spring equally and directly from the will of God.* There is a present display of his power just as much, though not as striking to us, in the growing tree, as if by a voice from heaven he should call it into immediate existence fully grown and perfectly formed. It requires *power* to produce gradual change, as well as immense instantaneous effects. The builder must be alike present and active, whether he erects his fabric timber by timber, or raises a whole side at once.

Let us now inquire what bearing the testimony of the senses and of consciousness has upon what we have termed—somewhat arbitrarily, perhaps—the Deistic, Theistic, and Christian theories of the universe.*

It is sometimes said that we cannot conceive of the interruption by the Deity of the uniform laws of the natural world. But is this so? While we conceive of moral laws as binding the Deity with the same absolute sway as they bind ourselves, we regard him as entirely free in respect to those natural forces which are the recognized modes of his activity. What is the aim of this unchanging uniformity of nature? While we perceive in its steady, unchanging order a benevolent provision for our discipline, action, and progress, what prevents us from having a faith in a power above nature, caring for the individual and causing all things to work together for his good? What prevents the Deity from operating in the universe by an unbroken chain of causes and effects, and at the same time introducing direct agencies to accomplish ends for which existing forces do not

* For the distinction here made between Deism and Theism, see Herzog's Reel Encyclopädie, Art. *Deismus*, by Sechler, 1855, as quoted by James Martineau, in "Church Life? or Sect Life? a Second Letter to the Rev. S. F. Macdonald, in Reply to the Critics of the First," pp. 20, 21. London, 1859.

provide? Because God works through regular methods, which may be enounced in laws, is it not possible for him to work otherwise, meeting special cases by special action? What forbids belief "in an agency of God undiscernible by man in the particular instances of its operation, which is apart from, and, if I may so speak, lies behind, the ordinary concatenation of causes and effects, that alone fall under our cognizance, and which veils it from our view, but an agency by which the condition of God's creatures in this world is continually affected?" (Dr. Andrews Norton.) The Deity adheres to the uniformity of nature, — not from necessity, but because this uniformity is suited to accomplish his purposes. If these can be advanced by a different mode of action, it is obviously reasonable that he should break through his ordinary methods, and thus promote in a higher degree the object for whose advancement these methods were designed. Nor does this supernatural action presuppose any imperfection in the working of the causes which God has set in operation, or that the Architect of the universe is obliged to provide for unforeseen deficiencies and contingencies. It is not that the divinely ordained laws of nature operate imperfectly, but because it pleases God, in addition to the blessings which these afford, to bestow such other benefits as from time to time are best suited to the wants of the individual or the race. It has become a recognized principle in human government, whether exercised in the family, school, or state, that the exactions of the law should be adjusted to the conditions of the subject. The juvenile culprit is sent to the reform-school for offences which in mature years would bring him to prison. The discreet teacher does not hold over each child the same unbending system, but, according to his wisdom, meets the intellectual and moral disposition of each pupil with suitable appliances. A parent may establish certain regulations for his family, — may form such a system that each child may know the moment when the time of rising or retiring will come five

years hence, with almost as much confidence, supposing life and health to remain, as the astronomer predicts sunrise and sunset. The disobedient, careless, idle, and deceitful may look for punishment with as much certainty as he who falls from a height may expect bruises, or he that thrusts his hand into the fire may anticipate burning. There may be regulations stimulating them to industry, and rewards distributed according to fixed principles, so that each child may understand what his diligence and good behavior will gain. All the affairs of the household may move with the exactness of clock-work or of the solar system, so that an acquaintance may be able to surmise, with a considerable degree of certainty, what will be the next step adopted in the training of his children. But behind all this established law and order will be the wise parent, providing for the peculiar disposition of each child, giving, withholding, and influencing according to his free choice, carrying on the government of his family both through regulations that he may have framed before a single child was intrusted to his care, and still, through his constant supervision, meeting present contingencies with appropriate action. Thus he will educate one child by one method, and another by another; and though, what never occurs in fact, his children should naturally be exactly alike, he might be wise enough to employ different methods for each, and still do what is for the highest good of them all. By and by in such a family a son becomes of age, or a daughter is removed to another home. These events are met by the special action of the parent adapted to each case. Undoubtedly, if he is wise and good, he will be guided by fixed principles, upon which you may depend to a certain degree; but the *mode* of his action will not be determined by these principles, and will often be affected by the child's peculiar wants, and by his wishes and requests. Or, suppose that, acting according to these steady, definite methods, the children repose in the methods themselves, and see in them no traces of paternal goodness and no call for

gratitude. What more natural than for a wise parent to interrupt the former modes in which his love and concern for his children have appeared, and, by new and striking manifestations, arouse their attention and make his character more evident? Such a step would disturb the regular order of things, would be contrary to the surmise of his acquaintances and children; but on this very account, by the very surprise it would excite, by the determination and desire for their good which such an effort would disclose, it would most effectually accomplish his design. Precisely analogous to this course we may regard the dealings of the Infinite Father with his human family. Just as in his creative acts he called animals into existence adapted to the current geological period, so, in his moral discipline, he has sent teachers into the world, has overruled events, brought particular departments of culture to perfection in particular nations, and made revelations of himself just suited to the wants of the human race. "At sundry times and in divers manners he spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, but hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." In the Hebrew nation, by inspiring it with the idea of God's unity, sovereignty, holiness, and close connection with earthly affairs, he established a foundation for the universal religion of Christ. In the Greeks he brought expression of thought and beauty to perfection, and in the ruins of the Roman state furnished materials out of which to form modern codes and politics, as the Italians build their dwellings from the marbles of deserted palaces and temples. Do we see no finger of Providence in the invasion of the Northern barbarians, purging out the corruption of Southern Europe, and introducing the elements of human equality and respect for woman into the civilization of the world? In those mysterious yearnings that drove Columbus from one sneering court to another, until he set sail westward with his undecked vessels, do we see no promptings of a Wisdom opening a new continent where

crowded Europe could send its adventurers, and where a new civilization, untrammelled by the past, and yet availing itself of all its experience and teachings, could take root? The course of history alone, if it does not prove the Divine freedom, admitting of supernatural interposition in human affairs, at least makes it probable. We may reasonably infer that other forces may be introduced to modify the action of those now existing, and, as the development of mankind proceeds, such modes of the Divine manifestation take place as shall be adapted to human wants.

A prominent, if not the chief object in the constitution of the world, is the development and cultivation of man's spiritual nature. If this object can be best attained by departing from the ordinary method of Divine action, and by plainly revealing to man a power above nature, as well as upholding it, what reason can be given why this should not be done? Because the modes in which the forces of the universe act are called laws, they are not therefore legally binding, so that the Deity must produce their effects through their operation and in no other way. Thus, when Christ, through the power given him by the Father, heals a paralytic or a leper by a word, he does not violate the laws of healing, but performs in another way the cure that might result from their action. The virtue that is attached, through the will of God, to certain remedial substances, is through the same will attached to Christ. If it is by the will and the present, sustaining energy of God that each object possesses its various qualities, what prevents his showing that these qualities are dependent on him, by annexing them to something else, as, for example, to the will of Christ, thus demonstrating by our Saviour's command over the forces of nature, and his causation of effects which naturally result from the qualities of various substances, that he was sent from God, and that these qualities and forces are manifestations of the Divine activity in the world? The same voluntary power which makes the body sink in water is able to sustain it on the

surface, or that causes certain conditions to produce disease, can counteract their energy. The miracle, proceeding from a fresh exertion of that power which spake light out of darkness, and from emptiness and chaos brought a beautiful world, testifies to the living presence of the Deity and his continued interest in the world which he has made. We can conceive of no mental state to which miracles are impossible, except that which cuts nature off from God, and gives gravitation, electricity, and the various physical, vital, and spiritual conditions that exist about us, a separate existence from the continual action of the Divine will and the omnipresence of God's active power. All the testimony which goes to establish miracles as historical facts, as well as the course of history, confirms our faith in the free supernatural activity of God.

The researches of the geologist furnish additional evidence to the same truth. We find that at different periods in the world's formation different species of animals were introduced, adapted to the state of things then existing, and that some of these species have now completely vanished from the earth. We find there must have been successive creations of animals and plants, and this not merely in one centre, but in many. We find there was a period when the present race of beings could not have existed a moment on the earth. How could any one of them have been called into existence, and, especially, how could the relation between man and the lower animals have been effected, without the operation of agencies, tokens of whose present action we can now nowhere behold? Shall we not say that God acted freely in bringing the world into a condition for man, and then by a creative act in putting man upon it? And if so in this case, why not constantly in others which shall provide for the welfare and training of the beings he has created?

Again, the Divine freedom is deducible from the freedom of man. If the finite creature has the power of choice, how much more the Infinite Creator! The Deity may have a range of freedom corresponding as much to his sphere of

action, as the parent who regulates his family by a system of fixed rules possesses in his. We need not limit the Divine Wisdom by supposing it not to have many ways equally good, any one of which may be employed for the benefit of his creature. He assumes too much who says of any event, that God could not have caused it not to happen without interfering with the natural order of things by *open* miraculous interposition. He may often work secretly through natural forces, controlling them to execute his will. A man, in the healthy action of his powers, can say of any voluntary deed that he has performed, "I could have done it or not, as I chose." Shall God be more limited in his freedom than man? Outside of this domain of law which is necessary for the education of his finite creatures, shall there not be a margin for the Divine tenderness to come in and bestow unexpected blessings? If part of our lives results from organic tendencies, and is determined by external motives, and part is above nature, is supernatural, coming from our power to choose freely, may not God's action be partly through fixed laws, and partly through such other methods as he sees fit to adopt?

Further, the free activity of God is called for, to meet the freedom of man. Over man's righteous or evil choice there must be an agent, making good exertions effective, and counteracting and overruling the bad. Man's evil choice is met by God's freely given remedy. Man abuses his freedom by falling into sin. God uses his freedom to make such a revelation of himself, and to send such agencies into the world, as shall recall mankind from evil, and replace the innocence of the childhood of humanity by the rugged virtue of mature manhood.

Finally, the heart instinctively cries out for a living God; for a Father who pities, approves, hears, loves, reclaims, and sanctifies; for a Being unfettered by the physical laws according to which he accomplishes the ordinary operations of nature, and capable of attaining by other methods the same results. There may be those who will take up the words of

Heinrich Heine, — “I am no child; I do not want a Heavenly Father any more;” — but we believe they are rarely to be found. The freshest, most inspired feeling of the heart is, that God is a Divine Friend, full of benevolent emotions, and acting freely from them. The universal yearning of human nature bears witness to a Being who is at least as unfettered by the laws of the universe as we ourselves.

The bearing of this truth on Providence, Revelation, Miracles, Spiritual Influences, Prayer, and the emotional part of the Divine character, is obvious. Providence comes from a God intelligently and actively present among the powers of nature and controlling them for the highest ultimate good of each creature. Miracles are natural effects, supernaturally produced by God's will acting through agencies to which these effects are not ordinarily annexed, and serve to summon man's attention to the great First Cause, and to attest the Divine commission of him through whom they were wrought. Revelation is the Deity appearing behind and above the forces and qualities of the universe, and disclosing himself as the Father of mankind. Spiritual Influence, or the Holy Spirit, or Inspiration, is God holding communion with the soul, suggesting truthful thoughts, kindling holy affections, strengthening the will to resolute action, filling the asking heart with inconceivable joy and peace. Prayer is not merely pious meditation or thankful utterance, but the asking of mercies, either temporal or spiritual, from a Being who is both able and willing to give his creatures all they can receive. The language of Scripture in respect to God's pity, compassion, forgiveness, joy over repentance, and earnest desire for man's redemption, is no figure of speech, but literal truth. The Infinite God yearns with a Father's love over the children of men, and, without violating their freedom, seeks to reconcile them to himself. In a way that we can all apprehend, he is present with us, approving every right effort, appreciating every unselfish act, however humble, giving consolations whose source we know not, leading us by all the discipline of this world to the peace and trust of heaven.

C. S. L.

GIOVANNI LEONARDO CERUSO.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

MR. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, in his pleasant "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy," whilst he discharges the office of a faithful witness, and sets down many things which a Roman Catholic must read with pain, also bears earnest and cheering testimony to the wisdom, energy, and efficiency which have been and are still displayed in some of the charitable institutions of the ancient Church, and cites more than one example of brave and patient and well-directed philanthropy. In his notes upon Florence, we have a well-told story of Piero di Luca Borsi and of the Compagnia della Misericordia, which he founded, as long ago, so it is said, as A. D. 1240. We find too, much to our surprise, that evening schools, not unlike those which are maintained in this city during the winter, for the instruction of children and adults who are obliged to labor during the day, have been in operation in Rome since 1830. These schools are under ecclesiastical supervision,—partly that of friends who are wisely and earnestly devoted to their interests, partly that of jealous spies who would be ready upon any indiscretion to scatter the pupils. The instruction extends even to geometry and drawing, and Mr. Norton speaks in the highest terms of the intelligence and proficiency of the scholars, about a thousand in number. A large-minded, humane, and public-spirited Churchman, the Abate Fabiani, has given himself to this cause with the happiest results. "On the afternoon of Easter Sunday, I met him with his boys at St. Peter's. It was a sight more touching, and a better representation of the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, than all the splendid ceremonial of the morning had been, with its pomp, its glitter, its troops of soldiers, the benediction of the Pope, the fans of peacock's feathers, and the multitude kneeling before the church."

But what arrested our attention more than anything was

the story of Giovanni Leonardo Ceruso, the founder of an asylum for neglected and destitute boys in the city of Rome. Born near Salerno, in the neighborhood of Naples, in the year 1551, of parents in moderate circumstances, his first occupation was that of teacher of the parish school. A faithful instructor of children, he was able, without neglecting his immediate duties, to render many kind services to the sick who were providentially thrown in his way, and gave his strength, his time, and his sympathies when he had nothing else to give. The scholars, on account of his good knowledge of Latin and his clerkly habits, called him Letterato. Ceruso was a good Catholic, and, in grateful recognition of the mercy which had carried him safely through a dangerous illness, undertook a religious pilgrimage, and so was found at length in Rome. Passing through the streets one day, he saw some poor, hungry, and deserted children. Deeply moved by the sight, he took, "almost as if by accident," three of these children, the feeblest and hungriest, and carried or led them until he found at last a kind-hearted person who was willing to give them house-room. Others, upon his solicitation, supplied clothing and food. Once upon his hands and near his heart, the children must remain his charge from God ; indeed, as might have been supposed, like gathered like, the beneficiaries steadily increased, and Ceruso was obliged to commend their case to the charitable. Such disinterested appeals are always met. When there is an expensive machinery to be maintained, when large salaries are appropriated to one and another agent, even kind-hearted persons hesitate. They are not sure that what they give will reach those who should be the chief gainers by it. But here was a man who asked literally nothing for himself, and knew how to make the most of what was put into his open hands for others. The phrase, "the Lord's treasury," was not mere cant as it fell from his lips, and the Lord's treasury did not long remain empty. "And now he began to teach these little children the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Credo, and

the *Salve Regina*, and to sing these and other prayers both morning and evening." As a preventive of spiritual pride, he was accustomed, in company with some of the largest boys, to sweep the streets, and then ask alms of the shopkeepers for the benefit of his poor children. Presently, in order by an innocent expedient to arrest attention, Ceruso assumed for himself and his children a blue dress, and at times walked the streets with the orphan company, bearing a crucifix with the word *Charity* written upon it. He was enabled, in due time, to erect a building for the reception of his beneficiaries, and to provide each boy with what seems to have been regarded in that day as a comfortable lodging-place, a little bed of brick, with a mattress of straw. It is recorded of him, that he served these little castaways in sickness as if they had been angels.

"Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favor his."

"Ye have done it unto me," saith the Lord, upon his throne of glory. It was one of the peculiarities of Ceruso's discipline that, although he employed the elder scholars to teach the younger, he did not allow the elder to punish the younger,—a significant example for some of our modern teachers, who are so ready to convert their school-houses into court-houses, and to summon boys and girls to the witness stand, to testify against their companions upon pain of being committed for contempt.

This good man lived, alas! only forty-three years. "O, Sir! the good die first!" Over-exertion in the care of his children shortened his days. He died in the house of Cardinal Frederico Borromeo. His little castaways gathered about the bed of death, and, at his request, sang,

"Dico spesso al mio cuore
Solo servendo Dio, l' alma non muore,"—

"Often I say to my heart, Only serving God, the soul does

not die," — and then he joined them in the words, "I have prepared to follow thee, Jesus, my hope, through the rough, hard way, with my cross;" and so he passed away to that world where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor pain." Well adds the writer of his life, as quoted by Mr. Norton, "From this, my little work, the pious soul may learn at least something of love, if nothing else."

It is the same human heart that Christ redeems into faith, hope, and love, in all ages and in all sects. In Catholic Rome, in the sixteenth century, we have the Orphan's Home of Letterato; in Protestant New York, in the nineteenth century, we have the News-boy's Lodging-House. Let us take courage from all good examples, and build evermore upon the chief Corner-stone.

E.

PREACHING JESUS.

NEITHER preachers nor people in our day realize in any suitable measure the wisdom and power and consolation that are laid up in the story of Jesus. He would give them the rest which they are seeking from churches, denominations, and creeds. He would make the truth definite and clear to them, so far as this is possible and needful. He would reconcile them to mystery, where mystery is unavoidable and good. The best service which the best men of our day can render to their generation is earnestly and wisely to preach Jesus, not in the interests of any sect, but in Christian freedom.

1. Take these words according to their simplest and most literal meaning, and they are very significant. We are too much in the habit of assuming that the children and the elders know the story of Jesus now, as in the old Bible-reading days. There are, however, not a few persons, by no

means untaught in other respects, whose knowledge of the New Testament is limited to the little which is to be acquired by their occasional Sunday listening. If they could be brought to read through a single Gospel at a sitting and connectedly, as they would read a tract of the same size published yesterday, they might be startled and impressed as by a Revelation. The story is a very short one. It can be told in an hour. It would not be difficult to select from the first three Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, a narrative common to them all, which it is reasonable to believe was repeated again and again, day by day, year by year, by Apostles and Evangelists, before it was committed to writing. It would not be difficult to tell our modern Gentiles what was told the ancient Gentiles, just what Christ said and did, what was done by our Heavenly Father in him and by him, what befell him under God,—to tell it in the sacred words. Sometimes one thinks that it would be wise to cease from all else which is called preaching, and simply tell the story of Jesus. Certainly it would be far more efficacious than much which passes for Christian discourse. There are those in every Christian city to whom it would be as new and significant as it was to Jews, Romans, or Corinthians. As Christianity becomes a matter of course, we are likely to make the common mistake of overlooking the familiar, whilst we long for the distant and unknown, and we deceive ourselves continually by calling our age an educated age. The education which the people have gained is not a religious education. The Bible can scarcely be a school text-book, notwithstanding what is claimed for it by the statute, and provided for it by the regulations under which our children are taught. It is very necessary to ask our young men and maidens,—“Can you tell me the story of Jesus? Can you recite the Sermon on the Mount?” There are educators who teach children and adults nothing but the Bible, and there are educators who teach children and adults everything except the Bible,—and the one and the other are wrong. The true life of

modern society is the life of Jesus, and to be ignorant of the story of Jesus is heathenish, and the abundance of other knowledge only makes it more inexcusable. Let parents read the story with their children,—no Sunday-school teacher, however faithful, can discharge this office for them; let the visitor to the poor and afflicted carry his Bible with him,—he will be amazed to find what power there is in the simple words of Scripture.

2. To preach Jesus is to unfold in an earnest and loyal spirit, as a disciple and not as a master, the spiritual wisdom which it has pleased God to garner up for the Church and the world in the Gospel of his Son. It is to study God and man, joy and sorrow, human hopes and fears, as they are to be seen in Christ, and report to the listener. To preach Jesus is to reproduce the mind of Jesus, the heart of Jesus, the spirit of Jesus, in the thoughts, the feelings, the temper of the present and living age. To preach Jesus is to give one's self up—not slavishly and mechanically, but in confidence and gladness—to that spirit from the Father which is the gift of the invisible Lord, and under this Divine leading to unfold portion after portion of the inexhaustible meaning of the Redeemer's life. Jesus is preached from age to age, because Christianity is not only a Letter, a Book, but a Spirit working in the souls of men. The value of preaching depends upon the quantity of this spirit in the preacher, far more than upon his learning, talents, or even genius. Through this he is enabled to take of the things of Christ and impart them to others. Without at least a measure of this, he has no call, as he has no capacity, to preach Jesus, and a hundred ordinations could not make him a minister of the Gospel. A believer in Jesus expects to find, and does find, new meanings continually in the Master's words and acts. The great Word is never an old story to him. The deepest questions and the most practical questions, the problems of piety, of every-day duty, of the mind and the heart and the conscience, are answered by Jesus to him who tries to come to him in his

spirit as if he were with us to-day. The mistake which men are continually making is in trying to find something besides the Gospel to be a kind of supplement to it. It is too old, or too short, or too simple. They try to understand and receive something founded on the Gospel, a church, or a creed, before they understand the Gospel itself. They are busy on the superstructure, when as yet they have no foundation. They would be Romanists or Protestants, Trinitarians or Unitarians, and they are not Christians yet. It is enough to preach Jesus. If the forces that are wasted in idle speculations, or spent in angry conflicts of brother with brother, were only loyally and lovingly concentrated upon the study and unfolding of the life of Jesus, we should be filled with amazement at the fulness of the Gospel, its marvellous depth and compass, its infinite adaptation, its power to satisfy the mind and soothe the heart. The New Testament is made up of the preaching of Jesus by Evangelists and Apostles. The first three writers tell the story of his life with the most wonderful and singular simplicity, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences. John, as was to have been looked for from one who shared the most interior counsels of the Lord, dwells reverently and lovingly upon the mysterious relation of the Father to the Son, and of the Son to the disciples, still preaching Jesus in words that supply food, bread from heaven, for the hunger of the wise. Paul preaches Jesus through all his Epistles, bringing the wisdom and love of the Christ to the solution of every problem which religion had suggested to the mind and heart and conscience of Jew or Gentile. And so it was with Peter and James. How profound and how practical are their discourses! We can build sermons without number upon each sentence in them. Theology, Philosophy, Morality, from their best teachers, offer us nothing in these eighteen centuries to be compared, for depth and compass and earnestness, with the Epistles of our New Testament. Deep opens beneath deep as you study the sentences. Two or three readings at the most will give you all that is

contained in most other books ; but the more you study the words of Jesus and his Apostles, the less ready are you to lay the book which contains them aside. A portion every day is not superstitious. It is only your soul's daily bread. Sometimes we hear persons say that they have read the Bible, and do not need to read it any more. So speaking, they show that as yet they have read it to little purpose,—that they have not gone beneath the surface. It has not yet preached to them Jesus, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge and love and peace.

3. Jesus is not effectually preached until there is some preparation on the part of the hearer or reader. It is the unvarying law, that “to him who hath, and to him only, shall be given.” The mind and heart must be alive, or the voice, though it comes from heaven, will not help. If we would have anything from Jesus, we must bring something to Jesus. If you get nothing from the Gospel, it is because you ask nothing, because you do not realize that you need anything. Christ did not labor and suffer and die, and rise and ascend into the heavens, to please our ears with rhetoric, or to entertain our imaginations with beautiful pictures, or to supply material for a luxurious ritual. He lived and lives to help souls, to nourish them with his broken body and with his blood, so freely shed. How solemn and touching and inspiring are his words, when they are heard by some poor sufferer, or some stricken mourner,—when in some hour of great darkness we turn to Him who is the light of the world, and seek by Him the way back to our Father's arms and bosom,—when, oppressed by shame and remorse, we would know whether there is forgiveness for the wilful sinner,—when, wearied and saddened and discouraged by the wickedness and degradation of the world we live in and are partakers with, we would hear some word of authority about a kingdom of God ! Then what a privilege to have been born and taught amongst those who hear Jesus ! Then to hear is to believe.

E.

RANDOM READINGS.

MARMADUKE STEVENSON.

THIS is the name of one of the first victims of the Quaker persecutions. He was executed in Boston, October 27, 1659. It does not appear that he or Robinson, his fellow-sufferer, was guilty of the extravagances which some of the sect had manifested in England, or that they were any other than peaceful missionaries of their faith, moved, as they supposed, by a Divine impulse. Stevenson's letter, written when in Boston jail, describes his experience and call to the ministry and missionary life, and to leave his "dear and loving wife and tender children." It is touchingly beautiful, and indicates the same sort of enthusiasm that moved the Methodists at a later period. We copy part of it from Sewell:—

"In the beginning of the year 1665 I was at the plough in the east parts of Yorkshire, in Old England, and as I walked after the plough I was filled with the love and presence of the living God, which did ravish my heart when I felt it, for it did increase and abound in me like a living stream; so did the love and life of God run through me like precious ointment, giving a precious smell that made me to stand still; and as I stood a little still, with my heart and mind stayed on the Lord, the word of the Lord came to me in a still, small voice, which I did hear perfectly, saying to me, in the secret of my heart and conscience, 'I have ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.' And at the hearing of the word of the Lord I was put to a stand, being as I was but a child for such a weighty matter. So at the time appointed Barbadoes was set before me, unto which I was required of the Lord to go, and leave my dear and loving wife and tender children; for the Lord said unto me immediately by his spirit that he would be a husband to my wife and father to my children. . . . I went to Barbadoes, 4th month, 1658, heard there of the New England law to put the servants of the Lord to death. The word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Thou knowest not but that thou mayest go thither.' I kept this word in my heart. . . . I went to Rhode Island. The word of the Lord came to me, 'Go to Boston

with thy brother, William Robinson.' I was obedient, and for this
I suffer death.

"MARMADUKE STEVENSON,

but have a new name given me which the world knows
not of, written in the Lamb's book of life.

"Written in Boston Prison in 8th month, 1659."

SONG SNATCHES.

OCTOBER.

AN awning broad, of many dyes,
Above me bends, as on I stray,
More splendid than Italian skies,
Bright with the death of day;
As in the sun-bow's radiant braid
Shade melts like magic into shade,
And purple, green, and gold,
With carmine blent, have gorgeous made
October's flag unrolled.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

THE MINE.

I tread a dark and cheerless mine
Unnumbered feet below,
Where April mornings never shine,
And violets never grow.

But far above, as fancy deems,
Commingle sounds I hear,
Music of birds and winds and streams
Falls faintly on my ear.

Such is our home, this dreary earth
To our dark natures given,
But sounds of an immortal birth
Come to our souls from heaven.

SPIRIT VISION.

Go out into the highways
And speak the words of cheer;
Return the joyful smile for smile,
The mourning tear for tear.

Find thy own life in others,
 And then come back to me;
 And thou shalt hear what I have heard,
 And see what I can see.

The inner world of splendor
 Is sealed from carnal eyes;
 Invisible to selfish man
 • Is saintly Paradise.

But like the laughing Dryad
 Within the blooming tree,
 There is a world within a world
 The good alone can see.

W. H. HOLCOMBE.

CONSOLATION.

When death, taking a babe from thy clasped arms,
 Shall lay it, flower-strewn, in eternal rest;
 And thy heart hungers for its winsome charms,
 And aches for its sweet mouthing at thy breast:
 Perchance some meagre-witted friend may come,
 With phrases stereotyped before the flood,
 And striking thee with consolation dumb,
 Tell thee thy broken idol angered God.
 Believe it not! a babe is largess given
 By the dear God to purify and bless!
 And, dropped into thy lap all fresh from heaven,
 Thou couldst have loved it more and Him no less!
 But think it craved the soil of Paradise,
 And therefore hath been rooted in the skies.

MRS. SARAH W. BROOKS.

"ON MY CAIRN A PEBBLE THROW."

We did not receive the following *scholia* to this sweet little effusion in time to print it with the text. — EDS.

THE Highlander goes to his last resting-place, not in a crowded city of the dead, but lies apart in a favorite hunting-ground, or in a battle-field made famous by his achievements. When the last notes of the coronach have died away, and the earth is heaped upon him, each friend casts a stone upon the mound, and the pile is made higher

and broader by stones cast upon it ever afterwards by passing friends. The more his lovers, the greater his Cairn, as the monumental heap is called. Beautiful, in contrast with the heap of shells which the polished Greeks raised to execrate the living, is this heap of stones cast up by rude mountaineers in loving remembrance of the dead.

A WORD TO A FRIEND AMONGST THE "PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS."

AN excellent and much esteemed friend amongst the Friends is "somewhat grieved by the remarks in a brief notice of a new book in the last (the July) number, — a volume bearing the nonsensical title 'Quaker Quiddities.'" We beg him to believe that he has wholly misapprehended our meaning, if he supposes that we would yield to any in admiration of the spirit of Quakerism, or would speak slightly in any way of the "silent meetings" of the Friends. Again and again, in attempting to carry on conference-meetings, we have cited their good example of waiting upon the Lord, in the faith that He is near and will give us fitting words, if we will only be still, and not try to run before we are sent, and to speak from ourselves. Wait until you have something to utter from the abundance of an enlarged heart; do not say that the hour is wasted unless some one is talking against time, thinking to honor God and save men by foolish repetitions and wearisome commonplaces. Let us rather go into the stillness! So we have said many times. And it always does us good even to pass a Friend in the street. They bear about with them everywhere an atmosphere of love and patience, as those who are trusting in and leaning upon the Ever-near. We believe that they have had wonderful success in dealing with some of the hardest problems of our life according to the law of the spirit in Jesus. Nevertheless we do not think that they have attained or are already perfect, but are satisfied rather that for them, as for the other families of believers, there is still light to break out from the Holy Scriptures, — that the Spirit has not yet led them into all Truth, — that the forms of Truth are transient, whilst the Truth abideth forever, — and that, whilst we must have the old wine, and the old bottles will hold it, there must be evermore new wine and new bottles.

We appreciate most heartily the happy exemption of the Friends

from the popular Tritheism, and from the literalisms of scholastic theology, as well as the earnestness and sweetness of their humanity ; and we hope that our friend will number us amongst those who would gladly join with them in their Feasts of Charity, and hear with them our One Lord, whether he should speak by the lips of one of his servants, or, without any human instrument, immediately to the waiting heart.

E.

LIBRARIES FOR FACTORIES.

WE have been glad to learn from various quarters that several of our large manufacturing corporations are collecting libraries to be used by their operatives, free of all charge, and we have been told that the books asked for by those who are employed in our mills afford very encouraging indications of intellectual and moral culture amongst our working classes. Upon one at least of these libraries it is proposed to expend as much as \$10,000, and the operatives have been asked to hand in lists of such books as they would wish to see upon the shelves. It is found that, with the improvements in machinery, there has come a demand for educated labor. The manufacturer must have something more than a "hand," — a head, also, at least, — and, as he will soon find, if he has not already, a heart and conscience too. Christianity will redeem Industry, as it has already redeemed Art. Religionists and moralists must often give the dark side of this world-picture: let this ray of sunlight fall upon the canvas! As might, perhaps, have been looked for, this movement has been met occasionally by jealousy on the part of those for whose use the libraries have been devised. They have suspected a disposition and purpose to make capital for the employer, which would stand in the way of the operative in case of any "strike;" but the project goes forward none the less, and if only a few readers should be found, which is not likely, the libraries will be established for their benefit. E.

APOTHEGMS.

A FRIEND has sent us a free-will offering of wise sentences, for which we owe him many thanks. A portion of his gift we offer to our readers now, and have more in store for them. We hope that we shall not be reckoned officious or conceited if we drop a hint as to

the way in which such reflections should be read, advising that a restraint be put upon the too eager appetite, which would make a meal of what was intended to be the garnish of many meals. Proverbs stimulate whilst they nourish, and a few of them go a great way. A half dozen or so at a sitting, whilst you are awaiting a friend's coming, or looking for something which will set your own mind at work, will be welcome and wholesome, whilst the whole might weary. "Salt is good," that is, a very little salt, just a pinch; the effect of even so much as a teaspoonful is too painful to be described. There is one use of an Epistle, — if you wish to understand it, read the whole consecutively, as you would read any other letter; there is another use of the Sentences of the Wise Man. So we have put our friend's *Apothegms* — as we choose to call them, though he modestly uses the word "*Reflections*" — amongst our Random Readings, where he who runs may gather them up a few at a time. E.

A GREAT mind advances like a great iceberg, borne on by a deep under-current against the surface-flow which sweeps the superficial along.

Many a man is solitary in the midst of society, thirsting for companionship like Tantalus for water, which rose to his chin but fled from his lips.

The pain of danger is the price of safety.

Many a man is ready to shed the last drop of his blood, who would be slow to shed the first.

It has been truly said that parents often spoil their children to please themselves.

It is no kindness to help a man undertake a business for which he is not fit.

A man is fortunate who has high principles put into his mind so early that he considers them as axioms ever after.

Goodness of heart occasions some errors of judgment, but saves from many more.

A man who does all that he ought, will accomplish all that he ought.

Useful employment brings solid enjoyment.

trials of life, like the fires of a brick-kiln, are intended not to me, but to strengthen.

tual dependence is the greatest peacemaker. It nips in the thousand quarrels. Men who can afford to take offence are to do so. It is the gentry who fight duels.

e way to acquire trust in God is to seek his favor by doing his

is said that God's purposes cannot be changed by our prayers. may not one of his purposes be to make us pray? And may he after helping us until we do?

must often present unpalatable truths, but should avoid pre-ug unwholesome ones. All food is not suited to all stomachs.

riority, unless meekly borne, is not forgiven.

ue greatness comes, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

lf-discipline carries men forward like the hands of a watch, ily though imperceptibly.

e harder a moral struggle, the greater is the good which vic-brings. The way to make a hard duty easy is to do it without ing.

ide of wisdom is proof of folly. Man was put into this world use he was not fit for a better one.

We find the rankest growth of pride
In soils where little grows beside.

e cannot make this world a paradise, but we can do something move the thorns from the way of those who walk in it.

man who stickles for all which he thinks he deserves, will keep elf always uneasy.

O never swerve from virtue's laws
To win the thoughtless crowd's applause!
'Tis but the counterfeit of fame,
A glory which will turn to shame,
When "Time's effacing fingers" wear
The gilded metal's baseness bare.

It is the remark of an able lawyer, that a man who goes to law jumps into a hole, of which he cannot see the bottom.

When fools judge, knaves win.

A true prophecy may be an unwise one, if it discourages good efforts.

A good heart often strives in vain to atone for a violent temper.

Man holds a devil by a chain,
Whom all his strength can scarce restrain.

Reformers should be careful not to substitute great evils for small ones.

It is better to succeed than to give excellent reasons for failing.

"Immortal fame" commonly dies in its infancy. The last great man is soon hidden by the next one.

The famous of the present, fast
Join the forgotten of the past.

The progress of the world does nothing to relieve the restlessness of man.

The silence of an habitual fault-finder is praise, for it shows that he cannot find anything to blame.

A bigot's zeal is not to bless, but ban ;
He makes his creed the slogan of a clan,
And sinks the love of God in hate of man.

E. W.

OUR CRITIC "T." IN THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER FOR
AUGUST 25, 1860.

WE do not propose to enter into any discussion with him. Our stand-points are so very different that it would not be worth while. We believed, and we still believe, that in the "Dialogue between Two Liberal Christians" some things are stated which may be of service to sincere inquirers, who would like to learn whether Unitarians and Trinitarians, spite of their terminology, do not often *mean* the same thing. One of our oldest and most accomplished divines, himself a Unitarian of the Unitarians, once said to the writer: "The contro-

versy between us and the Trinitarians no longer relates to the Trinity, but turns rather upon the doctrines of human nature and the atonement." Any one familiar with the writings of Whately and Robertson, and many others in Great Britain, and of Bushnell in our own country, will see at a glance how much truth there is in this statement. For ourselves we are ready to welcome with the whole heart the utterance of any views which the Broad Church, the Church not of indifference and careless conformity, but of earnest faith, may perchance regard with favor, and when any burden of the kind is upon our mind and heart we are glad to roll it off. To say anything that will help Christians to a better understanding of each other is a privilege, and to be the means of calling forth other and various statements, genial responses, and courteous strictures from those whose soul's growth has been in a different direction, and who consequently hold a different theology, may be pleasant and profitable. But it is hardly even a question whether any good can come from conference with one who characterizes certain views, seriously offered for candid consideration, as those of a shallow, bold talker, one of those who multiply words without sense, by whom the earth is offended because of the dunghills of their impertinent philosophy, the rotting materials of their imbecile speculation. "Two hours reflection" would have sufficed according to "T." to clear up the interlocutor B's difficulty. Sometimes two hours clear up many matters very satisfactorily to the thinker's mind; but how is it with four hours? Perhaps the same amount of time would have cured Rev. F. W. Robertson of the folly with which our young friend charges him. Our friend does not like our theology, and theology may be thrust upon no man; and besides, we suppose, that, as he intimates, we know nothing about it. Perhaps, however, there is a more common-sense and practical subject upon which we may be permitted very humbly to venture two words. They are these:—

1. Watch your adjectives narrowly: avoid when you can do so conscientiously, especially when you are writing for brother Christians (even if they are feeble-minded), and in a newspaper for family reading, such words as "dunghill," "impertinent," "rotting," "imbecile." They are English, but unpleasant English. They are not ordinarily persuasive. Sometimes they weaken what they are meant to strengthen, and make what is called a "forcible feeble style."

2. Remember that there *are* some mysteries, though it may be

hard for young thinkers to *realize* that there are ; and that it is true in theological writing, as in the composition of tragedies,

“Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros,
Maturusne senex an *adhuc florente juvenia*
Fervidus.”

E

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

History of New England. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. — This volume embraces a period of about twenty-four years, extending from the formation of the New England Confederacy in 1643 to the year 1667. It is the period during which New England institutions took their shape, and, both from the subject-matter and the mode of treatment and style, the reader's attention is held secure. The opening chapter gives a minute description of the primitive customs, manners, and legislation; how the fathers worshipped, ate, drank, dressed, builded, traded, travelled, and established their forms of social justice.

The transactions which are generally regarded as the darkest in our New England annals are the dealings of the Puritans with the Familists, the Quakers, and the Salem Witches. The first two come within the period specified, and are disposed of in the present volume. The assassination of Miantonomo, and the capture and punishment of Gorton and his associates, figure horribly in the pages of such writers as Coit and Oliver, and even in the history of Trumbull. Dr. Palfrey's clear and simple narrative absolves the colonists of any blood-guiltiness or injustice, though it is to be noticed that Gorton only escaped death by a small majority of the votes of the magistrates. In the narrative of the Quaker persecutions we cannot see anything that essentially relieves their naked atrocity and cruelty. And we cannot see that the plea is at all valid that the Puritans had the right by preoccupation of keeping out whom they pleased. They were an English colony, subject to English law and the paramount laws of God, and neither English law, nor their charter, nor the laws of natural justice gave them any such right.

Dr. Palfrey's narrative takes in the most important contempora-

neous events in England, giving his readers indeed the whole background of English history which has any relation to New England affairs. This imparts additional interest and dramatic life, and, while the unity of the whole is strictly preserved, the alternations are natural and easy, and the current loses nothing of clearness from its depth and breadth. The author's unfailing admiration of the character of the Puritans, and love of their institutions, make his style blood-warm and even glowing, without losing anything of its dignity and classic purity, and the reader is borne on with unflagging attention through the minutest details. Sometimes the language of contemporaneous writers and actors is adopted, letting the reader into the spirit of the times by the pith and quaintness of the old idioms.

The notes are very copious, and will not be passed over by any one who loves history. They have a dry look, but some of them are exceedingly juicy.

s.

A Man. By REV. J. D. BELL. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. — A volume of essays, remotely related to each other, and not very distinctly indicated by the title. A gentleman of leisure, the beautiful, discipline, pleasure, health, the dreamer, the recluse, imagination, reason, assimilation, contrast, character, manliness, language, egotism, wit and laughter, the poet, the orator, the hero, — this enumeration gives some idea of the range of topic among these sixty dissertations. They are sensible, spicy, fresh, and sparkling, abound in excellent advice in which runs a vein of pleasantry, are excellent reading for invalids, or for anybody who is in danger of getting morbid in body or mind.

s.

The Wild Sports of India. By CAPTAIN HENRY SHAKESPEAR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The wild sports of India consist in hunting hogs, panthers, bears, buffaloes, tigers, and wild elephants, and the book abounds in descriptions of perilous adventure among those native inhabitants. It also has remarks on the breeding and rearing of horses. The young readers who like these exciting performances through the fields and the jungles will be delighted with the book.

s.

The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush. By ANNE BOWMAN, Author of "Esperanza," "The Castaways," "The Young Exiles," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — This

book "does not profess to be true, though composed of truths." That is to say, the story is fictitious, but the adventures among the wild animals and natives of Australia depict things as they are heard and seen in that quarter of the world. The adventures are of an English clergyman, with his children, nurse, and several others, encountering perils by land and sea, and hunting emus, wombats, and kangaroos. The boys read the book with great enthusiasm. s.

Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford, Author of "Limits to Religious Thought," etc., etc. — This is not a treatise upon logic, but upon the relations between logic and psychology. It is an exposition of psychology not designed to be complete, but only so far as is necessary for the vindication or the understanding of the science of logic.

The discussion is able, tasking severely the attention of the reader, but rewarding him amply for it. It has not much originality, nor does it profess to have, but follows mainly in the footsteps of Kant and Sir William Hamilton. Kant's memorable distinction between analytic and synthetic judgments is used clearly and forcibly as applied to mathematical reasoning, especially geometry and arithmetic; the psychological character of mathematical and metaphysical necessity is ably discussed; the theory of Berkeley about the non-existence of matter, and Hume's application of it to mind, are examined, and the truth sifted from the error; the nature of causation is analyzed; how much the idea includes and how it originates. The last four of the nine chapters we have not read, and we do not know whether the fallacies of the "Limits to Religious Thought" are here repeated. The work is well worthy of study, though sometimes we miss the power of luminous statement found in Sir William Hamilton. s.

PAMPHLETS.

The Death threatened to Adam, with its Bearings on the Annihilation of the Wicked. By J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co.

The Relation of the Sunday-School to the Church: a Review of Dr. Huntington's Address before the State Convention of Massachusetts Sunday-school Teachers at Worcester, June 13th, 1860. By REV. N. M. WILLIAMS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

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CARMEL IN THE NORTH.

JUTTING out into the Mediterranean, at the northwestern extremity of the Plain of Esdraelon, is Carmel, not a single mountain, but rather an elevated ridge, extending for eighteen miles, reaching a height of some 1,700 feet above the sea. "It is," says Stanley, "an upland park, abounding in rocky dells, with deep jungles of copse, such as are found nowhere else in Palestine, presenting a forest beauty so rare to the Israelite that the tresses of the bride's hair were compared to its woods; and its 'excellency,' its forests, were taken as the type of natural beauty." Its eastern extremity, which is also the highest point of the whole ridge, was the scene of one of the most striking incidents, and one of the most important, in the whole range of Old Testament history.

Ahab was now king of Israel, coming to the throne about 931 B. C., and in the twenty-eighth year of Asa, king of Judah. He had married Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, king of Tyre, and during his twenty-two years' reign was under the influence of that idolatrous and unprincipled woman. The people were lapsed into a strange religious condition, the golden calf, as the symbol of Jehovah, being the object of

their worship. Influenced by Jezebel, Ahab now sought to introduce the worship of other gods, — the gods of her native country, — building a temple at Samaria, erecting an image and consecrating a grove to Baal, the god of the Sidonians, — his wife maintaining a multitude of prophets and priests of this god. In a few years idolatry prevailed throughout the land, and it seemed as if the knowledge of the true God was forever lost. It was then that Elijah, the Tishbite, stood forth alone as the champion of the Most High, daring the power of the king, and the malice of the queen, and the zeal of prophet and priest, in his efforts once again to establish the worship of Jehovah.

He comes suddenly and wholly unannounced upon the page of history. We know nothing of his previous life, — what was his age, what was his lineage, what before had been his experience or occupation. We are not even able to say from what his name, the Tishbite, was taken. Only is he Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, who appears about the tenth year of the reign of Ahab, when the worship of Baal is firmly established, the children of Israel have forsaken the covenant, the altars are thrown down, the prophets put to the sword, and, as he says, “he himself alone is left,” and a price is on his head. As his deeds testify, as well as his speech asserts, he is very jealous for the Lord of hosts, and does not hesitate to stand before that king who is said to have done “more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him,” — with a terrible message: “As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word.” And the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, so that there was neither rain nor dew in all those years.

Immediately upon the delivery of this message, Elijah retires, by Divine command, to the other side of the Jordan, and there, as our version has it, the ravens bring him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening.

The word translated "ravens" means also "Arabs," and the opinion is current among scholars, that Elijah, in his banishment, was supplied by the friendly Arabs with the necessities of life. This supposition, which is held by Trinitarian scholars, and advocated by those who have been in the East and are acquainted with Bedouin character and habits, destroys one of those stories which have taken strong hold of the imagination in childhood, while it is strictly in accordance with a well-established principle of criticism, which requires us not to resort to miracle where there is an obvious natural explanation. The brook Cherith was the natural, inevitable resort of the roving tribes of the neighborhood, who undoubtedly supplied the prophet's simple wants according to the laws of Arabian hospitality.

The brook being dry, Elijah returned over Jordan to Sarepta, where he dwelt with a widow, whose son he restored to life, and whose measure of meal and cruse of oil sufficed them in the midst of distress.

Meanwhile the drought and the famine pressed sore on the land, and three years were passed, when God bade Elijah return and show himself to Ahab. Now it happened that Ahab had just commanded Obadiah—the governor of his house, a man who feared God—to go out into the land, unto all fountains of waters, and unto all brooks, if it might be that he should find grass for the horses and mules. While Ahab himself went to the east, Obadiah went to the west, and in the marshy lands near Carmel met Elijah, who bade him return to the king and say, "Behold, Elijah is here." Obadiah hesitates, for he knew that Ahab had searched everywhere for the prophet, determined to put him to death. He may have been also afraid that when he was gone Elijah would depart, and the king, coming, in his disappointment and anger would slay him. But Elijah replies: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto him this day." When the king has come and sees face to face, and fearless, the man for whom he had

searched the land, him only left of the servants of Jehovah, as both thought,—though there was a remnant hidden away by the zeal of Obadiah,—his anger breaks forth: “Art thou he that troubleth Israel?” Standing calm and undaunted before him, slowly Elijah replies: “I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father’s house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. Now, therefore, send and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel’s table.” These prophets of the groves were the priests of Astarte, a Phœnician goddess, generally mentioned in connection with Baal. She is the same with the Venus of the Romans. The groves were her temples, and hence the frequent command for their destruction. And the wicked, but weak-minded king, quelled by the daring servant of God, did as he was bid, and sent out and gathered the children of Israel and the prophets unto Mount Carmel,—to a spot at the eastern extremity, remarkable and well known, where sacrifice had been offered to Jehovah in ancient times. The spot is marked by the ruin of a square stone building, whose antiquity it is impossible to trace, though there are proofs of its existence as far back as the Christian era.

Ranged about this well-known place stood the king, the people, and those eight hundred and fifty prophets of the false gods, and before them alone was Elijah, erect and confident and calm. Turning, not to the priests, but to the people,—for it is the people whom he wishes to reach,—he says: “How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him, but if Baal, then follow him.” But they answered not a word. They knew not what to say. The terror of the king and the priests was before them, while perhaps some lingering conviction that the Lord was the true God might incline them to confess it. Then Elijah said: “I, even I only, remain a prophet unto the Lord, but Baal’s prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them there-

fore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood and put no fire under. And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord, and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." Then the people all cried out, "It is well!" — but the king and the priests were silent.

The great significance of the proposed test, and its value in effecting a conviction with the people, will be recognized, when it is remembered that Baal represents the sun, the source of fire. It was a challenge on their own grounds, which, however reluctant, the priests dare not reject. Apparently they agree to the test; for Elijah goes on, now addressing the priests themselves, to say: "Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first, for ye are many, and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under." And they took the bullock which was given them, and dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, "O Baal, hear us." But there was no voice nor any that answered. Then at noon, Elijah, conscious master of the hour, cried out tauntingly to them, "Cry louder, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Frantic under the taunt, they renewed their efforts, they jumped upon the altar, they shrieked, "Baal, Baal, hear us!" they cut themselves with knives and lancets; and the evening shadows drew on, and the hour for evening sacrifice was near. There was no answer. The bullock lay upon the wood, and the wood was unconsumed. The people stood by dumb with wonder, ready to side either way as the victory should be, while the king, with whom everything was at stake, must have seen the day close about the senseless efforts of his priests with feelings of mingled hate and despair.

And now all that fearful din is hushed. Bleeding and ex-

hausted, the eight hundred priests cease from their efforts, and in place of the day's discordant howl there are only the sweet and peaceful harmonies of nature there on that mountain's head. Afar in the valley the sun's last beams rest on the proud front of Baal's temple, and bathe in gold the topmost branches of Astarte's grove in Jezreel, and there Jezebel is offering up her impious evening sacrifice. With eager eyes the people now turn toward Elijah. The interest all centres upon him. Baal has failed. Shall the Lord do more? There is a look of quiet assurance upon the prophet's brow. He is sure of victory. The spirit of the Lord is upon him and fills him. Turning to the people, he says, "Come near unto me," and they gathered thick about him. Then, with pious hands, he sets himself to repair the altar of the Lord, which had been thrown down, and from the stones around takes twelve, the original number of the tribes, and of them builds the altar. About it he digs a trench, and upon it lays the wood and the pieces of the bullock, and bids the people pour three times four barrels full of water upon the wood, and then fills up the trench with water. Then, just at the wonted hour of service, Elijah himself drew near, and said: "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." No waiting now, — no hoarse and ever hoarser cries, — no jumping in frenzy upon the altar, — no cutting with knives and lances, only the earnest voice of a trusting man, uttering the prayer that avails. For scarcely are the words ended when the fire of the Lord falls upon the sacrifice, the sacrifice is consumed, the wood, the stones, the dust, and the very water licked up from the trench; and the terror-stricken people fall upon their faces, crying, "The Lord he is the God, — the Lord he is the God." Then the long-smothered wrath of the prophet breaks out against the

priests, — the authors and the abettors of all this idolatry, — and he commands the people to seize them and slay them by the brook Kishon, which flows at the foot of the range.

Ahab, separated from his strong-minded, unscrupulous wife, seems to have been impressed, indeed utterly subdued, by the day's events; and, after the slaughter of his priests at the hands of his excited people, quietly follows Elijah again into the mountain, where food is prepared for him. While he eats, Elijah goes to the top of Carmel, and bends his head in prayer, while he sends his servant a little beyond to look toward the west where the blue Mediterranean stretched itself away in the distance. "The sun was now gone down, but the cloudless sky was lit up with the long bright glow which succeeds an Eastern sunset. Seven times the servant climbed and looked, and there was nothing; the sky was still clear, the sea was still calm. At last, out of the far horizon there arose a little cloud, — the first that had for days and months passed across the heavens, — and it grew in the deepening shades of the evening, and at last the whole sky was overcast, and the forests of Carmel shook in the welcome sound of those mighty winds which in Eastern regions precede a coming tempest." Swift from the mount the king and the prophet descended; Ahab in his chariot hurried along, lest the quick-swelling Kishon should hinder, while Elijah, gathering his mantle about him, amidst the darkening night and the rushing storm, outran him, and entered the distant city before him.

The day upon Carmel is one of the marked days in human history. It records one of the most signal reverses to which human pride has been subjected. It dawned upon idolatry established in all its insolence. Its altars and its groves were everywhere. Its priests were many, and the king and the queen were its supporters. And for God there stood one lone man. But the day ended, and the one lone man had triumphed. Baal's prophets slept in death. Baal's self had been deaf and dumb, and had stretched out no hand to save.

The people had felt and had declared, "The Lord he is God," and as consequent upon that the spell upon the heavens had been dissolved, the sea had sent up its cloud as a man's hand. It grew as it rolled, and the waters came. There was no more famine or drought. I think, with a recent traveller, "Perhaps there is no one day's work in the history of man more wonderful than this."

J. F. W. W.

"I am not discouraged," said an aged saint, though voice was scarcely allowed him to utter the words, and the heavenly angel already stood by his side, waiting the command to bear him home. "With your prospects you have no reason to be discouraged," replied his kind physician, looking beyond the perishing, and into the immortal life. Yet the faithful laborer, who had so long served the Lord of the vineyard, was still hoping for more years of service in his Master's earthly fields. Thus he passed on to his reward. "I am not discouraged." Words of holy cheer from lips about to be sealed in death! And such had been the spirit of his life. So had he labored on, with an enthusiasm unquenched by age; whatsoever his hand found to do, doing with his might, whether it were the humble toil of cultivating the ground, or the nobler task of working out some great system of science or religion. The world might smile, or frown; or, what is perhaps more disheartening to an ardent spirit, look with indifference on what to him was sacred truth. Still he would press on, "nor bate one jot of heart or hope." "About the year 2000 or 2500," he would say, "my manuscripts will be found, and the world will then be prepared to receive the system as true." The hand of God had been laid heavily upon him in bereavement and affliction; but the sightless eyes looked clearly into the things invisible and eternal. The earthly life was still bright to his grateful spirit, and a sunbeam went out from his soul, to irradiate the pathway of those around him. The voice yet speaks to those who at times are ready to faint, saying, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the trials of life through Him who overcame the world." "Yes," we answer, "we will cheerfully endure our light affliction. We blush for any misgiving,

'When we but remember only
Such as *thou* have lived and died.'

†

THE METHODIST CAMP-MEETING.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an exceedingly interesting account of one of these gatherings held recently about twenty miles from Boston. It is by one who had an active part in the scenes described. The whole article would take up nearly one third of our Monthly. The writer goes into details, and shows how these gatherings, which to a spectator outside might seem disorderly, are pervaded through all their arrangements by a spirit of order and a wise adaptation of means to ends. He gives a graphic description of the stand and the white tents pitched around it, the scene by night lighted up by innumerable camp-fires, the groups everywhere engaged in conference, prayer, and song. The fourth is a rainy day, which, so far from being unwelcome, is always regarded as propitious, bringing the people into more close personal conference with each other. We give the proceedings of the last two days, by which our readers will get some idea of the versatility and range of power among the preachers of this connection. It suggests, too, how much more efficient is the Word when free from the restraints of primness and formality in breaking up the fountains of the heart and convincing and converting souls. — EDS.

OUR storm only lasts one day. We have a quiet night, and in the morning the clouds are breaking away, promising fair weather. By the time of commencing public worship several thousand have been added to the congregation, filling all the seats, while many stand. Some of the ablest and most effective preachers will be brought forward to-day. The first sermon is by a peculiar preacher. He is evidently a self-educated man, of good native powers, which have been cultivated under conditions partly favorable and partly unfavorable ; — favorable so far as they have compelled his practical judgment and acquaintance with human nature to keep pace with his mental discipline ; unfavorable so far as they have narrowly limited his opportunities for reflection, and deprived him of many resources of information. But his powers are well trained ; he has read some of the best books, and to the best purpose.

His subject is the *Evidences of Christianity*, from the text, "Whereof we are witnesses." In a concise, logical, and careful manner he draws out the argument on the external proof, following Paley and others. He then presents the testimony of the Christian consciousness in an able and persuasive manner. He is not a fluent speaker; his style of thought is somewhat metaphysical, yet withal he has an occasional *ad captandum* stroke, and in his hortatory passages manages to wake up the responses all around the stand. Yet the sermon *by itself* may not be so effectual as is desirable. The Presiding Elder understands this, and manages accordingly. An exhortation follows by a smallish, snugly-built man, dressed in a neat every-day style, with a prompt, good-natured, and humorous face. Everybody's countenance lights up with pleasure as they recognize "Camp-meeting John," who is a great favorite with all classes, and has probably been at more such gatherings as this than any other man living. He makes no pretension to any special ability, but is always on hand for any kind of duty. He has taken for his motto, "As much as in me is." Now Brother John is n't thoroughly posted on logic, or rhetoric, or metaphysics, or any of the other *ics*, but he knows all about the "internal evidence," and can state that evidence and manage the facts in a masterly manner, hitting the common sense of his hearers at every blow. A better arrangement could not have been made than such an exhortation after such a sermon. It seems almost like a "pre-established harmony." The good man talks on in his free, colloquial style, not of some theological theory, but of his own inward experience and of the testimony of others, quoting the Scriptures with admirable facility, relating a telling anecdote, dropping in a bit of pleasantry, now reaching the conscience by some unexpected turn, now showing the absurdity of refusing the Gospel, and again lovingly persuading the sinner by the love of Christ, winning as much by the cheerful, natural religious spirit he manifests, as by any words he utters. An invitation is given to those desiring the prayers

of Christians to come forward. The whole congregation arise and sing,

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.”

A score of weeping penitents have soon gathered in the little altar in front of the platform ;—some are serious, but self-possessed, others apparently are in great mental distress. The ministers and more active brethren and sisters gather about them, and prayer, earnest, powerful, almost agonizing, is offered. Sometimes several pray together, and frequently all formality and even regularity is nearly lost sight of in the intensity of the prevailing emotion. At the close, some few speak of a great relief from the burden of spirit, and go away rejoicing ; to others, the distress is only more sensible. They are dismissed with advice and exhortation, supposed to be suitable to their respective cases.

In the afternoon the congregation is larger than ever, and, it being impossible for one speaker to make all hear, a separate meeting is extemporized, and a Western preacher, at scarcely five minutes' notice, addresses two thousand people, in a strong, persuasive, and most interesting sermon. At the main stand the discourse is by a young preacher from the Middle States,—an educated man, warm, lively, and eloquent. He gives a sermon of much beauty, and yet of no small strength and power, on “The High Spiritual Privileges of Believers.”

We must omit a detailed description of much that we see and hear. There is as great a variety in the sermons, and in the men who preach them, as can well be imagined. Some of these ministers have little learning, and scarcely any popular talent, and yet they are workmen who need not be ashamed, for they love souls, and act as that love impels them. Some have great native powers, but little learning. Others are liberally educated, but lack the popular gift ; while here is one of the finest young scholars in the country, a graduate of one of our colleges, subsequently a student of

theology, and then a resident for some years of a German University, who gives us a strong, clear, evangelical discourse, which at once satisfies the educated intellect and carries captive the popular heart.

Saturday morning comes the closing exercise, a grand union Love-feast. At eight o'clock, as we enter the enclosure, a thousand voices join in the hymn,

" O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ! "

The tide of song fills the whole grove, and all the air vibrates with heavenly harmonies. A prayer of great unction follows, by one of the fathers. The leader of the meeting makes some general remarks, and the way is open for brief testimonies. These come, one after another, — except where they come two or three at a time, as occasionally they do in different parts of the congregation, — never five minutes in length, often not a minute, and frequently comprised in a single sentence. Lively and inspiring music breaks out at intervals of from three to five minutes, usually a single stanza, almost always something adapted to the spirit of the remarks just made. Within an hour and a half nearly two hundred have spoken. These speeches are very diverse, but most of them of a cheerful character. Sometimes the unexpected simile by which the state of mind is expressed, the aptly-quoted line of poetry or passage of Scripture, or the glowing words inspired by the warmth of religious affection, have their effect on the congregation, and are answered in tears or smiles or shouts. Great freedom is allowed, and there is no restraint except in the case of those who indulge their propensity to make long exhortations, and these are frequently "sung down." An old man tells us of the delight he has found in the service of God, now over fifty years. "Heaven looks bright this morning," to him. Then they all sing with wonderful energy, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." Soon a youth of a dozen or fifteen stands and declares the "joys of a new-born soul." A young lady who

has just now commenced the religious life modestly states her convictions and her resolutions. Her friends oppose her, and she will have trials. The congregation respond :

" Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

One came here to mock and ridicule, but " He who came to scoff remained to pray." Once, after the singing of that beautiful hymn, with the chorus, " I 'm going home to die no more," a brother tells the touching story of the poor Sunday-school girl involved in the ruins of the Pemberton Mill at Lawrence, who was alive after the fall of the building, but could not be extricated, and whose clear voice was heard, as the flames gathered about her, sweetly singing those words. It brings tears to all eyes.

These incidents of course do not occur in the consecutive order here narrated. Mingling with them are many of a different character. Some expressions are amusing. One brother very honestly says: " I have been trying to serve God about three years; the Devil has given me some trouble in that time, for which I am much obliged to him, — the discipline does me good." Another loves to do all he can for God: " If I 've only one talent, I 'll use that. If my boat has nothing but a broken jib, I 'll up with that and trust in God." An old sailor says: " I was thinking if we hain't nothing but a jib, we shall be like to go to leeward, — but hows'ever," — and he goes on to confirm his predecessor's remark. An Irishman, recently reclaimed from his backslidings, among other things speaks of the sermon which brought him to himself, and, in his gratitude for that, and his enthusiasm for his minister, " would like to make him President of the United States, — only I would like him to come back every Sunday and preach." The majority of the testimonies are of a sober, but not severe character. To one, " the name of Jesus is as ointment poured forth;" another speaks of an " overflowing love;" another " thanks God for a full salvation;" others, still, in

varied phrase, express their "affection for the people of God." Ever and anon there peals forth from the multitudinous choir a stanza full of pathos and inspiration: "I'm glad salvation's free;" "Beautiful Zion, built above;" "Homeward bound;" "Joyfully, joyfully;" "Behold, behold the Lamb of God, on the cross, on the cross."

The meeting closes between nine and ten, and the company, with tearful eyes and happy hearts, sing:—

" And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet."

So they separate, never all to be together again in this world, but hoping for a "Love that will never break up."

THE SOUL.

THEN, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with vesture fresh and gay,
She lights on this and that, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away;—

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

SIR JOHN DAVIS, A. D. 1600.

THE IDOLS IN THE HOUSE.

A SERMON BY REV. J. F. W. WARE.

JUDGES xviii. 14.—“Do ye know that there is in these houses an ephod and teraphim, and a graven image and a molten image?”

IN those wild and savage days when there was no king in Israel, not long after the death of Joshua, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes, a small number of the tribe of Dan, sent by their fellows to select some desirable spot for their permanent abode, came to Mount Ephraim, where a man, Micah, had made graven and molten images, which he had set up in his own house. To give a sort of sanction to his proceedings, he had induced a wandering Levite to remain with him and officiate as his priest. In some way this Levite is recognized by the Danites as they stop before Micah's house, and they inquire of him how he came there, and what he was doing. When they understand that he is a priest, they ask if they are to be prospered in their search for a proper abode for their people? With the assurance that they shall be, they depart, and, finding a place to their liking, return to their countrymen, with whom they are soon again at Mount Ephraim, at the house of Micah. The five spies, as they are called, now divulge the secret of the house, in the words of the text; and the Danites, envying Micah his possessions, and feeling that it will be great gain to them to have gods and a priest of their own, induce him by fair words to quit the service of Micah, while by force they carry away the molten and graven images, and set them up in the city which they called after the head of their tribe.

It was a strange mixture of idolatry and the worship of the one God into which the nation had generally at this time lapsed. Unsettled in their place of abode and the form of their government, the old longing after strange gods—that longing never eradicated, and finally the cause of their disintegration as a people—revives, with yet some lingering of

another faith mingling with it. God was not wholly forgotten. He was in some sort still obeyed and worshipped,—rather as a God among gods, than himself sole and supreme. Theirs was not the stark idolatry of Egypt, or of the tribes about them, — a pure heathenism, — but a compound of two faiths, in which the greater was the least, — very difficult to understand and account for, but for its repetition in every age. The case of Micah illustrates the condition of the people, though the image had been set up under peculiar circumstances. His mother had dedicated a quantity of silver to the Lord, intending that her son should make a teraph, or image, out of it. The son stole the money, but, hearing his mother curse the person who took it, restored it to her, and at her request made the image, supplying the ephod, — the sacred vesture, — and all things that were necessary. At first one of his own sons is the priest; but when an unemployed Levite appears, he greedily secures him, exclaiming, in his satisfaction, “Now I know that Jehovah will do me good, seeing that I have a Levite to my priest,” — the only thing which had troubled him being, not his idolatry, but his lack of one of the regularly appointed priestly caste. It seems a strange inconsistency. The man Micah eases his conscience by securing one of the consecrated tribe of Levi to officiate at his altar; the Levite eases his conscience with the comfortable salary Micah allows him, and retains some faith in the true God, while serving at these strange altars; while the Danites, removing to a distance, seem mainly desirous of carrying with them as complete an establishment as may be, — a priest and his gods from the land from which they go. So they bribe the one, and steal the other. Very loose, every way, character, conduct, faith, in those days. In these, is it not much the same?

The idols in the house, — that is the point to which I wish to confine myself. These were things made by human hands, to which a devotion was paid which had been absolutely forbidden. They stood between — they interfered with — the homage which was alone due to God.

Let me say here, that, though the primary signification of idol is a *thing made with hands*, this making with hands is not essential. The distinguishing thing about an idol is, that it is something which attracts and attaches to itself the special homage and service which belong to God. There may be idols that cannot be made with hands. Other things may just as much distract and divide the service of God. A passion, a habit, a pursuit, an affection, may be just as much an idol — become the object of first consideration and service — as a creature of any form, or any material, called an idol. Idolatry is the bestowal of the first affection and obedience of the heart upon anything other or less than the one God. When the commandment was given Moses, the danger of the people was from graven images, such as the land of their bondage had taught them to reverence, such as the nations among whom they were to come would constantly tempt them with. Therefore the commandment for them was limited. But the broad spirit of the law embraces the whole range of things which can in any way so be loved as to interfere with the simple and fervent and supreme love for God; nor will any candid man deny that, though we have not ephod and teraphim, graven and molten images, in these houses of ours, nor one set apart within them as their consecrated minister, yet that we have in them idols in whose service we are ourselves the faithful priests. We are not overfond of strong terms when they bear hardly upon us individually, while our own hearts must tell us that there is idolatry even in them, — that there are affections and desires and preferences that wage only a too successful war against the supremacy of God, — that not merely divide the sceptre, but usurp the larger half of service. We send missionaries to India and elsewhere to convert the natives from idolatry; the child in his hymn thanks God he was not taught

“to pray a useless prayer

To blocks of wood and stone;” —

our prayers are frequently that the nations may be brought

to bend the knee to Jesus. We think and talk a good deal about benighted heathen ; yet the Hindoo is not the only idolater, nor the worship of the Virgin Mary the only approach of Christians to idolatry. A writer of sterling sense says: " A man who devotes or gives himself up to any work, to any thing, to any name, save One, in earth or heaven, is an idolater. The language of one man's idolatry is revolting to us; the other commands our respect ; — but the result is much the same in both ; and fifty years hence the former as well as the latter will be gone, and the two men left equally bare, equally dead, equally unprofitable." It seems to me very plain that, under different forms and names, the same sad jumble of religious faith and irreligious service marks our day, as it did the day of Micah and the Levite. The idolatry that should most concern us is not the idolatry of the nations, but the idolatry in ourselves, — that for which we are responsible, that which we can reach and remove, — the idolatry that daily and everywhere stares every thinking man in the face, and worries every living soul. I purpose, however, confining myself to the idols in the house.

If you go into a house, what is it that at once strikes you as the cause of all its arrangements, employments, activities? What is the centre about which everything revolves, the corner-stone upon which everything rests? What is the secret of that absorption and devotion which characterize so plainly the energies of those who are its head? Evidently not the husband or the wife, or the stranger, or the guest ; not the furniture or social position, as evidently not the thought of God ; but, making due allowance for exceptions, is it not the children in it? Are not these, whom God has given us to draw us nearer himself, standing in between us and him, and absorbing affections which ought to be his? Do not the time, thought, anxiety, we spend upon them defraud God of the devotedness we owe him? If devoted, giving ourselves up to them, can we be devoted, can we give ourselves up to him?

How often it is said of a mother: "She idolizes her children!" How many a mother's heart confesses it is so, and how sad the wail over many graves, — "There lies my idol!" Perhaps we do not feel the full force of the word as we use it; yet the fact stands, and the child is to the maternal heart just what she calls it, the thing absorbing to itself that first love which should be another's, or dividing a love which should be separate. Is this too strong language? Put the question then to the mother heart, and you will know how it is: Shall your child suffer that God's law may be kept, or will you abate something of God's law that your child may be free? It is a test question, and one oftentimes shudders to know how it stands in the silent deeps of the heart.

How is it with the father? We do not hear much said of his idolatry of his children; but if you ask him why he wears himself out by his toil, or why, when he has the enough and to spare of competence or wealth, he does not pause and take the enjoyment life offers him, he tells you that he keeps at work for his children. Let alone the fact that he often says so and thinks so when it is really something else. There is many a parent fretting life away that he may leave behind him enough to keep his children from the necessity of toil, or the possibility of poverty. He is not merely industrious, frugal, interested in his labor, but he is absorbed in, devoted, given up to it, — doing the most cruel thing really to his child, and to his own soul the most serious and lasting injury. How many sons are growing up in idleness and debauchery, knowing they will not have to work! how many are waiting for the old man to die! and how many daughters become useless as wives and mothers, if they escape the misery of being married for their money! It is the saddest parental mistake, and one which no one could make who had his heart open toward God, and, however engaged in worldly things, devoted only to Him. It is a mistake which Love makes, and we would treat gently all her errings; still, the mistake is one only to be pointed out, not evaded, — reprobated, not excused.

But there are in these houses which line the ways, which look so fair, which are full of so much that attracts, which it is so pleasant to visit, idols of many kinds. You do not see their shrines upon stairway, or in niche, or in secret apartment, and you note no officiating priest; yet the idols are there, to whose service are given an affection and fidelity directly militating against the service owed only to God. I name selfishness, ill-temper, passion, indolence, intemperance in its many forms, not as exhausting the catalogue, but as giving you the clew to my meaning, and enabling you to fill out the list from your own experience, and to counteract the tendency in your own lives.

For a moment, look at one of these, self-love. Perhaps nothing will so frequently strike us, in looking into these houses of ours, as the selfishness of one or another of the inmates. You will find it the discordant element in the home, the one thing which prevents a quiet domestic harmony, the persistent ghost which haunts and disturbs at every feast which domestic love would spread. Everything goes along very well, unless self is in some way disturbed, and you see that this same self is the one thing which the others are afraid of thwarting and rousing. Painfully the daily lives of many households are drawn this way or that by the selfishness of one, or the contending selfishnesses of more than one. It is the rock, just hidden, ever and anon stranding happiness and hope. I think it is very evident, that where selfishness obtrudes itself into the home circle, and overshadows the affections and amenities which belong there, there is sufficient proof that the love of self stands first, and that love of self is idolatry of self. If everything suggested or demanded is spoken of or looked at as it will affect the individual, — if his opinion is always put forward and always insisted on, — if the setting him aside in any way provokes impatience or passion, in look, word, gesture, or tone, — if his comfort, his whim, his convenience, be the one gauge and law for all things, — I do not see how the conclusion is to be

avoided that he has made of his own selfishness a huge, abhorrent Juggernaut, riding over and crunching the holiest sympathies of our nature. Certainly no man who adores and serves God only can do these things. They are not the offshoots of the religion of Jesus, they do not grow out of his example; but they come of other service, and betray another love. Our houses should be temples of God. The law of the house — the home — should be love, self-denial, a genuine and generous care for the good of all, a standing aside for the sake of others better loved. The home should be the place where self is utterly forgotten. If we choose to have shrines by the wayside, or in the crowd of life; if we will stoop to such a service in our life abroad; if we must be selfish in trade, in profession, in strifes for place and power and repute, — let it be so; but forbid that ever such loathsome service desecrate the holier atmosphere of the house. Let there be one spot in which we will carry out fully the purely Christian trait of self-forgetfulness.

In these houses, too, passions are suffered to erect their altars, and many a petulance has its shrine. One is a votary of pride, another of ill-will, and a third of prejudice. Vanity has her devotees, and envy has hers; and all or any of these jar against and make impossible the best life of the house. You speak of a house and the family in it as one. You call it a Christian home. You have a general idea that its general custom and tone are Christian. To you it stands as a representative of home. Yet there are diversities of worship enough within its limits to bring it into ruin, — which do distract its life, as we do not often know, and would destroy its fabric, did there not underlie all a dim, indefinite, better faith, like that which lay in the hearts of the children of Dan when they asked the Levite to inquire of Jehovah, through the images, concerning their journey. In many things our home lives are grossly heathen, — more grossly so than our lives among men. A certain miscalled self-respect keeps us from falling under the world's censure while in it, but let the

door be shut and the curtain drawn, and no eye or ear to witness, it may then be known how nearly Christian these homes are. Here you shall see what the man in his heart is, — who is his God. Here disguises are dropped. There is no further demand for decency, nobody is to be deceived, nothing to be gained. Each one falls at once into the service to which he is wonted, which he loves best, — that place which is the best place to learn and practise the commands of God becoming a sort of Pantheon, in which are images and services of every evil spirit.

There are in these houses other idolatries still. Some persons make dress an idol. Life is to them only dress. They do not think of or care for much else. Not to be dressed exactly so, is the unpardonable sin. They can tell you all about its laws, to the pattern of a fringe, the shade of a color, the height of a heel. It would be fatal to be ignorant, — while yet they are willing to be ignorant of great truths and duties, and, though they know how to approach and propitiate their own favorite deity, cannot approach and propitiate God. With others, an establishment is an idol, — a house, a carriage, silver, furniture, gardens. Life is in these, not for what life may extract from them of real value to the soul, but for the mere pride of the thing, and that which might, through its beauty and the completeness of its appointments, be a temple to the living God, becomes but a splendid mausoleum tenanted by souls that are dead already. Others, again, make an idol of custom. They do not dare stir, they would not have you stir, one inch out of her prescribed way and form. Their lives are a timid cringing and fawning upon her, — deprecating her wrath, and squaring conduct and opinion to her will, fearing her as they do not God. All these are bad enough, degrading enough, when they are idolatries of the world ; but when they become idolatries of the house, — when you see them obtruding into, swaying, and shaping home life, — making the house the abode of fashion, or vanity, or convention, — thwarting and crushing its

pure, free spirit of love, — how terribly is it desecrated, and how fallen !

These houses of ours are full of various idolatries, for anything which a man takes up and pursues absorbingly, or anything to which he allows himself to become slavishly submissive, no matter how high, or honorable, or noble, is an idolatry. The devotee to art, science, literature, spending substance and life to advance his favorite pursuit, is only an idolater, if he suffer this love so to possess him as to overgrow that other love, which should be sedulously cultivated, till it be made full and perfect. The man of energy, of enterprise, of business, is an idolater, if his pursuit eat out the love of things noble and enduring, — if he devote to these the thought, the time, the talent, God gave to be better used. Absorption is idolatry, and idolatry is the degrading God from his true place, and putting in it some other lesser thing. Of this idolatry all are more or less guilty. There is not a man or woman of us but, consciously or unconsciously, has an idol, — there is not a life in which the service of the true God is not marred by the profane mixture of some other service, — there is not a heart that is not too often bowed before the thing of its own creating or selecting. It is a divided service at best we give to God ; — who then can wonder that our being oscillates between the tenderness and purity of the angel, and the passion and meanness of the brute ?

How shall the house be made what it should be, but by breaking these images, — overthrowing these shrines, leveling these altars, and setting up in the heart again the “ Hear, O Israel ! the Lord, thy God is one God ” ? Do not let us talk of missions and heathen, while our own souls lie untrodden of the Divine Spirit. Do not let us claim a Christian name till our lives beam with the holiness of a pure and single service. The day is not one at which a sincerely Christian man may much rejoice. It is a day of idolatries, — and it would seem as if there were new shrines set up every new day, and some fresh image to greet each coming sun, — as if the new,

as the old, were thronged with an ever-thronging crowd. The simple, undivided service of God is in but a few hearts. Yet there is no room for despair. As the faithful Simeon, and they that in the temple watched with him, kept there the pure idea of the Jewish faith, untainted by the traditions of the elders, so amid the clash and jar of the world's many idolatries there are those watching and keeping pure the word of a Divine life for each new-born Christian soul. Wait and work,—watch and pray,—and this simoom of worldliness, devastating heart and life, will spend itself, and then shall the service of the one only God be established among men,—not again to be shaken.

THE LIFE THAT LEADS TO HEAVEN.

SPECULATIONS about the duration of future punishment have always been the occasion of bewilderment, and of controversy and division in the Church. The question is no nearer being settled than it was in the time of Origen, sixteen hundred years ago. Our Swedenborgian neighbors are just now pestered with it, and the great seer is quoted on both sides, though his authority seems in the main to be with the advocates of endless evil. There seem to be abundant reasons for believing that no controversy will ever settle this question. Suppose it *may* be true that somewhere, on in the endless cycles of eternity, all the lost will be purified and saved, would it be likely to be made a matter of revelation to us now? Suppose the fact were announced to the world, how would it probably be received? Among the masses of men still unregenerate would it stimulate effort, and lead to watchfulness, or would it lull into false security, and put further off the very consummation which is desired? If it be true that all men are to be saved, it is not a truth to be thrown down upon them thus, to be perverted and profaned.

We shall only know it as we advance in the regenerate life, and our will is drawn up into the Divine will, and the mind thence into the fulness of the Divine counsels. God never reveals truth to us very far in advance of our condition, and hence the obscurities which he suffers to rest on the endless Beyond, and which no human wit can clear away.

But what the future life is, and what the path which leads to its blissful abodes, are questions immediately and urgently practical. The conditions of salvation are set forth in terms as plain as language can make them. Dean Paley has remarked somewhere, that the single annunciation in John v. 28, 29, "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming," is worth all the splendid apparatus of miracle by which the Gospel is authenticated to the race. And yet how slow has the Church itself been in receiving its august disclosures! The "resurrection of life" and the "resurrection of damnation" have been regarded as certain, and the priesthood have been not slow to wield its terrors; but the conditions, **THEY THAT HAVE DONE GOOD** and **THEY THAT HAVE DONE EVIL**, have been less attended to, sometimes not heeded at all. And yet everywhere these are the conditions stated, and none other. In Christ's description of the final judgment, in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, they are drawn out at length: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Paul has it, "according to what he hath done, whether good or bad." Only two classes of men are recognized in the Bible, those that do good, and those that do evil; and there are only two kinds of resurrection, one to the eternal life, and one to the eternal death. To one of these two conditions all men are travellers. A middle class, which is neither one nor the other, is unknown in the discriminations of the Divine Word. It is alike unknown in the profoundest spiritual philosophy.

Plain as the language of Christ is, it has taken the world nearly two thousand years to get to its meaning. Mark the three stages of belief on this subject. In the first ages the

conditions of attaining heaven were *ecclesiastical*; next, they were *theological*; next, and finally, they are becoming *human*. First, the dominant idea was that of ritual. He who was within the Church was secure; he who was without, perished. Next, the dominant idea was that of belief; it was the moving principle of the Protestant Reformation, and is, to this day, of the Protestant churches, — not belief as a means of becoming good, but belief as a means of being reckoned among the elect. The Church of the new age, without undervaluing right belief or an appropriate and expressive ritual, finds heaven and its rewards primarily in the humanities of the Gospel. Salvation is goodness, and to this alone the gates of Paradise are open; perdition is the want of it, and without goodness they are closed forever against us.

The reader will now ask, probably, But what is goodness? And how much must we have to be sure we are in the heavenly path, and on the right side of that line which cleaves men into only two divisions? — questions which bring us to the very heart and substance of the Gospel message. We are writing an essay and not a treatise, and so, without pretending to exhaust the subject, we will name four characteristics of that goodness which has the eternal life in it, and waits for its resurrection unto glory. For there is goodness which is only a semblance, — death putting on the appearances of life.

Heavenly goodness is *positive*, and not merely negative. It is aggressive, not merely tolerant and passive. It is on the watch, it looks out for opportunities, it does not wait to have some one come and shake it out of sleep. Herein you distinguish it from mere *moralism*, within which so many people encase themselves, and are satisfied.

Moralism has done a good business, cheated nobody, built a house and furnished it, lives within all the respectabilities, and does not wish to be disturbed. The best interests of society might perish, all its wheels might stand still, while moralism looked out through its casement, and wondered

what was the matter, or how stocks and real estate would be affected. Can we not see then that there may be a form of morality standing sleek and fair enough, yet internally organized from a supreme regard to itself alone, and with none of the juices of goodness coursing through it? Genuine goodness is organic; it forms the household around it; it rules its expenditures; it shapes and directs its business; it aims to be a beneficent force in society; it goes out from itself, and seeks for the lost; its sympathies are diffusive, and there is no weeping nor rejoicing which it does not feel. Such is the difference between Christian goodness and civic morality. The last may be the organism of a supreme selfishness, the other is a heart through which always course the throbbings of neighborly love.

Christian goodness is *perennial and pervasive*, and is to be distinguished from spasmodic generosity or periodic benevolence. It is a life, not an impulse, — a living fountain, not a jet that plays out sometimes and then stops. There are some people who are good in spots and on occasions, and to such persons as know how to manage their freaks and tempers, or steer in between a whirlpool and a promontory to find the placid waters of their benevolence and good-will. They are sweet as summer to some people, and make amends therefor by being jagged as steel towards others. This is not Christian goodness. It is the mere gurgling of temperament, and such persons are very sure to harden into stone. On the other hand, Christian goodness, though imperfect at first, is sure to become all-pervasive at last, till, like the very precious ointment, "its fragrance fills the room." It runs into all the corners and crevices of the house, and, like the scent of sandal-wood, breathes an orient sweetness through the household. It goes to the assuaging of the little griefs, the wiping away of the child's tear, and the pouring on of oil where the daily rubs of life would otherwise make contusions and sores. This does not come at once; it comes from habitually making the case of others your own, till the heart

runs into the small moralities, and perfumes them as spontaneously as the flower sheds perfume from its cells.

Men and women internally are forming every day into angels or evil spirits, and so are putting on a spiritual body that shines like the stars or grows dingy as the night. There is a slow process of nature called petrification. Sometimes they dig up a human body turned completely into stone. It was once flesh, pulpy and tender, and threaded with veins, and covered with bloom. But the flesh was displaced, particle by particle, and the mineral substances took their place, and when the process is complete, lo! a petrified human form, the exact shape of what once was a man, though now it is fixed and preserved in death. So human nature becomes changed. At first it is childlike, generous, and tender. But it grows selfish, and lives for self, — becomes tender only in spots and streaks, and these disappear at last, till the fleshly particles have all been displaced, and the inward man is changed to the stony effigy of what it was. And that is a hard, godless, and worldly old age. Just the opposite process takes place when man is putting on the angel. By shunning and putting away evil that good may come in, the old natural man that incrusts us, the hard and stony selfhood, scales off, and the Divine goodness flows in and takes its place, till the Christlike unfolds in its completeness, and man walks the earth as the image of his Lord.

Another characteristic of genuine goodness is, that it has regard for man *as man* and as the child of the Lord, — as end in himself, and having faculties designed for glorious enlargement, — not as belonging to our class or our party and sect, and helping on our prosperity and standing in the world. How much there is that goes for neighborly love which is nothing but the clanship of human selfishness and pride! For every robe of the coronation day a hundred women starved and stitched their own shrouds. Our piled up wealth and guilty grandeur rise on the crushed souls of one race, and the plundered possessions of another. Loving

the neighbor truly is one with loving the Lord, because we see the Lord's image and signature in all men, and know that he yearns for the salvation of the least of these. He assumed this nature, he enrobed himself with it, he drew up the wants and woes of the humblest man into his consciousness, that he might have access to the humblest man, and fill out his life-vessels from himself. From the least of these, therefore, he speaks and says: "I took this nature on myself, — for these I came, for these I lived and died, for these I went up on high, and for these I send back the suffusions of grace to melt my way into human nature, that lies bleeding, and lift it up into the Divine embrace." We see then how the Christian Gospel, especially that view of it which takes in the Divine Incarnation, by connecting man with God, joins every man to every other man, and makes the race a unit. Charity to the neighbor is his river of love, coursing through us, and out again to the neighbor, and so keeping its circlet round and round. And if Christ lives in the disciple, he will make the disciple's heart a holy organism of the Master's love, yearning towards all for whom he died with the feelings that prompted the sacrifice. Or, if you will have the sentiment in the terse language of a poetic commentator upon the Gospel: —

"Whoe'er thou art that seekest Him
On holy rood once slain,
Be comforted, since none hath sought
The Lord of life in vain.

"And know right well, he surest doth
Always the Master's 'hest,
Who for his well-beloved sake
Doth serve his kind the best.

"For all who need and wait thee, stand
Broad-shouldered at the tryst, —
Bear tenderly his little ones,
For so thou bearest Christ."

Last of all, and as we have already implied, genuine goodness acknowledges its source, looks to it, and is always fed from it. It is no more I, but the Lord, that comes within, and whose love crops out in all the charities of life, — “I in them, and thou in me, that they also may be made perfect in one.” Cut off from its source, human goodness turns to noxious passion and pride. Ever open and looking to its source, it sets through our obsequious souls like a river, and trickles down through all the rills and veins, and spreads greenness about us where it overflows. It is the Lord Jesus seeking ever to come anew, — seeking another advent in the lives of all his followers. The heart never beats with a humanity which is true, tender, and without any admixture from self-love, but you may look up and see one standing near you like unto the Son of man.

Such then are the characteristics of Christian goodness, and we can tell whether we have it or not. It is aggressive, it is pervasive, it regards man as man and the child of the Lord, and it is ever kept full and flowing from him who sweeps us as the medium of himself, — the breezes of his spirit sweeping over human lyres. And it appears plain enough why goodness is the life eternal, and the negation of it is eternal death. For our life is our ruling love. And if not love from the Lord going out from us in Christian goodness, then it is self-love, and this, when it rules, organizes a man's soul business and plan of life, and all things are done to feed and gratify it. It becomes not a habit of external action only, but the inner substance of his being, taking up the whole man at last, though the robes that cover it may be gorgeous.

Suppose the scene to change, — suppose the last trump to blow, as it will, and these bodies that cover us shrivel and flake off, and lie under our feet, and still we live on, — one has put on the angel, to live with angels, the other has put on the demon, to live with demons, and that is the everlasting punishment and the life eternal. s.

THE LIFE MORE THAN MEAT.

VISITING lately the Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, and impressed, as we were, by the unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible demonstration it presents of New England genius, industry, skill, and perseverance, the words at the head of this article came to our mind, as the solemn refrain uttered at every turn of its vast and imposing display. All this was done to secure to us more readily, in greater abundance, and with a surer perpetuity, those things essential to our comfort and well-being while in these mortal bodies.

And what an interest gathers around the scene! Thousands upon thousands are rushing eagerly to these halls, by day and by night, and week after week. Ponderous trains of cars move toward the spot; of each sex, and of every age, they come. No occupation but is here represented; the delicate student, the stalwart laborer, high and low, rich and poor, from north, south, east, and west, they throng to witness the spectacle.

And what a spectacle it is! For the sake of "the meat" on which man subsists, his means of livelihood, comfort, and luxury, what has not been done to produce these magnificent results! Man has tasked his brain, and tried the cunning of his hands; and woman has put forth her inventive powers, and plied the needle, and toiled with her delicate fingers; and the eye of many a little girl has sparkled, as she bent herself in the keen competitions of the hour.

No one can have witnessed, even cursorily, this proud exhibition, and not seen how much it has done, and must still do, to promote the industrial interests of our community. It serves not only to gratify and to improve the taste, but to stimulate mechanic, manufacturer, inventor, artist, and artisan to put forth their utmost ability.

It is a tribute to the uncounted advantages of our increased

intercommunication. "Of all inventions," as one of our best writers well says, "the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually, as well as materially; and both facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, and binds together all the branches of the great human family." It is in part to our present marvellous intercommunication, that we owe such results as this rare Exhibition!

"Man hath sought out many inventions." If these words of the sacred preacher were true of his age, with what added force are they true of this nineteenth century! When God led our fathers to these Western wilds, and at length crowned their arms with national freedom and independence, who could have anticipated that, in less than a single century, on this rock-bound Massachusetts, railroads would exist, and that she too would exhibit the greatest number of miles of this magic conveyance, for her surface, of all territories in the world? that the longest railroad on the globe would be found at this period in our then unexplored wilderness? that the largest aqueduct in existence would have been found here? and that on our soil would be the largest grain port in the world? Stupendous indeed have been, and still are, our labors for the meat that perisheth!

The progressiveness of our course, especially in the mechanic arts, is demonstrated, as everywhere, so prominently in an Exhibition like the present. A machine is invented for threshing and cleansing grain; this stimulates its cultivation; and now a machine is invented for reaping; then follows the broadcast seed-sower; and now we stand waiting for what is doubtless near, the steam-plough. An entire chamber-set is embraced within an apparently single article. France sends us an invention to stamp the lineaments of "the human face divine," by the aid of the sun, on a metallic plate; soon that is succeeded by the same process on a plate

of glass ; and finally comes photography, and the almost miracle-working stereoscope, creating, as it were, from two plane surfaces the rounded and flesh-like actual form.

God has implanted in every human being a desire to improve his own condition ; and he has so constituted the material universe, that, in every experimental science, there shall be a tendency toward perfection. These two principles lie at the basis of such results as we to-day witness. A great Exhibition in the sciences and arts serves to show what man can accomplish under free institutions. It tends to encourage genius and to abridge labor ; to illustrate and to increase human skill and ingenuity ; to promote a wise economy ; and by its demonstrations of ability, both in design and execution, to gratify our pride, personal and national. It manifests our impatience at our present condition ; and that, where there is constant discontent, there will also be a constant strife for improvement ; and this, again, arouses and puts to its utmost tension our disposition to contrive, to labor, and to save ; and thus, finally, are called forth that unprecedented energy, and that almost superhuman power, at this moment displayed, in enlarging the realms of physical science, and compelling it to minister to our comfort and luxury, to everything that can aggrandize our condition and enhance our accumulations of "the meat that perisheth."

But shall we close our essay here ? No, we have been thus far only in the vestibule of that mighty temple we are now to enter. Man has another interest beside this of his material part, and it is one, too, of transcendent import. "Labor not for the meat that perisheth," said our Lord, "but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Much as this Exhibition has kindled our admiration of the power, determination, energy, and progress of our people, there is still left unvisited a field, before which its proudest demonstrations must wane and pale away. "The life is more than meat." The life of man in a physical sense, how much weightier is that than the meat on which it subsists ! The life of man in

a moral and spiritual regard, how infinitely more worthy is it of the exercise of his care and thought and toil than the grandest of these material successes !

And no question pressed more anxiously upon us, as we trod those halls, crowded with all that can gratify the eye and give hope of an advancing earthly good, than this : Will that American mind, which achieves these wonders in extending man's empire, intellectual and material, over the outward world, devise and execute with equal power plans and methods for subduing his great inward foe ? Here are couch, and lounge, and easy-chair, in which the visitor is told he can enjoy "luxurious rest of body." What is to be done meantime for his immortal mind ? Here is a "concentrated leaven," promising us bread lighter, more digestible and nutritious, than earth has ever known. How is it with "the bread which cometh down from heaven" ? Is that also to be supplied ? And are we as earnest for the one as for the other ?

We can see, in connection with all that is animating and glorious in our material prospects, here and there a cloud. In the intense devotion of this age to mechanism and machinery, one fears that the world are coming to think everything of real value to man is only, by longer or briefer processes, to be at last resolved into mechanism. What was once done by the hand, is now mainly executed by machines. In the laundry, to wash, wring, starch, iron, were once slow and manual tasks ; but now wood and iron and skill need only unite, and the hands are almost unemployed. Once, too, they were each a separate process, but to-day the whole is to be accomplished by a single machine ! Not only the manufacturer is thus marvellously relieved, but the agriculturist is told that the time is near when the curse shall be removed, and no longer must he eat his bread in the sweat of his brow ; but whether it be to sow or to reap, to till or to gather, he may walk coolly about and see beast and machine do the whole.

But God will not release man at every point, and in every

province, from the dominion of that old law of Eden. When he made Adam a rational and free being, there were bars and bounds set up to the province of his inventions. Man must think, and there is no machine by which he can think. In our present adoration of the machine powers, I think we are in danger of trying to introduce machinery into many of our mental pursuits. Our schools have too much of mere routine ; there is in them a constant tendency to mechanical modes of instruction and recitation ; hence not seldom the boy who can repeat fluently the solutions of his book, falters in the application of numbers, geography, grammar, &c. to actual life.

So in spiritual things, — how much machinery, in one form and another, has been introduced into religion and the Church ! Take what is technically called a “revival of religion,” and who does not see that it must abound in mechanical means and methods, laid down sometimes in books, or taken from eminent revival preachers, — the work of experiment, imitation, sympathy, — many things beside the free, independent, God-regarding service of the individual soul ? The Lamaite turns a crank and winds off his prescribed amount of prayers. We smile at the expedient ; but how often in Christian temples is there the mere turning of the wheel at the altar, in the sermon, in the songs, and in the formalism of the pews ?

But there is no possible invention that can supersede the old, time-sanctioned mode of becoming pious. We have a compound for preserving fruits, that promises to set aside all former methods and ingredients, — no sugar is needed, no boiling, no exclusion of the air. So let it be. I do not know but fruits can be saved by this short, labor-sparing and money-sparing process. But I do know that you cannot preserve and save souls by any of these cunning and abbreviated methods.

The Father works on, as in former ages, so in the present, by the same steady and antiquated influences and operations

of his Holy Spirit. When the sinner would turn from his sins, serve God, and do good to man, he must pursue, not the modern mechanical paths and appliances, but the good old way of quiet thoughtfulness, calm penitence, steadfast resolution, patient prayer, — first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. So only does one enter the high places of Christ's kingdom.

All attempts to supersede this plan of salvation will prove futile. It is said the monks of the Middle Ages would often take the parchment manuscripts of the sacred volume, erase from them the inspired writings, and record in their stead the paltry legends and fables of their own fabrication. So do we blot out the ancient and prescribed Word of God on the true way of gaining piety, and write in its place the cunning inventions of our own sectarian or misguided device. But there is no patent machine, nor ever will be, for the saving of souls. He who would earn the wages of life eternal must toil on patiently and prayerfully, bearing the spiritual burden and heat of each particular day.

There is no mechanism to save labor, time, or expense in the formation of character. You can plane, mould, and build in new methods; by dint of newly-invented saw, mortise-frame, and other tools and helps, you can build your dwelling with an expertness and economy unknown to past ages. But if you would have "a house in the heaven, not built with hands and eternal," you must be content to lay its beams, and raise its walls, and reach its top-stone, by long-protracted watchfulness and effort, by serene and daily aspirations, by struggles, and strifes, and supplications, enduring on and on, to the end.

Justice, charity, forbearance, forgiveness, resistance of temptation, control of passion, subjugation of appetite, a meek resignation to trials and troubles and toils and tears, — the submission of faith in hours of bereavement, when the loved fade from our embrace, — ah! there is no invention, no abbreviation, no saving of our inmost selves, that can ac-

comply with this life-comprehending, God-reaching, man-loving course. Day by day, and step by step, so, if ever, must we win the crown.

Another danger, suggested by the Mechanics' Exhibition, is, that, seeing the marvellous forces and capacities of matter, we shall begin to dream there is no reality in spiritual things. We shall attempt to resolve God into a mere aggregate of physical forces; and, if we believe in a heaven to come, make its inhabitants gross, like ourselves, and their occupations earthly and sensual, if nothing worse. We are in danger now, as has been said, from "the Law God of Science." One passes through those halls, and reads on all sides of the wonders that machinery can do of itself. Here is the "self-acting carriage-gate," "farm well," and "sash lock," and "coal screen;" there is the "self-operating table-leaf supporter," "self-sealing can," "self-heating smoothing-iron," "self-generating gas-lamp," "self-shackling and self-adjusting coupling for the rail-car," — and what, we ask, is to be the end of all this? Will not the time come when matter will actually move itself, — and then spirit-force, the only real force, as we have hitherto affirmed, be exploded, and with it the soul go out, and the Father of spirits become to us but a word?

Shallow, fallacious, and illusive as such reasoning all is, there are those who put confidence in its validity. Take that book recently published on the "Origin of Species by the Law of Natural Selection," a book full of sophistries, and yet, by its air of apparent logical induction, showing the fearful power over the reasoning faculty of an absorbing devotedness to the consideration of mere earthly forces, tendencies, and powers. Its whole tone and movement are mechanical; it ignores the unseen and celestial, takes from man the diadem set on his brow by his Creator, and places on him the muddy vesture of a materialism so subtle and insidious as to deceive, in some instances, the very elect of God's intellectual sons. A book, by the testimony of that

prince of science, our noble Agassiz, pronounced "full of mischief."

God grant that, while we accept the generous donations of modern science, and welcome every invention and every art that can minister to our legitimate comfort and enjoyment, we suffer no one of them, nor all of them combined, to lay profane hands on the ark of our holy faith.

We would by no means advocate a disregard or a disparagement of the immense advantages of modern genius and skill. Let us gain all we can by these multiplied improvements. But we should see distinctly, that, though we "gain the whole world" — mechanically speaking — and lose our own souls, we shall be nothing profited. Amid the luxuries provided for us in these inventions, let us each watch well, and say to the tempter : —

"Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing ;
Doubt, that would my strength impair,
Hence at once from life and feeling!—

"Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad ;
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness, — up to God."

We are not forbidden absolutely to "labor for the meat that perisheth," but we are so to labor as to secure, meantime, "that meat which endureth to everlasting life." Take we good heed, then, lest the meat become to us more than the life, — better loved, more earnestly sought, more devoutly welcomed. With all our gettings, see we to it that we get wisdom, get understanding, win Christ.

"Thankfully we will rejoice in
All that God through man has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.
Following every voice of progress
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us, in life's spirit labor,
Still be sure to do our part."

A. B. M.

AND GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY EVERY TEAR FROM THEIR
EYES.

Not tears alone for natural grief
Our God shall wipe away ;
To sinners too he sends relief,
When unto him they pray.

We mourn the loss of dearest friends,
For want, and woe, and pain ;
But still our God some comfort sends,
And we rejoice again.

But most we weep and mourn for sin ;
Will God, our God, forgive,
And purify the heart within,
That we to him may live ?

Shall we as sinners ever know
That we are all forgiven ?
Shall Memory's page no record show
'Gainst such as dwell in heaven ?

God wipes away our falling tears,
Reveals a Father's love ;
And all our doubts and all our fears
But passing shadows prove.

E'en memory's self at length shall cease
To bear one guilty stain,
And naught but joy and heavenly peace
Within the soul remain.

J. V.

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

IN the early history of Methodism, though the chief interest has centered on Whitefield and the Wesleys, yet the power and character of the first preachers is an evidence that this religious awakening was guided by a wide-spread influence of the Spirit. We propose now to give a brief sketch of one of these earnest and devout men.

On the 13th of March, 1757, John Wesley, exhausted by his labors, and bowed down with grief at the death of his dear friend and efficient co-laborer, the Rev. John Meriton, stopped at Snowfields. Weary in body, and with a sad heart, he met the congregation who had gathered to hear him. But he who in the hour of human weakness sought strength and joy from God, prayed out of his lowly, bereaved, and yearning heart that a new laborer might be raised up. The auditors were moved to tears. Their hearts sent back a response of sympathy, as the words of entreaty were borne to God. The prayer was not in vain. Among that assembly there was one whose whole soul thrilled with emotion. The fountains of his spirit were stirred. The voice of the preacher was as a clarion call. He heard and obeyed. From that hour, one of the most saintly of men consecrated himself to the office of the sacred ministry. Who was this man? It was John William de la Flechere, known afterward as Fletcher of Madeley.

But let us retrace our steps. Before the voice of Wesley had uttered its lament and prayer at Snowfields, a boy was playing on the lawn of one of the ancestral mansions in the village of Nyon. This beautiful, quiet nook in Switzerland was enriched with the wealth of scenery which gathers around Lake Geneva. Here, where Gibbon had meditated, and Madame de Staël gazed with wonder and admiration, this young Swiss lad gambolled and mused. Endowed with a quick and penetrating intellect, he carried off the prizes of scholarship in the neighboring University. Naturally sedate

and thoughtful, his Calvinistic parents were bent on his becoming a preacher of this strict and austere faith ; but his Arminian predilections interposed, and he resolved to enter the army. His commission was obtained, and he was on the point of setting sail for Brazil ; but a disappointment in some of his arrangements prevented, and he changed his course and went to England. Though always religiously inclined, Divine truth came to him with new power after he landed in England. He began to doubt the vitality of his faith. True, he had been accounted as religious, and had even received the premium from his University for his attainments in religious knowledge ; yet his religion was a tradition more than a personal conviction. At this point there arose the struggle of the soul. Soon the victory came. Religion dawned as a spiritual experience, and faith triumphed over doubt. The day on which he entered the chapel at Snowfield was one of the most memorable in his life. It was always afterwards marked as the turning-point in his career. Heaven registered his secret resolve, as the soul of Wesley wrestled with the angel and sought a blessing. Immediately he was ordained as Deacon in the Established Church, and became one of the most efficient instruments in this spiritual awakening. It was not long before he became known as Fletcher of Madeley. Before he entered upon his labors in this humble parish, he had been offered the living of Dunham, which had large pay and little work. But Fletcher was too intent on his Master's service to be lured by the promise of ease and abundance. His yearning heart turned from the allurements of the culture and wealth of Dunham, and beat in sympathy with the miners and operatives of Madeley. True the congregation was small, but in this region of mines and manufactories there was a mass of ignorant and degraded persons who needed the word of life. At the time he began his labors, Madeley was unknown, and he has made the name familiar to all Christians. The record of his ministry here is rich with evidences of a pure zeal

and single-hearted devotedness. From the narrative of his struggles, as well as those of his brethren, we catch glimpses of the low state of society. The great mass of the people were ignorant, and guided chiefly by their prejudices and passions. Sometimes his services were interrupted by the outbreak of scurrilous language. He was threatened with personal violence. At one time, we are told, the rabble resolved to "bait the parson, to pull him from his horse, and to set the dogs on him." In this case his detention at a funeral proved his safety. He was called to pay the price of a reform leader, for, having discoursed on temperance as well as judgment to come, the malt-men were enraged at him. The civil arm was invoked, and he was threatened by the magistrate. Even Orthodoxy and Conservatism became alarmed, and a clergyman of the Established Church posted him as a schismatic and a rebel. Yet he steadily pursued his labors, and was unwearied in his charities. He met violence with gentleness, and confronted the outbreaks of passion with the smile of love. That he sometimes ran counter to conventional customs is very likely. On the Sabbath morning, as he went about his parish, ringing his bell to rouse such parishioners as excused their neglect of worship by alleging that they could not awaken early enough to prepare their families for service, — doubtless, as he did this, there were some among the more cultivated, as well as the self-indulgent and worldly, who were annoyed at this jar of the peaceful Sabbath morn. So, too, the glowing and impassioned language in which he portrayed the joy of the redeemed, or the terrible doom he pronounced against the wicked and unregenerate, may have seemed to cooler and more passive natures the extravagance of intoxicated zeal. All this is very probable; and still the question arises, Could these sooty colliers or greasy operatives, whose passions were all on fire, while their religious nature slumbered, — could they have been aroused from their sins and apathy by appeals suited for the cultivated and intelligent? There are diver-

sities of operation, and while it would be as ineffectual as it would be unwise for a New England pastor to follow exactly in the footsteps of a Fletcher, it would be equally narrow and short-sighted to try his methods by the standards of propriety which now exist. The emergency was peculiar, and the men who, under the guidance of the Spirit, followed out the suggestions of the hour, proved that they knew how to give momentum to one of the most remarkable religious revivals of the Church. With a feeling of self-sufficiency, or in the pride of superior intelligence, we may criticise the earnestness and even excesses of these men ; but the question may justly be asked, What evidence of vitality do we give ? Excessive zeal does sometimes, undoubtedly, lead to fanaticism ; so, too, the path of indifference leads to moral death and a spiritual grave.

Fletcher was a pastor in the widest sense of that term. He went about from house to house with his Gospel message and personal charity. In one hovel he would find a poor decrepit widow whose heart was made lighter for his word of kindness and prayer. Another, stretched on the bed of sickness, would brighten at the sound of his footstep. His very smile was a benediction to the sad and bereaved, while the destitute had cause to thank him for a sympathy and charity more substantial than words. He almost unclothed himself to clothe the more needy. He stinted himself to the coarsest fare that his charities might be enlarged. He even stripped his house of all articles of luxury to enable him the better to feed the poor and give joy to others. It is not in human nature to live in the presence of such disinterestedness without being filled with respect and admiration. A piety so rich in good deeds, so sweet with fragrant love, so heart-felt and generous, could not fail to win the rough colliers and operatives. Though the wealthy may frown or look on with unconcern, though the magistrate may threaten and the clergyman denounce, the multitude, who follow their uncalculating moral instincts, and do not pause to analyze their

feelings, or discriminate in their judgment, — the multitude could not long resist the power of a life so pure, large-hearted, and devout as that of the pastor of Madeley. The odor of his piety spread far and wide, and he became one of the brightest saints in the Methodist calendar.

If, from what has been said, it is supposed that we wish to disparage the intellectual gifts of Fletcher, the impression is incorrect. He not only lived the truth with fidelity, but dispensed it with power. His contemporaries, with their wonted fondness for strong language, say that as a preacher his "living word soared with an eagle's flight, and he basked in the sun, carrying his young ones on his wings, and seized the prey for his Master." "Sir," said Venn, "he was a luminary. A luminary did I say? He was a *Sun*. I have known all the great men for these fifty years, but I have known none like him."

Perhaps there is no portion of Fletcher's life which illustrates his elevation of soul more than the spirit which he showed in the heat of an excited theological controversy. From boyhood he had always discovered a strong bent towards Arminianism; and when the discussion between the two rival systems of belief arose in the Methodist communion, Fletcher joined with Wesley in opposition to Whitefield, Lady Huntington, and the Calvinistic wing. He had been called to the Presidency of the Theological School at Trevecca. As the theological discussion grew more earnest, and men were obliged to define their position, Benson, a colleague of Fletcher in the College, was dismissed by Lady Huntington for his Arminianism. The President was absent at the time, and immediately on his return felt himself compromised, and resigned. Yet even here he strove to maintain "the meekness of wisdom." He retained his heavenly frame of mind in the heat of theological discussion. "If the College be overthrown," he writes to Benson, "I have nothing more to say to it; the confirmed tool of any party I never was, and never will be. Take care, my dear sir, not to make matters worse

than they are; and cast the mantle of forgiving love over circumstances that might injure the cause of God, so far as it is put into the hands of that eminent lady who has so well deserved of the Church of Christ." Fletcher did much by his writings toward shaping the theology of the Methodists. In his "Checks" he discusses the question of Free Will, Total Depravity, and kindred themes. These "Checks" are pamphlets thrown off to meet a present exigency, and do not pretend to be either a systematic or exhaustive treatment of theological doctrines. We have the authority of Stevens for saying they are read more to-day than when first written, and "control the opinions of the largest and most effective body of Evangelical clergymen on the earth. They are staples in every Methodist publishing-house. Every Methodist preacher is supposed to read them as an indispensable part of his theological studies, and they are found at all points of the globe whither Methodist preachers have borne the cross. They have been more influential in the denomination than Wesley's own controversial writings on the subject; for he was content to pursue his itinerant work, replying but briefly to the Hills, and leaving the contest to Fletcher."

The pastor of Madeley for six years carried on a theological discussion, and, instead of becoming sour and imbittered, grew in love and piety. In this respect he is in striking contrast with his brothers, Toplady and Berridge. He avoided the fierce combativeness of the one, and the cutting sarcasm of the other. While engaged in the discussions of opinion, his spirit became more elevated, and the world became "a world of love." But though this controversy did not take from him his serenity of soul, yet, through the arduous labors it imposed, it prostrated the body. A portion of the latter part of his life he spent among the scenes of his childhood, and in the beautiful region of Lake Geneva his strength for a brief period revived. For four years he remained in Nyon, and occupied the time of recreation in efforts to redeem the inhabitants of his native village.

Fletcher married late in life, and in this relation was far more fortunate than Wesley. His chosen wife was after his heart. Her character was run in the same mould, and her autobiography is the portrait of a devout and disinterested woman. Their circumstances also have some points of resemblance. Like him, she inherited wealth and position. While a child she was fond of religious musing. She grew into womanhood surrounded by the excitements and allurements of fashion. Yet she was not at home amid the gayeties of Bath or the opera at London. While her companions were in the whirl of the dance, she would go and hold converse with women of a deep religious experience. She fell in with a small female company which gave the final shaping to her life. As she left London to dwell in her father's country-house, she recalled the hours she had spent in religious conversation and prayer. Thus, while she walked through Epping Forest, or paused under its magnificent trees, she dwelt on the margin of heaven. Her mind was filled with "a sweet sense of God," and her heart took fire at the thought of "the adorable Jesus." Piety was so strong and luxuriant in her soul as to run into the excesses of feeling. Her parents tried to win her back to the world, but it was of no avail. As she attained her majority, with the approval of her parents, she resolved to board at some distance from her old home. The surplus of her income she devoted to poor widows. "I have nothing to do," is her language, "but to be holy, both in body and spirit; thankfulness overflowed my heart, and such a spirit of peace and content flowed into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven. Yet I was not without my cross; for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt when, towards night, I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined." Soon after this, we find her, in connection with Sarah Ryan, taking one of her own houses and establishing a charity-school. This subsequently grew into Cross Hall Institution, in Yorkshire. While thus engaged in active labors, an attachment was formed between

Mary Bosanquet and Fletcher. There was so much alike in their tone of spirit and plan of life, that a true and holy marriage sanctified their affection. Among her other duties she exhorted "rustic assemblies," and "in later years Mary Fletcher had a seat elevated a step or two above the level of the floor, whence she addressed the people in the several chapels which she and her husband erected in the vicinity of Madeley." Wesley says: "Her words are as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all who hear her."

In sympathy and union with such a wife, Fletcher journeyed on towards the grave. His system became prostrate, and he began to spit blood. Yet, when the body grew weak, the soul waxed strong. "I know not what hurry of spirit is, or unbelieving fears, under my most terrifying symptoms." As death draws near, he falls into a tone of exultation. The grave was his triumphant pathway to glory. His last appearance in public was in the church, on Sunday. On that memorable day he fainted while conducting the service, but rallied, so as to finish the sermon, and then, almost exhausted, he officiated at the communion; but while uttering the benediction he fell in a swoon, and was borne by the tender and loving hands of parishioners to his dying bed. He rallied several times. With the feeling of exultant joy, so characteristic of the Methodist, he shouted his hallelujahs while he joined in hymn and prayer. He lived till the next Sabbath. The multitude which thronged the church on that day wept in grief. The poor, who had come from a great distance, and who were usually fed at the parsonage, passed along the gallery, and through an opened door found solace in a final gaze on his apostolic face. On that night his wife bent over him, and, in the depth of her affectionate piety, said: "I know thy soul, but, for the sake of others, if Jesus be very present with thee, lift up thy right hand." Immediately it was raised. He repeated the sign, as an evidence of "the prospects of glory sweetly opening" before him, and then slept the sleep of death. A wail of sorrow rose from

the village, as if every heart was touched with a common grief, and weeping thousands followed him to the grave.

The character of this godly man is one of singular purity and devotedness. Scattered through the "History of Methodism," by Abel Stevens, we have interesting anecdotes, which illustrate his saintly piety. It partook of the features of Methodism. But this was its form. In its essential spirit it was Christ-like. This History, to which we are indebted for the materials of this sketch, gives us a succession of portraits. They have, in many respects, strong peculiarities; yet underlying these is the deep, clear, and distinct impress of this religious movement. Among them all, Fletcher of Madeley is one of the chief. "I have known," says Wesley, "many exemplary men, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found, either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

S. W. B.

THE QUESTIONINGS OF BELIEVERS.*

RECENT INQUIRIES IN THEOLOGY.

IN our last number we called attention to the book the title of which is given below, as soon to be placed before American readers by one of the most energetic publishing houses in our city, and were kindly permitted to transfer to our own pages some paragraphs from advance sheets. The republication, introduced, only with too great brevity, by one

* Recent Inquiries in Theology. By Eminent English Churchmen. Being "Essays and Reviews," reprinted from the Second London Edition. Edited, with an Introduction, by Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1860.

four most earnest and ablest scholars, has since been placed before us, and has been read with the utmost eagerness, though not yet with the care which such topics and such handling justly demand. Anything approaching to an elaborate discussion of the high matters with which these papers are occupied, would carry us beyond the humble limits and purposes of our household journal, and would be impossible during these few remaining days. But we must try to set down, as briefly as may be, the impressions which remain upon the mind as we rise from the reading of this truly significant book,—a book which, though it contains little or nothing that has not been presented before to students in theology, will be an astonishment, but not, we hope, a grief, to those who have been accustomed to receive and think of the Gospel only according to the popular forms, and are incapable of entertaining any distinction between the letter and the spirit of Revelation.

1. The writers of these "Essays and Reviews," although they make their appearance before the world thus in company, ask to be heard as individuals, each speaking only for himself, and holding himself accountable only for his own contribution to the common volume, and yet it is plain that they are animated by a common spirit, and occupy substantially the same stand-point. No one would suffer himself to be found in such a fellowship with ever so many formal disclaimers, unless he had in some way been assured that he would not be seriously compromised even in appearance. Especially is it true that the Englishman has not yet been born who is insensible to the force of Tulkington's complaint, "I do not like your company." We are satisfied, though we may not be able to tell why, that each one of these essayists and reviewers does like his company, and is willing to be seen in it; and if any one of them should come to any theological grief for anything written in this volume, it would be practically just, even if legally unjust, to compel his fellows to suffer with him. Nominally, each writer repre-

sents only himself; nominally, the significance of the whole is much weakened by this condition: practically, each utters all that is put forth, and we have a remarkable body of opinion, and the seven are the soul thereof, and the voices of the seven are one voice. Was this dividing of responsibility accidental or prudential? And why was such a volume sent forth with a name that is no name,—a name that would almost protect the book against a perusal, save by those who suffer no book to escape them? But be these things as they may, these gentlemen are all, in one way or another, *questioners*, to say the least, of much, both as to the form and the matter of revelation, which the popular Christianity holds to be forever settled. In many things they go beyond what are usually put forth amongst us as liberal interpretations of the Bible,—the Old Testament and the New. In these times, one is not easily startled, but there is not a little within the covers of this volume which will give the reader pause. And, besides what the writers say out and out in plain English, there seems to be much lying behind which shapes their expressions. They have not yet abandoned this or that, but they have evidently been considering very anxiously what would remain for them in case they should be compelled to surrender and vacate; and when one is setting a new house in order, we naturally infer that he means before long to move into it. No one who was “sound on the miracles” would have been at the pains to write what the lamented Professor Powell has here written upon them. If Temple, Williams, and Jowett were content with the popular Christianity, they would not extend their researches outside of it, as they do here. It is very plain that these writers have their difficulties, and have pondered them long and laboriously; and that, having found, as they think, a way out of the entanglement, or at least the promise of a way, they have sought to impart what has been given to them.

And the noteworthy circumstance to which we wish to call attention is this, that, although we meet continually with

questionings, they are not so urged as to destroy faith and the peace that accompanies faith ; on the contrary, though we must stop short of what seem to be the conclusions, and do not share the misgivings, of some of these authors, we find ourselves on the whole greatly encouraged and strengthened by their large and earnest and thoroughly Christian persuasions. The difficulties which they bring forward have not destroyed their confidence, but have only sent them back into the depths of the Christian consciousness for that assurance which is not of flesh and blood. Faith is the gift of God ; it is transmitted under his Providence from one believing generation to another ; it does not depend upon outward evidences, — these rather stimulate and illustrate than create or sustain it ; it is not natural, but supernatural, a true and proper miracle ; the reasons which men give for it, and with which they try to satisfy others, never satisfied them ; and if they are in any way unsound, the exposure of this unsoundness, however it may confound those who have no faith, and only believe, or seem to believe, or suppose themselves to believe, because others believe, will not seriously impair the soul's confidence. Believers — those who are at one with God in Christ — write upon the evidences and the letter of Revelation, not at all in the spirit nor according to the methods of doubters and deniers, or even of cool, and, as they are called, unbiassed inquirers. They are biassed, if you choose to call it so, in favor of the truth of the Gospel ; that is, there is one element in the investigation which it is impossible for them to leave out, — we mean their own faith, a faith which they share with millions, a faith which is as truly and as significantly a fact as any other fact, — which just as much needs to be accounted for as a discrepancy between two evangelists. So long as we do not believe in Jesus, his story is like any other wonderful story to us ; and when we find things hard to be understood, the intellect, which during the suspense of faith will be uppermost, will insist upon parading these difficulties, and will make the most of them. They will be put

first in every discussion of Revelation : the order will be, first denials, then affirmations, the last reluctantly and stintingly added, so that the impression left upon the mind is one of uncertainty. Now this book, though it contains many denials, leaves no such impression. Beliefs, and not denials, are the prominent matters. The way of these travellers has been a perilous one, but the light of heaven has been shining down upon them all the while ; we do not see yet what shall be the end of the path, — indeed it seems to lead down into the valley of the shadow of death, but the rod and the staff of the Heavenly Guide will be there also. And all this effect is wrought without that painful, if not shameful, special pleading which is found so often in the writings of the apologists and commentators ; it comes of the force which inheres in the Truth, and goes out from the Truth. This book is a new thing in Christendom. We have had before what are called “apologies” for Revelation, skilful solutions of this and the other perplexity in the record, ingenious historical arguments, accumulations of probabilities on the side of Christianity, and we have had attacks upon the evidences, objections to miracles, to the genuineness of various books of Scripture, to the argument from prophecy ; but here we are carried beyond the outworks to the citadel and centre, and are brought into communion with men who are so strong in faith that they undertake to show the compatibility of the freest handling of the letter, and of everything external, with the heartiest conviction of the everlasting power, worth, and beauty of the Gospel. We have not found so much faith in connection with so much questioning anywhere else in Christian literature ; there have been those in the midst of us who have questioned as much about the records of our religion, — hardly any who have questioned more, — but they were men to whom the Father had not revealed the glorious Messiahship of Christ as these disciples have seen it. When such believers bring forward their difficulties to be resolved, and, from a conviction that others are perplexed as they have been perplexed,

offer the explanations which have relieved their own minds and hearts, we may be sure that they speak because they cannot be true to themselves and remain silent, and they should be met, not with outcries, assertions, and dogmatism, but with respectful audience. If they can help an age which has been relying upon outward testimony, to the neglect of the Voice within, — upon the miracles wrought upon the bodies of men eighteen hundred years ago, to the neglect of the miracles which a genuine Christianity is or may be and ought to be working upon the souls of men to-day (for conversions are the perpetual signs of the Gospel), — we need not be very anxious about the effect of certain extremes of speculation or of criticism. In reading the books of some rationalizers, we say to ourselves, Here is all you have to believe and rest in, and you are explaining it all away; this is the bread which remains for your hunger, and you are showing it to be no bread; but these writers, whether with reason or not, feel and utter themselves like men who are all the stronger and all the braver for what they have been compelled to lay aside, and are ready to begin a new age of Christianity unencumbered with the traditions of the past. Even if it should appear, as we think it will, that, in their desire to give up everything untrustworthy, they have yielded much which is as good as ever it was, they will none the less have rendered an incalculable service to our dogmatizers and literalists, — to those whose very believing is an offence, and whose very faith in the Bible and in Christ is a distrust of God, the ever-living and the ever-near. In this way we explain to ourselves our interest in a book which involves so much negation. We cannot think, with some, that the difference consists simply in guarded statements and an appearance of reverence and of deference, in the choice of hints and *sotto voces* instead of broad and outspoken denials; the explanation lies beneath the surface, in the spiritual condition rather than in the mental peculiarities or rhetorical habits of the writers. Believers may for the time perplex and mis-

lead ; but they will not destroy any man's faith. Indeed, our confidence in the future of Christianity has been strengthened by these reviewers and essayists far beyond any help supplied by Paley and Lardner.

2. Another impression made by these recent inquiries relates to the desire entertained perhaps by many, though yielded to as yet by few, to be gathered for the sake of rest and definiteness within one or another of the recognized enclosures of Christendom, — into some Church made visible by articles to which the clergy at least are required to assent. In this volume we have, as it seems to us, fresh proof, if any were needed, that such a church does in fact, however much it may nominally propose, secure no more real uniformity, no more rest from discussion, amongst those who are alive to Christian truth and diligent students of Scripture, than is practically attained by the company of local churches, each built upon the One Foundation which is laid, each independent of the other so far as any legislation touching dogma or discipline is concerned, each taught not of men but of Christ, but all laboring together to overcome evil with good, to uplift the fallen, to convert the sinful, to comfort and elevate the poor. Christ will keep his own. They will not wander far or long from him. They will, however, interpret his words, each man according to his inward necessity ; but even these various interpretations, where a true Christian freedom of development is enjoyed, will grow more and more at one. The Church of Christ is made up of all those who believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. It is an historical body. It is a visible body. It passes down more or less formally, but always by inward spiritual succession and generation, from age to age ; not *of* this world, it is *in* this world ; our Puritan forefathers did not leave it behind them when they left England and Episcopacy, — they brought it with them in their hearts, and they embodied it in Congregationalism or Independency ; and those who have ceased to be Calvinists have not thereby cut themselves off from the

body of Christ; they are just as much in the visible Church as those are, certainly, who are distinguished only by accepting Articles which are rendered wholly nugatory by an exceeding latitude of interpretation,—Articles in which the Calvinist finds Calvinism, the Arminian Arminianism, and which, according to the Essayist upon a “National Church,” allow us great latitude in settling the canon of Scripture and the meaning of inspiration. If we only have the thing signified, the sign will take care of itself. If we are in Christ, we are in the Church. Christ has never been divided. There never was and there never will be but One Church. Peter will go to the circumcision, Paul to the uncircumcision, and Paul will reprove Peter when he is to be blamed; but they are both true disciples of Christ, called Christians first in the very Antioch which was the scene of their controversy, and, though by different ways, they are both advancing to the same end.

A great deal is said by a certain class of theologians, in our day, about a visible and historic Church, and the folly and wickedness of separating from it; but those who so speak are false to their own doctrine, instead of accepting the Church which is, undivided and indivisible, the Body of Christ, those who are in the faith and love of Christ; they detach a portion of this body, distinguished from the remainder by certain peculiarities of doctrine or ritual, and say, Here is the Church, and then begin to lament over the sins and misfortunes of separatists. Why will they fly in the face of fact, neglect the testimony of history, turn a deaf ear to what the Spirit saith unto the churches, and lose the comfortable persuasion that communion with Christ has proved stronger and more enduring than the accidents of opinion or of ritual? Romanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, Unitarianism, Quakerism, have not in *fact* taken men out of the Church, because they have not taken them out of Christ. Many are excluded from Christian pulpits here on the ground of unsound Christian opinions, of

whom only the hardest bigotry will maintain that they will not be welcomed to heaven. On their way to heaven, and now in Christ, what must that be which calls itself the Church of the Redeemer, and yet excludes them? There can be only one answer. Crying out against schism, it is schismatic,—crying out against dissent, it is dissenting. We love to think not of the Church which is to be, but of the Church which *is*,—of the dissensions and denominationalisms of Christians as having only a subjective importance; where some see huge walls reaching from earth almost up into the heavens, (the time is going by when men are ready to say “quite up,”) we can see only slight partitions for the convenience of the day and hour, and when the foremost thinkers in all sects are so much at one as they are now, as indeed is freshly evinced by this remarkable volume, we marvel that any clear-sighted person can raise with any enthusiasm a denominational standard, or leave the company of Christians into which he was born, so long as he can abide with them in Christ. Christianity must needs work itself out in the thought of Christendom, in the most various ways; but it does not cease to be Christianity whilst these processes, sometimes extending through many centuries, are going forward. Romanism, Protestantism, Calvinism, Methodism, and the rest, are inevitable. They come at a certain stage of human thinking. The only cure for anything extravagant in them is to have them. They do not destroy the Christian life for the time, any more than a curable and self-limited disease destroys the life of the body. So far as they are sicknesses, they demand kindly treatment; not expulsion from the common home, but care and counsel in it. Christ does not cast them out. He says, “All who are not against us are for us.” His visible body includes all the sects that build upon him, however variously.

In a discourse, as graceful in style as it is wise and genial and truly catholic in spirit, preached by Bishop Burgess of Maine at the reordination of Rev. Dr. Huntington, we find

the following sentences: "It is the possession of such a promise, that must make the Church a visible body, with actual succession through successive ages. Apart from every question of the mode and order of such succession, it is itself a necessity. For an accidental incorporation, a mere accumulation of individual minds, drawn together by affinities of belief and community of sentiment, without designation from beyond themselves, without relations to the past or the future, cannot collectively represent a promise like this. The promise was given at a certain period; it must come down from that period. It was given through certain persons; it must come down from those persons. It was fastened to certain seals; it must be attended by those seals. It was given to those who first received it and to their children; it cannot fail to continue along the line of parentage and descent." Now here is an admirable description of the Church which *is* in all its branches, provided for the most part with what are commonly reckoned seals, though under various forms, according to the different interpretations of the Scriptures concerning them;—some accepting Episcopal, others Presbyterian, others Congregational ordination; some receiving the Supper as a real presence, others as the symbol of a real presence; some practising adult baptism, others infant baptism; some practising confirmation, others admission to the outward communion by covenant;—all striving to be true at once to the letter of Scripture, the usage of the early Church, and the mind of Jesus and the Spirit. And even though what are ordinarily esteemed to be the only seals are wanting, are we prepared to say that the Church is wanting? When we baptize the children of Christians, do we thereby admit them to the Church, or do we only signify that they were born into the Church? Do we make them children of God, or do we signify that they are children of God, and can be no other, whether as obedient or as prodigal? "Because ye *are* sons," says Paul, "God has shed abroad in your hearts the Spirit of his dear Son." Shall we

say that the Quakers, regarding Baptism and the Lord's Supper amongst the transient things of the Gospel, but filled with the Spirit, are not in the Church; or shall we rather affirm, with the first Protestant, St. Paul, in his second letter to Timothy, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal." "*The Lord knoweth them that are his.*" And, "*Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.*"

In the excellent sermon from which we have quoted, a sad picture is drawn of the disastrous effects of the introduction into the Church of the doctrine of a salvation not for man as man, but for the chosen as chosen. We believe, with the preacher, that Calvinism has brought with it many desolations, though we think that he greatly misreads the history of Christianity when he traces to this form of religious opinion the loss of the "conception of a Church that can comprehend within itself any considerable diversity of judgment, of character, and of practice." The Church parted with that conception as early as the time of the Council at Nicæa. It was in danger of parting with it when Paul asked, "Is Christ divided?" Because we have Paul, Apollos, Cephas, is Christ divided? Like human innocence, it was one of the first things lost, — and it, or something better, will be one of the last things regained. "That they may be one," prayed Jesus, and "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." The two things will go together. But desolating as Calvinism has proved, it has been also an unspeakable blessing. It has saved Christianity from becoming a mere ritualism or statute religion; it has emphasized the distinction between the called and the chosen, — those to whom the opportunity of the Gospel is only an opportunity, and those who somehow lay hold upon eternal life; it has not yet done all its work; it will last as long as it ought to last; it cannot be suppressed or thrust into the background; there is no *refuge* from it; "the securities of the ancient fellowship, of the liturgies of ages, of the apostolic episcopacy, and of the

Catholic creeds," will not serve ; Faith and Reason are our only deliverers ; Scripture and the experience of Christians, the Word and the Spirit, must settle the great controversy between the Calvinist and the Arminian, and meanwhile they must be told that Christ is not divided, and that if they are in Christ they are not divided. We believe that the Church is steadily approaching a unity in truth and spirit, but we do not believe that Christians are approaching to an assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican sect.

We hope that the "Essays and Reviews" will receive a careful perusal from all our readers who are interested in religious discussions, and before whose minds the questions therein moved and handled have been fairly brought. There are intimations of doubt, on the part of some of the writers, which may pain and perplex for a season ; but a little reflection will suffice to show that these are only the reactions of minds, eager to be true in all things, against undue restraint, or, perhaps, rather apparent than real scepticisms. We are sure that the thoughtful reader will find nothing, even in the paper by Professor Powell, that will shake his faith in the miracles of the New Testament, or engage him in the hopeless attempt to wrench the beautiful story of that Divine Benevolence from its setting in the Gospels. Unduly dependent no longer upon flesh and blood, the soul shall be taught by the Father in heaven, and the old promise shall be as good as ever,—"The Spirit shall lead you into all Truth."

E.

LITURGICAL WORSHIP.

* THE appearance of a new edition of the King's Chapel Liturgy suggests an opportunity of calling attention to the book itself, and to the order of public service which is laid down in it,—an order that has been successfully maintained through the entire period of our Unitarian history in New

England, and by one of the oldest and most venerable churches bearing that distinctive name. The present edition has been prepared at the particular request and for the use of the East Church in Salem. It is printed in the best style of the Cambridge press, giving almost unmistakable evidence of the taste and pains of the publishers, and will compare favorably with the finest English editions of the Common Prayer.

If ever a body of Christian believers needed devotional aids and stimulants to awaken aspiration and kindle the higher sentiments, it is the people called Unitarian. They inherit historically the Puritan prejudices and forms, while their later convictions deny the Puritan exclusiveness and iconoclastic zeal. These old methods and new doctrines stand in obvious, if not irreconcilable contrast, and are strikingly out of harmony with each other. It is the vain attempt to "put new wine into old bottles" and preserve the wine. Catholic and liberal ideas which the Unitarian now professes, and on which, no doubt, he prides himself too highly, may result, as they naturally will, in genial and benevolent lives, but they are not so sure to nurture the devout feelings and affections which underlie all vital and genuine faith. Consequently his new convictions, requiring harmonious expression, and his old, inherited forms of worship, stern and inflexible in their nature, have never blended kindly together, and the charge preferred so often against the coldness of Unitarian churches finds here a philosophical reason as well as a practical difficulty.

At the very best, Congregational forms are cold and meagre and one-sided. Everything — the entire success of each Sunday's ministration — depends on the minister; the people have no voice in it, and are apt to feel and take no part in it, and the whole service, lacking so essentially the sympathy that is only excited by uniting both parties in actual participation, as well as in silent consent, is liable to fail of its object, and leave behind it no warm, satisfying, uniform, or

abiding impression. Why not manfully confess what we feel and lament? Our "Amen" is not the hearty "So be it" that we long to realize, and yet always miss. Who feels it and utters it in its true sense, as an expression of the fulness and satisfaction that his worship has brought? Who does not ask for more sentiment in the worship of the sanctuary, for greater variety and richness in the order of the services?

Experience ought to make us ready to grant that a liturgical order will meet and remedy many defects in the Congregational. Many a person with Unitarian ideas and sympathies goes to an Episcopal church for the sake of the service. He does this without much expectation or chance of any other edification, willing to give up for *that* alone the better preaching and more liberal tendencies of other communions. If the new wine is not to be wasted, the suggestion of new bottles is not untimely.

In the division of the old Congregational body, the Unitarian portion was the least Puritanic, and absorbed most of the liberal and æsthetic culture of the time. Its doctrine was catholic, its theory of life genial and humane. In its ideas it came nearer any other church than the one it left. In its history, up to the present hour, it has been more faithful to these than to its old traditions. Why not seek to reconcile its external order to its inward convictions?

There is a grace, variety, beauty, and fulness in the "Book of Prayer" that we have named, that ought long ago to have gained it a place in our churches and made it a household treasure at our firesides. It has in it the elements of satisfactory worship and reading, that we want so much at our public and private altars. It is in keeping with our religious ideas, and does not contradict the graceful proprieties and reverent ways which, under the teaching of those ideas, we have come to demand from our ministers and in our houses of prayer. Our own inquiries, followed through some years of experience, have grown into convictions, and now we cannot help the persuasion that an order of service, according

to this Book, or similar to it, would gradually kindle a new spirit of devotion in our churches and in our hearts. In saying this, we do not overlook those personal and interior exercises of religion which are the vitalities of all worship, and without which no outward forms will avail, as they cannot take their place in the heart of the worshipper. But no man can safely retire upon these alone. Certain seasons and forms demand recognition by the most spiritual mind. They are the devotional aids which even such a mind cannot do without and keep up its spirituality. Forms, and *stated* forms, are intimately related to the free and spontaneous life of the soul. Nothing is more common or more sad than the slow and utter dying out of inward religion, when all formal religion has been renounced and cast aside as worthless. By putting our heart's faith or love into expression, into word or deed, they come back to us in greater distinctness and force, increasing the sum and intensity of our inmost life. That is the natural action of appropriate forms of worship. We need those forms in order to a worship such as the Saviour enjoined, that shall be paid "in spirit and in truth." And we need the *best*, those nearest in harmony with our spiritual wants and our own distinctive theological ideas. Our judgment is individual, and we put in that qualification when giving it to our readers. We may think that the Chapel Liturgy has suffered from over-pruning, and is less positive in its character than it ought to be, and might have been, except for the great sensitiveness of the early editors towards certain expressions, which, they feared, might bear a Trinitarian sense. But admitting this possible criticism, it is otherwise worthy of all commendation, and without bringing it into comparison with the Episcopal Common Prayer, and considering the people for whose use it was arranged, there is no book so good, so beautiful, or complete. There are a few other books of a liturgical nature which deserve mention, of greater or less merit, and, wherever adopted, have proved acceptable and successful. Among these are the

"Book of Worship" by Mr. Clarke, the "Christian Liturgy" by Dr. Hedge, and the "Service-Book" by Professor Huntington, which, during his ministry, made the evening worship of the College Chapel so attractive and impressive. But their individual merits, which they certainly possessed, if combined together, would leave the Liturgy of King's Chapel alone in its superiority and general completeness. This stands by itself as altogether the best fitted for the purposes of Unitarian worship.

After all that we hear about the freedom and spontaneity of Congregational worship, it still remains a question whether the Episcopal form is not more flexible and inspiring. Certainly it must be admitted that the Book of Common Prayer takes a wider range and meets a larger variety of conditions than any single clergyman, however gifted and however furnished, can possibly survey and answer to in his weekly pulpit ministrations. He is happy in meeting individual occasions. The Liturgy meets many, perhaps all. The latter gains in general edification, where the former gains in special impressiveness. The choice lies between these two methods. And here a liberal mind cannot long hesitate, and the order that is most comprehensive must prevail over that which is simply effective. By every argument of taste and sentiment, the Unitarian is drawn towards a liturgical worship. His tendencies to-day are in the direction of his sympathies, which contradict his traditions and history. The Church which his Puritan fathers forsook, and not the Church which they built, is the one to which he now inclines. *There* also are his intellectual brethren, those who are following his own lines of thought, and whose theological problems are the same that he himself is trying to solve. The preaching that suits him best he finds in the sermons of Maurice and Kingsley and Robertson. The spiritual heroism that looks Biblical difficulties in the face, and promises to help his own inquiries in the same direction, he finds in men called "Churchmen," holding livings in the Establishment and professorships in Oxford.

There must be some reason for these affinities of sentiment and thought. Generous thinking and graceful forms are always in sympathetic agreement, and he who possesses one would naturally gravitate to the other. And over all refined and sensitive minds, a worship that generations have hallowed is peculiarly sacred and impressive. It is a grand thought that we are praying with a great multitude of believers, breathing the same confessions, supplicating the same mercies, singing the same chants of thanksgiving and praise.

D. C.

RANDOM READINGS.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

PRIESTLEY is said to have read a book which he wrote himself without discovering for some time who the author was. We easily credit the story of one who wrote so much and never half digested his own matter. Whately reports a case of recovery from apoplexy of a man who had forgotten the last ten years of his life, while all the previous portion was as fresh as ever. A leaf had been torn out of the book. The following cases, cited by the same writer, illustrate the doctrine that the impressions of childhood are never lost, though overlaid by after experiences, — a doctrine encouraging to teachers who have dull or intractable scholars. A fever patient who for years had been idiotic, though she was not born so, was made *rational* by that stage of the fever which ordinarily produces insanity. She knew her former companions and acquaintances, and talked rationally with them again. This would seem to illustrate Mr. Wilkinson's doctrine, who proposes Spiritualism as a cure for insanity because it produces insanity. What makes sane men mad he thinks may make mad men sane. Whately cites two other cases of the revival of the knowledge of language. A bricklayer in London fell from a scaffold and hurt his brain. They carried him to the hospital, where he could not be made to speak a word of English, but talked a jargon which the doctors could not understand. One of the nurses who was a

Welshwoman found he was talking Welsh. A man of French parentage, who settled in England when a boy, grew up English, and forgot his French. But he had a fever, in the delirium of which he forgot his English, and could only sputter French, insisting all the while that he was only sixteen years old. We wonder whether any such concussion of brain would bring back the Greek and Latin of college graduates, some of whom seem to have less after leaving college than before entering.

Mr. Webster, in his great speech in reply to Hayne, is said to have described his own consciousness, not as identical with, but analogous to, the cerebral excitement of fever. All that he had read and learned came to him and stood out with bright objectiveness, ready to be used without the least effort at remembrance. It was as if the whole treasure-house of memory was astir and alive, everything coming spontaneously into its place. Such was the result of the excitement of the hour on the tremendous engine of that immense galvanic battery, the brain of Daniel Webster. It seems a pity that in the seventh of March speech the same process could not have been repeated, when some things once known seem to have been entirely forgotten.

These instances show the absurdity of the popular notion, that a great memory is incompatible with great powers otherwise, — a maxim which we have often heard quoted by college dunces. Memory, other things being the same, depends upon brain-life, — the more active the brain, the more ready and vivid the memory.

Sir William Hamilton, whom we have once quoted before on this subject, tells some huge stories in his lectures on memory. Ben Jonson could not only repeat all he had ever written, but whole books that he had read. If we had his faculty, we should pray to be delivered from the full exercise of it. Niebuhr in his youth was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark, where, part of a book of accounts having been lost, he restored it from his recollection. Seneca complains of old age, because he cannot, as he once did, repeat two thousand names in the order they were read to him; and he avers that on one occasion, when at his studies, two hundred unconnected verses having been pronounced by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first uttered.

In our days we have learning made easy, — altogether too easy

sometimes. We disparage already a "verbal memory," and "getting things by rote." We read novels in rocking-chairs, or skim them rather,—grow restless under sermons that tax our attention very much. A quick and retentive memory, both of words and things, is an invaluable treasure, and may be had by any one who will take the pains. Theodore Parker, when in the Divinity School, had a notion that his memory was defective and needed looking after, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room, and tasked himself to commit the contents,—all the names and dates from Adam and the year one down through Nimrod, Ptolemy Soter, Heliogabalus, and the rest.

Our verbal memory soonest fails us, unless we attend to it and keep it in fresh order. A child will commit and recite verbatim easier than an adult, and girls easier than boys. To keep the verbal memory fresh, it is capital exercise to study and acquire new languages, or commit and treasure up choice passages, making them a part of our mental wealth.

"I have forgotten more than you ever knew," said a boaster once, in contempt of another.

"Perhaps so," was the answer, "and if you could forget some other things that *I* know it might be for your peace of mind hereafter." Wisely to forget is often a more difficult thing than to remember. There are some things that most people fain would rub out, and for which we may implore the Lord to pour his soothing Lethe over the soul.

s.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS.

It has puzzled the philosophers to find it out. Plato's "two-legged animal without feathers" does not hold, for some creatures, plainly not men, have neither feathers nor four legs. That man has reason, and animals only instinct, is not universally true, for some animals reason about as well as some men. A horse we heard of would jump into his master's oat-field in the night, and jump back again into the pasture before morning to escape detection. And a dog who followed three hunters was sent back after their hats, which they had left upon the ground in taking aim at a deer. The dog put one of the smaller hats into the largest one, and the smallest into that, and brought them all three at once, and so saved himself the

labor of several journeys, making one instead of three. See much to the same effect in Buffon's Natural History, showing at least a quasi reason, and not mere instinct. "Man," you say, "has a moral sense." *Some* men you mean. The moral sense of the Bushman and the Patagonian has hardly yet been discovered. Man is immortal, we say again, — and here the annihilationists dispute us. Only good men, they say, are immortal. The bad die out, and even our brother Fernald gives them over to destruction, — all but an infinitesimal soul-germ.

Two things distinguish men from animals, and they sound odd when put together, — the faculty of improvement and the faculty of laughing. If some men have not a moral sense, yet there are no men in whom it may not be awakened and developed, and this is the proof and the earnest of immortality. Moreover animals never laugh. Men only have that faculty, showing how high and sacred it was designed to be. If, instead of being like the crackling of thorns under a pot, it were always the placid diffusion of benevolent feeling, or the rolling out of billowy and contagious joy, laughter would be essentially human, and the worthy distinction of an immortal being. s.

QUADRILATERAL TRIANGLES.

WE remember a classmate, a tall, promising youth, with large organ of language, — now, we believe, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, — who got up in the recitation-room and tried to define a quadrilateral triangle. He hitched and boggled at his definition.

"You may draw it on the board," said Professor Totten, gravely. He went to the board and drew quadrangles, pentangles, and polygons, but never a triangle having four sides. We hope if he sees this he will pardon us for revealing the secrets of the recitation-room, but he may be comforted in the fact that older people all their lives long are working at just such problems, both in religion and morals, and never getting any nearer the solution. In theology the problem of the Trinity is precisely similar; in morals, the woman question. Is woman equal to man? That can be settled when we determine whether a triangle is equal to a square, or when we can tell how a square circle can be described. Woman is the image of the Divine Love. Man is the image of the Divine Reason. Woman is goodness. Man is truth. Not solely or exclusively, but in man reason

dominates affection and keeps it in shape. In woman affection dominates reason and keeps it warm. Man goes to his work in lines straight as the arrow to the target. Woman goes to hers in curves and spirals, and those wavy with the tremblements of love. If man had made the world, the rivers would have been Dutch canals with rows of windmills along the banks to grind the corn, and there would have been no hills, but only level plains, ready for the railroads and the cars to snort over them. If woman had made it, there would have been rills brought into all the gardens, and we should go to mill in pleasure carriages and over Prospect mountain and around through Harmony grove.

Woman's process of induction is her own, though quite as unerring as that of man. She reaches her conclusions by her intuitions. Man reaches his through a lengthening and drudging logic. Woman feels the truth, or Cassandra-like she *visions* it. Man argues, sweats over it, hammers it into shape on anvils. Woman besets a falsity as the trade-winds beset an iceberg. On it comes floating from the poles, crushing steamers and whale-ships; but it gets in possession of the soft-fingered tropics, and grows beautifully less, and trickles off and disappears in summer seas. Man builds breastworks, saps and undermines, surrounds the falsehood with batteries, blows at it with theological saltpetre. Dr. Pond exemplifies one process. Mrs. Stowe the other. The powder-logic is the more noisy; the breeze logic is the more effectual. And whether goodness is equal to truth, whether a curve is equal to an angle, whether the sun-warmth is equal to the sunlight, are problems worthy of our excellent friend who worked at the quadrilateral triangle, and is now trying the same method in theology.

s.

MUSIC BY STEAM.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Eight hundred years before Fulton watched the steam of the teakettle, Gerbert, the most learned man at the close of the tenth century, and finally Pope, under the title of Sylvester II., had discovered the power of steam. But that was a religious age, rather than mechanical and commercial, and so the invention was put to religious uses, and steam was made to play the organ. Thus we have it described in Milman's foot-notes to his *Latin Christianity*, Vol. II. p. 419.

"Ipse Gebertus fecit arte mechanica horologium et organa hydraulica, ubi mirum in modum, per aquæ calefactæ violentiam, implet ventus emergens concavitatem barbiti, et per multos foratiles tractus aeræ fistulæ modulatos clamores emittunt."

"This Gebert made, by mechanic art, a horologue and an hydraulic organ, where in a wonderful manner, through the force of water made hot, the wind emerging filled the cavity of the instrument and drawn through many small holes, brass pipes were made to emit melodious sound."

The writer does not say that the invention was used in the worship of the Church, though very likely it was. The sermons and prayers, too, in *some* churches, might be got up in the same way, where the volume of sound is the principal thing required, and so the pulpit machinery and that of the choir might all go by steam.

It was fortunate for Fulton and Watt that they did not live eight centuries ago. Gerbert, instead of being honored for his inventions, was accused of magic and complicity with the Devil. This was said of him after he died.

"Homagium diabolo fecit et male finivit."

"He did homage to the Devil and ended miserably." s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lectures on Logic. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Rev. Henry L. Mansel, L.L. D. and John Veitch, M. A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Sir William Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics are known to the American public in the splendid volume which Messrs. Gould and Lincoln issued last year. The present volume on Logic comprises the concluding portion of the Biennial course which was given and repeated, with slight alterations, from 1836 to 1856, the time during which Sir William occupied the Professorial chair in the University of Edinburgh. These Lectures on Logic, with the appendix and index, occupy 714 pages of fair paper and type. The amount of labor and learning which they evince is almost incredible, and it is most encouraging to know that such books

as these are in demand, especially when men need so much to study and practise the laws and methods of clear thinking and sound reasoning. s.

Historical Pictures Retouched. A Volume of Miscellanies in Two Parts. Part I. Studies. Part II. Fancies. By MRS. DALL, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor." Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. — These sketches are beautifully printed, and make a neat volume of 400 pages. The "Studies," or historical sketches, which we read with the most interest, are twelve in number, — "pictures" in each of which some woman of ancient or modern times is the central figure, around which other characters are grouped; sometimes in a very few pages giving a vivid portraiture of the spirit and manners of their times. We read with none the less interest when not agreeing with the writer, as we certainly do not in her criticisms upon Mr. Kingsley's Hypatia, and in her estimate of the Countess Matilda. The portrait of Aspasia is drawn with admirable skill. Mrs. Dall's style is exceedingly pure and graceful, and her studies have made her familiar with the background and by-ways of history. The reader will find her Pictures a very pleasant and readable volume, and, if his knowledge of history is growing dull, he will find some of its periods retouched and made bright again. s.

A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. *Revised, with Important Additions.* Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. — This new Dictionary of Dr. Worcester is designed as a manual where the large quarto, either on account of size or expensiveness, may not come into popular use. It is a large octavo of double columns, comprising about 600 pages of fair paper and clear type. It is a combination of the two former octavo dictionaries of the author, carefully revised. The first was published in 1830, known as the "Comprehensive Dictionary;" the last in 1855, entitled "A Pronouncing, Explanatory, and Synonymous Dictionary of the English Language," being an enlargement of the other. The present retains all the excellences of the two former, and bears throughout the indications of the author's thoroughness, diligence, and care. Besides the common words of the English language it has numerous technical terms, words obsolete or antiquated but which still occur in the course of common reading, provincialisms, American-

isms, and words from foreign languages which are often used. These are all carefully discriminated. There are also notices of synonymes, brief but véry important to perfect precision in the use of words.

There are about thirty pages of introductory matter, on the sounds of the letters, on orthoepey, and orthography, with a list of words variously spelt, and a brief history of the formation of the English language. The appendix contains the vocabularies of proper names which were in the former dictionaries, a collection of words and phrases often quoted from foreign languages, and an account of the principal heroes and deities in ancient fabulous history.

The excellence of Dr. Worcester's dictionaries over all others now in use consists in his clear and discriminating notation, in which all the shades of the vowel-sounds are unmistakably known, in the conformation of his orthography and orthoepey to the best living usage, in the precision and exhaustive range of his definitions, and in the indispensable vocabularies of proper names. It is highly gratifying to know that his dictionaries are having a wider and wider circulation, and that his quarto has reached the twenty-fifth thousand. s.

Ethica; or an Outline of Moral Science for Students and Reflecting Men. By JOHN H. STINSON. New York: A. B. Kitson. — A volume of 100 pages, involving a discussion of the most important subjects in moral philosophy. In so brief a space it can only supply hints and suggestions. s.

The Philosophy of Natural History. By JOHN WARE, M. D. Prepared on the Plan, and retaining Portions, of the Work of WILLIAM SMELLIE, Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1860. — Smellie's Natural History has borne the test of time. It has that abundant life which passes into new forms, and, conserving all that is still true and valuable, takes to itself fresh material and perpetuates the old in the new. This book, although admirably fitted for use in schools, has an interest far beyond a mere school manual. E.

Odd People; being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Men. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of "The Desert Home," &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. —

Captain Reid has again put the young people largely in his debt by a book which, in this case, certainly is entertaining without being sensational, and really instructive. It will be deservedly a great favorite. E.

Brief Biographies. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With Steel Portraits. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Mr. Smiles has made an exceedingly interesting and instructive book, — selecting some characters as examples, and others as warnings, and always writing with great simplicity and earnestness. It is especially a book for the young, but their elders will turn to it with pleasure, for the satisfaction of their curiosity about our modern notabilities in art, science, and literature. It deserves, and will receive, we are sure, the heartiest welcome and commendation. The portraits add much to the value of the beautifully printed volume. E.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes. By THEODORE MARTIN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Certainly it is a significant instance of earthly immortality that Horace should have reached the "blue and gold." The Life and the translation are both admirable; all the more so because the one is not an extravagant eulogium, and the other is purged from certain defilements which, had Horace lived in our day, he would not have suffered upon his pages. E.

PAMPHLETS.

A Comparative View of the Gospels, with an Introduction intended to further their Illustration; the Law of Nature, of Society, and of God, including the Innate Principles of Preservation, Propagation, and Perpetuation, considered; together with the Doctrine of Election, Predestination, and the Trinity; to which is added an Appendix, as further illustrative of the General Subject. By a Layman. New York: Thomas Holman.

A Short Treatise on the Second Appearing of Christ in and through the Order of the Female. By F. W. EVANS, of New Lebanon, N. Y. Boston: Bazin and Chandler.

Testimony of Jesus Concerning Marriage.

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THE STAR IN THE EAST.

MR. NORTON rejects from his version of the New Testament the first two chapters of Matthew's Gospel, mainly on the ground of internal evidence. He thinks the story of the Magi "a strange mixture of astrology and miracle." That they should be guided by a star which at last stood over the place where the child was, he treats as absurd; for an object but little elevated in the heavens "changes its apparent position in reference to objects seen on the earth according to the point of view of the spectator."

That by "his star in the East" is meant one of the heavenly bodies, neither the original word nor the connection in which it is found makes it necessary for us to suppose, and this case illustrates the wisdom and good sense of some of Professor Jowett's remarks in his late Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture. In almost all the supramundane appearances described in the Sacred Scriptures, we shall find ourselves woefully at fault in our interpretations until we give a full recognition to the fact that there are two worlds, one spiritual, the other natural; and that demonstrations from one into the other are not addressed to the carnal

eye, but to a spiritual faculty touched and opened to apprehend them.

The birth of Christ, which was a new Divine advent, for which the earth was waiting, and for which all past history had prepared the way, was not an event which affected alone the people of Palestine. Both the angel world and the human sympathized with it. It is a most remarkable fact, that all nations and peoples at that very hour were looking for the dawn of a new era. The world *felt* that a crisis had come in its history, and that something wonderful was about to take place. This general and breathless waiting some writers have tried to account for as being the result of Jewish prophecy, — a cause altogether inadequate. It can only be accounted for from the fact that this world is connected with a higher world of causes by internal relations and sympathies, and that on the eve of the grand crises of history, when the Divine agencies come nearer on the spiritual side, the tidings run down on invisible chords and thrill through the heart of the race. Those whose minds were most susceptible of Divine impressions would receive the tidings with greater distinctness.

None dispute the genuineness of Luke's narrative. The shepherds were tending their flocks in the fields of Bethlehem, as the custom was in the East, for they lived under the mild glories of an Oriental sky. Very likely their minds were intent on the event for which not only Judæa, but the nations were waiting. Suddenly their spirit-senses are opened, and they see the Divine agencies through which heaven and earth are in sympathy for the birth of Him who is to introduce a new order of years. When it is said that "the angel of the Lord appeared to them," and "the glory of the Lord shone round them," it is clear enough, we hope, that they did not see beings of flesh and blood with fleshly eyes, but supernal messengers, with spirit-sight opened to perceive super-sensual things. And so of the bursting symphonies that followed, — "the multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and say-

ing, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." It was the inner eye and ear of the contemplative shepherd made sensitive to the glories and melodies which were coming nearer the earth in the event by which heaven and earth were to meet and be made one again.

The passage in Matthew describes phenomena of precisely the same order. So at least we understand it, and we do not see how it can be read otherwise. The common reader gets a false notion from the rendering "wise men" in our English version. The Magians were a sect well known throughout the East long before our Saviour's time, and they exist to this day. They were of the Parsee religion, which was reformed by Zoroaster, and which probably comprised more of the essentials of a lofty spiritual faith than the Jewish religion, as popularly received, had ever done. One God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, a day of judgment, and a just retribution in the future world, were its familiar doctrines. It is supposed to have borrowed largely from the Hebrew Scriptures. It was the purest form of worship that ever gained footing in Persia, or which is known now in Hindostan and China, in which countries it has since been propagated. When a traveller meets among the swarming population of the East a man of clearer intelligence, of loftier bearing, and of high mercantile integrity, he knows him at once for a Parsee. The sect have been known in history under the name of Fire-worshippers, but the Zend Avesta, which is a collection of their sacred writings, shows very clearly that they were not idolaters.

It was this sect from whom, as we read in Matthew, messengers came from the country east of Palestine to do homage to the infant Saviour. If their religion made them susceptible to higher and more spiritual intuitions, there is no reason why they should not have shared in a higher degree the expectations of the world; no reason why its grand epoch should not send on before it into their minds gleams of the coming light, and that on the plains of Chaldæa, as on the

plains of Bethlehem, the good news should not have broken from the heavens into the minds of men.

It is well enough known to the student of the Bible pneumatology that angelophanies are described under the appearance of a star. The aptness and the beauty of the representation will be obvious enough. By "his star in the East," can be meant no other than his angel-messenger appearing there to the Magians, as the like messenger appeared to the shepherds in Palestine. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches," is the symbolic description in the Revelation. Christ himself is described under the same appearance, — "I am the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star." And the promise to the faithful disciple is, when he shall become glorified, "I will give him the morning star"; or, again, "he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

This mode of description is not confined to the sacred writers. Milton, in describing man's walk with God and angels in the primeval Eden, has occasion to adopt it.

"Haste hither, Eve, and with thy sight behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; *seems another morn*
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest."

And here is a description, by some anonymous writer, of super-sensual vision, which is very much to the same purpose.

"I gazed, in wonder lost,
Nor knew where I might turn,
But saw far off *three clustering stars*
With purest radiance burn.
Brighter they beamed and larger grew,
And when they nearer came,
Three angel-forms before me stood
In robes of waving flame."

In one of Homer's finest passages, he describes the Trojan army ordering its forces for the coming engagement. Hector,

their first chief, sometimes appears in the front, and sometimes disappears among the rear ranks to marshal and encourage his men. He is described under the image of a star, sometimes breaking full and clear out of a cloud, and sometimes sinking back again and disappearing in its folds. Chapman's translation lacks Homer's compactness, and the imagery is not so clear cut as in the original ; but it is better than Pope's, and preserves the figure of the star exactly as Homer has it.

“ In front of all the field
 Troy's great Priamides did bear his all-ways-equal shield,
 Still plying the ordering of his power. And as amid the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again ;
 So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vaunt-guard, shining plain,
 Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and labored everywhere
 To order and encourage all ; his armor was so clear,
 And he applied each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
 Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone.”

To suppose that a planetary body moved through the air to guide the Magians to the infant King, is an exposition worthy of our clumsy hermeneutics, that will see nothing above the natural degree, and are for lopping off everything which natural philosophy cannot bring into the range of its telescopes. To suppose that, when the heavens were bending near to the earth, and pressing into its affairs for the salvation of man, they should have broken sometimes upon the vision of those who stood on its sublimer heights, and should have given them a view of the realm of causes, does no violence to our most reasonable philosophy. Undoubtedly the lyric melodies are often floating around us, seeking to bring the earth into concord with the Divine harmonies, only our “muddy vesture of decay” shuts them out, and we cannot hear them. A meteor moving through the natural air would have been visible to others as well as to the Magians ; but if one of the angels of the Divine presence appeared to them, even as to the shepherds of Bethlehem, — one of those “morn-

ing stars" who "sang together" at the creation, and are now choiring again to celebrate the redemption of man,—and if the angel guided the Magians till he hovered over the cradle of the new-born Saviour, we cannot conceive how the fact could have been given to us more appropriately or more beautifully than the Gospel narrative has given it.

All that part of the New Testament history which we call miracle, is to undergo a new discussion, and be viewed from a new stand-point. Formerly the miracles have been appealed to merely as "evidence" of certain truths announced by the Saviour; we have heard intelligent Christians avow that, but for these, they should not know that they were to live after death any more than the brutes that perish. As the central fact of the Divine Incarnation is recognized and verified to the reason,—Christ the great and glorious theophany that explains and organizes all human history,—the "miracles" will no longer need explaining, nor will they be regarded as prodigies and violations of natural law. They will appear as the fitting symbolization of the God of nature coming nearer to men,—of spiritual laws acting upon the natural, and within them. Standing single, and without the life and character of Christ, the miracles are utterly incredible. With that life and character, it seems as easy and becoming for him to do those works which no other man did, as it is for me to move this pen over the paper. And nothing seems to us more fitting or more credible than the angelophanies which were the attendants and the heralds of the Divine coming and of the Divine work which was finally to make the earth below at one with the heavens above. S.

"THE faith by which men live is a faith in *Persons*. Abraham trusted God, and was as his friend: and so all souls of a like trust are called by St. Paul the seed of faithful Abraham. The original germ of such faith is the divine longing in our hearts after 'the things that are pure, true, holy, and lovely.'"

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE.

THE week of the visit of the Prince of Wales was in many ways remarkable. It is not often that a whole community is moved by one and the same sentiment. Our interests, as well as pleasures, are mostly those of class. What absorbs one is unknown to, has no charm for another. Here it was otherwise. All classes were alike interested. Rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, had one common topic of interest, conversation, and thought. City and country throbbed in unison. Not the men who stand idle, always ready for some new thing, — not women merely, nor children, — were somewhat turned from the calm of their ordinary lives, but men who do not yield easily to a sentiment, and have a good deal of contempt for anything that approaches a sensation. Even trade stood still, and business yielded up a holiday. In full tide, throngs of all classes, ages, temperaments, crowded and choked the city highways, stood unwearied and good natured the fearful pressure of hours, filled the windows, climbed to roofs and chimney-tops, submitted to inconvenience and annoyance, that they might see a fair-faced boy, quiet and modest, who is the heir to the greatest throne, the expectant ruler over the most powerful people, on the globe. For once we forgot our sturdy republicanism, the turgid rhetoric about monarchies, all matters of rivalry and prejudice and still lurking dislike, and whatever our social position, whatever our party politics, whatever our theological creed, with one heart, with spontaneous good-will, hastened to do honor, bid welcome, show our good wishes to him of whose blood came all our woes, — woes the bloody but blessed seed of all our joys.

He has come and gone, — that unassuming young man, heir to the glories of that empire on which the sun never sets, himself higher in human position than any other young man that sun looks upon. He — the descendant of the self-

willed George, to whom, as head, and not to minister or people, is due the tyranny and obstinacy which forced a loyal people to revolt — has passed through this broad land, trodden the prairie, sailed on the lake, looked in upon slavery, given his hand to and sat by the side of mechanics, bowed at the tomb of Washington, and looked at the tall gray shaft which rises to commemorate the sundering of the tie between his people and us, while from its summit, under the sweet October sun, waved the meteor-flag, over a field upon which once it surged in all the uncertainty and horror of fratricidal strife. He has crossed the threshold of the citizen, he has turned the head of the young woman with whom he danced, and the heart of her with whom he did not. He has seen how needless standing armies are where volunteer service is so well performed; he has seen how the multitude is to be trusted to its own instinct of decency and order; he has heard children's voices, in the dear cadence of his nation's anthem, asking the best Heaven gives, for him. Never has man had such a welcome as this vast nation has given him, — not Washington or Lafayette, — because it has been in no way the acclaim due for service or allegiance, no mere holiday desire to see the stuff of which kings are made, but voluntary, hearty, unbought, unearned. Happily inaugurated, successfully was the whole idea carried out. A master-mind ordered all his doings with promptness, decision, and the best sense; public functionaries, railway officials, private men, have shown the true American force and character, dashed, it is true, with some evidences of manners and taste in society and church so shocking as I trust never may be known again. Thrown a little off our balance, with a king among us, I yet hope that he carries to that royal mother and that royal people as hearty a good-will as he takes from us, and that the thought of America may be always one of pleasure and respect.

He has come and gone. Life slips back to its old way. History writes the record of the visit of Victoria's son.

Many will remember in their thoughts and tell their children of this pleasing vision of royalty. No one will forget the face they have once looked on. The fact of this visit is a fact, a memory, and an influence.

As I wandered here and there among the people, constant witness to eagerness and patience, good nature and inconvenience without a parallel in my observation of crowds, I have caught myself repeating the words once uttered by the Saviour, when Judæa had been stirred by the voice crying in the wilderness: "What went ye out for to see?" I think I may safely answer, not merely in vulgar curiosity, to see a prince, though some no doubt had only that desire. We might have had other princes visit us, and let them come and go without any such special notice. Neither our absurd national mania for everything that assumes a title, nor any desire to keep the right side of England, — to show her our money-power or the ability of our best society, or to impress these upon one himself in the providence of God to hold in no small degree the destiny of two hemispheres in his hands, — could have brought out demonstrations which have not been of show, or expediency, or of form, but of hearty good-will. Myself, I am surprised and gratified, and hail as an omen the universality of the feeling of good-will which has been the bright particular charm, the glory, and the crown of this event.

If not a prince, what went ye out for to see? I answer, Victoria's son. Probably no woman who has worn a crown has been so largely and so deservedly loved and respected as she who now adorns, and adds a better something than power to, the English throne. Her home character, her household virtues, the sterling English, motherly sense shown in the training of her children, have made her a name we never speak without respect. An Elizabeth, a Catherine, a Marie Antoinette, never could have inspired republican breasts with a sentiment only a little short of loyalty. And Victoria the monarch, aside from Victoria the woman, would have stood

lower than these on the tablets of that record upon which she is destined to stand first. Never out of kingly houses, even when they awed the world, has there gone an influence like that from the palace in which it is known a mother rules. The loyalty of the Englishman is traditional; he is born so. King and country is his motto, and that sentiment takes on a softer tone when he can say, "God save the *Queen*." With us, I have always thought there is a loyalty to England's queen,—a better sort of chivalrous respect, growing rather out of what is womanly than queenly in her,—which is unknowingly playing no mean part in the effacing of national prejudices, and the establishing of international good-will. The wealth, the power, the mechanism, the manufacture of England, all tended to increase rivalry, all stood in the way of fair understanding; but God put a woman on the throne, and that in us which ever draws toward woman has drawn us toward her, and so toward her people, with a sentiment that overleaps tariffs, gives us large rather than petty rivalries, and is fast bringing us into a position which language and lineage, nature and God, declare the only one for us. Her reign and the manner of it have done much toward cementing the two nations, and when it was known that her first-born — heir to her throne and it is hoped to her virtues — was to cross the waters to visit his own subjects, a strong desire to see and welcome him ran through the land. It is the mother in the child we went out to see and greet, and we thought how it would please the mother-heart, and show to her as we have no means of showing how truly we respect the woman and the queen.

Moreover, we went to see the representative of a great nation,—one from which the littleness and intrigues of politics and trade cannot separate us. It was the heir apparent to her throne whom we welcomed and honored. He was England to us,—the land from which we drew our life, the land every large-hearted man respects. For since the

time the barons wrung from their master the "Magna Charta," which Macaulay considers as the moment at which English history begins, her career has been onward and honorable, despite mistakes and faults and tyrannies, bad rulers and bad laws. You may put that career by the side of any other covering the same years, and in every requisite of true greatness she stands first. There may be more brilliant eras in the records of other nations, kings who have had more individual genius and impressed themselves more personally upon the people, — Peter the Great, Leo the Tenth, Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, — while England, independent of the character of her monarch, has moved steadily on, an inward vigor in her not to be overcome by any fierce current that might set outwardly against her. Great princes she has hardly had; her most noted reigns are those of women, — Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria. Great men she has always had, men to modify if not to shape kingly ways, men great in every branch of human thought, men not to be kept under by red tape, but coming into high place and conquering blood. Had we been colonists of any other country, speaking any other language, reared under any other laws, — had there not been the element of freedom in the British nation and the English heart, our history had had far other record. She is our mother by no mere figure of speech. No favored child were we, and yet the truer manhood ours for the sternness of her discipline. We have rebelled and fought her. We have conquered, got what we sought; the madness is clean gone out of us, and we are big enough, and ought to be wise enough, to let the past be buried, and do ample justice to the first power of the earth. That is just what she is, and we, with all our brag, are not. We have not yet got up to that, any more than the great broad-shouldered boy has got to be the first power in the home. It may be that England cannot whip us, but whipping does not constitute power. Power is not in fleets and armies, balls and bayonets. Power is a

combination less of material, than of intellectual and moral forces; it is a *tout ensemble* you may not analyze, whose operations you may not know, but which goes and does its work. You may find France, Russia, America, to contend the palm; but judged candidly, with all the prestige of her past, with the variety of her present resource, she must still be held as first, — self-poised, confident, mature. In that young man we saw the representative of that power, which has its home on every continent, in every zone. He is training for the rule of nations, — not the little isle in the sea, but of millions who shall never see his face or tread the shores of the mother-land. If he rules forty, twenty, or but five years, his rule must have great influence on the policy of nations, on all matters of international comity and trade. Peace shall wrap us all in her sweet elysium, or war's stern mandate startle the seas and the cities. I gaze on that young man, and think what may be the horoscope even now the future casts for him. I take courage and gather auguries of hope from what I see and hear, and I will join with all my heart in the children's prayer: —

“ Father, in loving care,
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways: —
Thine arm his shelter be
From harm by land or sea;
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.”

For myself, I confess that I went to see a man who, born to rule, knew how to obey. It is not without significance that the legend beneath the Prince's crest is, “I serve.” To serve is not only Christ-like, but, what will touch some men more, king-like. Probably few boys of his age in America have been as thoroughly obedient, or are at his age so much and so cheerfully subject to rule. That is the way they bring up children in England. Even he who is master of all, is under masters, and my confidence in him as a man

and a monarch grows largely out of that. I have no trust in any man who does not know what obedience is. I have no hope of the rule of him who has not thoroughly learned to serve. The sterling English sense shows itself here. The future monarch is no spoiled child, no pampered pet, no show prince, but he is still a pupil, anxious to get back to his studies and to keep the promise he made his mother. The quiet way in which he has taken the homage of subjects, the attentions of strangers, the frankness of his manners, the genuineness of his courtesy, the uniformly agreeable impression he has left on all who have come in contact with him, all combine to show discipline, and that just poise of the man which that alone can give. And I would that our young men might take this teaching, and see that that which is felt to be essential to kingly training can in no way be useless or unmanly; that the law of the palace is good law for the house; that the motto for a prince should be the motto for every life. For myself, my drawing toward him personally was just that. He was a high type of young manhood, knowing and keeping the place of a young man, though born a king. The privileges, the immunities, the glories of his position, did not move me, but the thought of what he himself was in those.

He has come and gone. The last plaudits of the people have died upon his ear. The hearty God-speed of the nation followed him out upon the deep, where God keeps winds and waters in the hollow of his hands, and watches alike mariner and monarch. A great and wise act it was to sanction his coming. It has done good already; it will yet do more. The seeing with the eye will do much toward breaking down prejudice; it will create a mutual interest such as only comes of sight; it will cement two peoples. The queen mother will be touched as a mother only is; — a generous people will accept and respond to attentions no way short of their own loyalty. In many hours pleasing memories will rise in the young man's mind. America will be a grateful

name to him ; and should troublous times come up when the sceptre shall be his, grave questions and grave fears, I am sure they will meet with more just and kindly consideration on both sides the water because of these past few weeks. God grant that no untoward difficulty rise to sever a union among peoples who have the same great language, and the same great aim and destiny. May they stand side by side in every good work, no foolish jealousies rising to weaken the power they may wield, the blessing they may bestow. May each delight to honor the other, and monarchical England and republican America move forward to the world's redemption, the red cross, with the stars and stripes, always in front, where Duty calls, and Justice is to be ministered, and the Right maintained.

J. F. W. W.

"A LIGHT OF STARS IN THE NIGHT SEASON."

THE practical experience of our daily life, it is often and truly said, is one of our great and indispensable teachers. Unless the instructions, which men and books give us, were interpreted and confirmed in its light, they would seem to avail us but little. It is this which unveils to us the hidden meaning of things, and enables us to become the children of wisdom.

Let the endurance of some painful sorrow afford us a fitting illustration. There is many a chapter in the vast volumes of Truth and Life which is unopened to us, until we have felt the pang of separation and the power of grief. It is in such a season of darkness that we discover fresh and glorious realities, which were concealed from us before, just as, when the sun goes down, and the shades of night prevail, the bright and innumerable stars, which were invisible in the glare of day, come forth to view, and proclaim to us more

fully the greatness and glory of God. As some one has beautifully said, "Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence."

It is when these shadows surround us that we have a minuter and distincter survey of the past. However much we may have supposed that the entire memory of the vanished years was secure to us, we find, when sorrow bids us revert to them, how many items of their history had fallen out of our minds, and how improbable it is that they would otherwise have been restored to us. Now they come thronging back in endless number, to comfort us if we have been faithful, and to warn us if we have not. In either case they come to do us good. However painful the associations which they may revive, they are associations whose ministry we should not be willing to forego. With what language all the little incidents and circumstances of the days that are gone, as they were connected with the life of the departed, speak to us! The peculiar glance or smile, the playful familiarities, the most trivial words, the slightest offices of love and care, and all that once seemed so unimportant and evanescent,—how little we dreamed that these would so live as to return to us long afterward and affect us so deeply! How sacred and interesting the history which all the objects that crowd the home-scene, and remind us of the dead, unfold! How every article of furniture or adornment, arranged by hands now still, looked upon by eyes now closed, and talked of by lips now sealed, seems impregnated by the spirit of that dear life! Something that belonged to that earthly existence appears to have entered into whatever we behold around us; and the smallest, and in itself the most valueless memorial, refers us to some sweet chapter of our mutual life which we would not consent to forget, and now possesses a worth to us beyond the price of rubies. The past comes back to us

afresh in a myriad sights and experiences which once enlisted the interest of our sainted ones;—in the books they loved to read, the leaves still turned and the marks still untouched; in every favorite flower or tree; in the mighty ocean and the glorious old mountains with which they so often held free communion; in the faces of friends whom they cherished with such fond affection; in all their chosen walks and haunts; and in whatever reminds us of those who were, but are not. And it is when we see how these years that are numbered are crowded at every point with something of imperishable value, and how every echo from the most neglected apartments of memory bears to us such celestial sounds, that we discover what a significance there is in all that makes up our daily life, and what obligations devolve upon us to make that life all radiant and beautiful.

Sorrow discloses to us more perfectly the true character of the friends who leave us. The fleshly veil always conceals something of the inner life. Language is an imperfect medium of communication, and the human countenance fails to reveal the glory of the soul beneath. There is a beauty there which the inevitable encumbrances and infirmities of mortality serve partially to eclipse. It is not that we do not love, and even idolize, the objects of our affections. But it is that their immortal spirits are imprisoned in a house of clay, and that we do not and cannot know them as they really are, until we behold them with a more internal and spiritual vision. Death transfigures our loved and lost ones, and presents them to our minds in all their ideal loveliness. What-ever blinded us to their true worth and excellence before, is now removed, and the sanctified imagination at times almost realizes the heavenly original.

"'T is only when they spring to Heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, — muse or sleep, —
And all at once they leave you and you *know* them!"

Thus, also, do we come to have a better acquaintance with ourselves. In our seasons of joy and prosperity we are apt to become blinded to a proper knowledge of our own moral condition and character. We must be sorely tried, in order that we may understand our weaknesses and wants. Before we were afflicted, we had the most unbounded reliance upon our own strength. Now we see on what a frail support we leaned. We had not a doubt that we could exercise a spirit of patience, whatever might betide us. Now we realize how difficult it is to suppress the murmurings of the heart, and how we need the Divine assistance. We had thought that, in all circumstances, we could say, "Thy will be done." But now we would fain see our own will done, in opposition to the will of God. We had not a suspicion that aught could shake our faith in the Divine wisdom and goodness. Now we are troubled with fears and misgivings, and are unhappy and disabled. Then, as we stand in the presence of death and its solemn mysteries, how superficial and unsatisfactory appears the life we have lived! How we are rebuked for all our unfaithfulness and sin! How distinctly we see to what an extent we have been engrossed in the transient and external! We have not kept constantly enough in view the great purposes of existence, and the awful realities of the world to come. The consequence has been, that our life has wanted depth and grandeur. We feel that we have not done what we might and ought. We are convinced that our souls need a fresh baptism into the spirit of God, — a new consecration to the great work of life. In fine, we become conscious that, however severe the dispensation which we have experienced, it was just what we needed. That our strength, patience, and faith have proved unequal to the trial to which they have been exposed, and that our life is now seen by us to have been so hollow and so vain, shows that we wanted this divine visitation to arouse us to a sense of our danger and to a better service of God and man. And we may be sure, forever, that God never visits his children with this

painful discipline, unless it is indispensable to their growth and peace. Nor is it until we are thus made acquainted with our own personal needs, that we can put forth the requisite effort for their satisfaction.

Here, too, we have a clearer and more comprehensive view of our relations and duties to our fellow-men and to God. Sorrow opens to us new paths of usefulness, and prompts us to pursue them. Its effect is to touch and quicken our sympathies for others. We were perhaps too exclusive or selfish before. Now we feel that there is a sure bond that unites us to our friends, to our neighbors, to our acquaintances, and to the world. We have learned how to compassionate those who are troubled, to minister to them that are sick, to help the poor and the destitute, to rejoice in the prosperity of the happy and the successful. In the very depth of our grief we feel that we have a new and more generous love for all, and would fain see every one safe and blest. It is some such experience as this that often issues forth into a life of rare beneficence. Who has not seen some child of sorrow, who before, it may be, was devoted to the follies and vanities of the world, afterward, when the hand of God had smitten the soul, expending all the energies of body and mind in the sweet and useful charities of life, or in some of the harder and more laborious, but not less disinterested, employments of society. What heroes and heroines have received their inspiration by the death-beds, or graves, or familiar haunts of friends who have gone, and under its influence have sought out and relieved the unfortunate and the suffering, carried light and cheer into the gloom of the prisoner, instructed the young and the ignorant, or have been attracted to the active ministry of Jesus Christ,—have certainly found something to do whereby their sympathies and impulses might be turned to a blessed practical account! He who by these darker events of Providence is made to feel the insecurity of earthly things, to realize the uncertainty of life, to consider how brief is the

time in which he must do his work, and to appreciate the import and solemnity of the earthly state, will not fail to find the needed opportunities to do the will of God. Hearing in his sorrow a call to a more faithful service, and touched into a kinder and more living interest in behalf of his fellow-men, he will go forth to fulfil some important trust and achieve some noble victory which Heaven will bless and accept. The sufferer is henceforth carried out of himself, as it were, and begins to know, as he never knew before, the joy and the glory of self-sacrifice.

How sorrow reveals to us the meaning and power of Scripture! Just as we fail to interpret life aright until we read it in the light of experience, so there is a large part of the Bible which we cannot fully appreciate and value until we read it through the streaming tears of grief. Then it is that many a passage and chapter which we had before read mechanically, and which never had the power to uplift us, is seen to glow with a new life, while it fills us with a sense of the sublime and eternal. It is then that you are convinced that these are not the productions of merely human minds, but that they are instinct with divine life. In the hour of your keenest anguish, turn to some of the more comforting psalms of David, open to those wondrous discourses of the Saviour in the upper chamber, peruse what Paul has to say of the great themes of Death and the Resurrection, contemplate the visions of the seer of Patmos as he gazes upon the glories of the celestial city, — and if you have ever thought these pages were not meant for you, you will think so no longer. They will stand before you, all freighted with nameless ministries which no earthly help could supply. What words can comfort you like these? — "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea;" — "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" — "And he carried

me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; — "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" — "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Such only is the language that can properly minister to you now. What a glory seems now to invest it! How it dilates and throbs with meaning! How you thank God that words like these are in the Bible, and feel that they are not the simple figments of a poet's imagination, but that they were given by the inspiration of God to be the solace, joy, and rapture of millions of stricken hearts, just as they are of your own. In the whole literature of consolation, whether sacred or profane, there is opened to you a new and inexhaustible mine, which you have not yet worked. The personal experience of sorrow alone discloses this unappropriated wealth, and invites the soul to accept its portion.

Then what an office sorrow fulfils in unveiling to us more fully the Christ. We cannot see the King in his beauty until we survey him from various points of observation, and sojourn with him amid different scenes and circumstances. I must know him in *all* his relations and offices to my soul, ere I can see him as he is. It is not enough that he imparts to my hungering soul the vast spiritual truths of the Gospel, — nor that he whispers in my ear the voice of pardon, and blots out the record of my transgressions, — nor that I can claim him as a co-laborer in the more arduous duties of life, — nor that he comes to me to succor my weakness in the hour of temptation. There is still another office which he sustains to the believer, and it is that of the sympathizing brother and friend in the seasons of affliction. Here Jesus comes nigh to us in all the more gentle, tender, and soothing

ministries of his nature. Not so much as Teacher, Lord, Lawgiver, or Judge, but rather as the mighty Comforter, to weep with those who weep, and to assure them of his personal and unspeakable interest, sympathy, and affection. We must get a view of this more *human* side of Christ in order to understand him aright. We can contemplate his serene majesty, his immaculate purity, his unbending fortitude, his awful power. We can reverence and adore. But how it fills out our idea of his perfections, and our conception of him as a Saviour, to know that he wept with the sisters of Lazarus, and said to his sorrow-stricken disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled;" — that he is to-day as full of love and pity for his disciples as he was then, and that he is ever ready to meet them in the hours of their grief and loneliness, sit down by their side, permit them to lean their heads upon his sacred breast, talk to them of the Heavenly Father and the heavenly world, and assure them that he himself is the good shepherd, the objects of whose care shall never perish, nor be plucked out of his hand! It is when this wondrous being, who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person," condescends to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and to cling to us and love us and console us through all the changes and trials of life, saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," — it is then that we catch fresh glimpses of his transcendent loveliness and beauty, and are drawn towards him as by irresistible power.

Happy indeed if the event which has filled us with mourning has illustrated Christ's ability to give peace and victory in the dying hour. When we behold the supports of nature failing, and the earth-scene receding, and all that is outward dissolving and vanishing away, if yet we see the immortal spirit rising triumphant amid the ruin, sustained by its conscious interest in and love for the Saviour, and full of trust, faith, and hope, — we have a confirmation of Christianity and

a testimony in favor of Jesus that are worth more than all logic and all speculation. He who has thus seen the believing soul vanquish the powers of Death can no longer doubt, if he has ever doubted before, the truth and the value of our holy religion, and the sufficiency and glory of its Divine Author. It is in our sorrow that we can truly learn to say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is in our sorrow, also, that we come to entertain a more thoughtful view of, and a deeper love for, the Church. In the presence of death and all the solemnities and mysteries which crowd around it, every seeming objection to the Church and to its ordinances disappears, and we feel that there are indeed wants and needs to which it was divinely ordered to minister. As long as life went well with us, and everything was joyous and successful, and the world fascinated us by its attractions, we could not penetrate into the true meaning of the Church, and estimate and realize its worth. But when the storm came, we sighed for a sacred shelter, a heavenly home, where we could find safety and rest. We asked for some sure retreat where we could hold closer communion with God, and Christ, and those who are as the angels, where we could be brought into connection with all that is most spiritual and imperishable, and where we could thus get comfort and strength for the days that were to come. The Church of Christ supplied the demand, and we understood, for once at least, why it was that, in the centuries that are gone, the myriads of Christians, who through severe trial have entered into the deeper experiences of life, have all been so earnestly devoted to its maintenance and growth.

And, generally, it may be said, sorrow affords us a more unclouded view of, and brings us into more intimate relations with, the things which are unseen and eternal. We feel the presence of the powers of the world to come. We are on the dividing line which separates time and eternity. And as

the departing spirit leaves us, we follow it with our gaze, and through the portal, which remains ajar, we see the white-robed throngs, and hear the strains of the heavenly harpers. Henceforth the house of many mansions seems nearer and more familiar to us than before. It has a new interest to us now that it is the home of the dear ones who have gone. Our thoughts, which a while ago lingered too exclusively among the objects of time and sense, are now more frequently lifted above, and are fixed upon what is permanent and spiritual. Most eagerly do we desire to know more about that better world, and to make it our constant study. What, we love to ask, are its employments? What engages the time and energies of our now glorified friends? In whose companionship do they walk those streets of gold, and survey those walls of jasper? Who are their guides and instructors in the great march of the soul in its onward, upward, and never-ending career? What are their precise relations to Him who hath redeemed them with his own blood? What, in all its wonder and glory, is this heavenly state and this celestial scenery which now invite their attention and pursuit. And it is as we inquire and think and read, and thus familiarize our minds with these invisible things, that they become more real to us, assume more distinct and palpable forms, and lure us on more powerfully to their realization and enjoyment. Divine magnets are these departed friends, to draw us by the force of resistless attraction to the realms on high. It is good for us to be afflicted, since thus our interests become transferred so largely from earth to heaven; since we do not look down so much as formerly, but oftener lift our eyes above; since we do not chase so eagerly the phantoms of the life that now is, but strive to pursue the more enduring treasures of God's eternal kingdom. There are the true objects of one's pursuit. Gaining those, he may well resign all else. Losing them, it had been better if he had not been born.

Thus in the night season there is a light of stars. For it is then that we get a better acquaintance with the past, with

the translated objects of our love, with our own character and condition, with our duties and relations to others, with the Word of God, with Christ and his Church, with his blessed religion and the life eternal.

"Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !"

Existence is not to us what it was before. It is more solemn and more significant. At every step we find ourselves pressed upon by realities which until now we have not recognized. It is a part of our education. God is thus disciplining and perfecting us. Through all the processes of sorrow and joy, hope and fear, labor and repose, loss and gain, sickness and health, victory and defeat, and all the changeful allotments of life, God seeks to fashion his jewels into completeness, and to polish them with a more than earthly lustre; and they which prove worthy shall be as diadems forever in the crown of the Saviour's rejoicing.

A. P. P.

WE are accustomed to speak of certain actions as great, or noble; but what is it that constitutes the greatness of an action? Is it some striking result accomplished in the outward world? some triumph of genius, or even of *Christian* effort, to which men may point, and say, "This is the work of a hero, a philanthropist, or a saint"? Is it this alone? Surely not. The greatness of an act often lies in the noble motive. It may be known only to the secret heart, and to its God. It may be simply the triumph of Christian principle over some emotion of selfishness, anger, or envy, — unspoken, but struggling for utterance in word or deed. It may be the forming of a firm resolve, which changes the character of the life; yet so slowly that it is only after the lapse of months or years, that the world sees the full result of that first hour of consecration. Deeds may be great, but motives, the hidden springs of action, are greater still. May God sanctify our motives, and thus enable us to "make our lives sublime."

†

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

Ah ! " Nil desperandum ! " has weathered, I know,
Full many a cape where the roughest winds blow ;
Has stifled the groans of *unbearable* pain ;
Has rescued dropped stitches, though all seemed in vain ;
And gathered up fragments, quite sweet to the taste,
Which the slothful and hopeless are ready to waste.

Yes, " Nil desperandum ! " now gird up your heart ;
Go forth with fresh ardor, and act well your part ;
" T is often the darkest time just before day ; "
There 's truth in the word that the old sages say !
Despair not and flag not, but stand to your post ;
Look out for fair weather, and nothing is lost.

Ah ! " Nil desperandum ! " — but trust in your God !
Act bravely and cheerily, and from the clod
Starts forth the fair grain and the beautiful flowers,
The fruit in its glory, for bright future hours :
Go forward to bless, look upward to pray ;
Seek the pillow of peace at the close of the day.

At the close of the day ! see its beauty unfold
In the soft sunset clouds, rich in purple and gold,
Which come like sweet angels, when good men lie low,
To breathe heavenly peace as the tired pilgrims go.
So " Nil desperandum ! " earth's contest and strife
Will end in true victory, — life unto life !

To go from life here to the eternal and true ;
To rise up with power ever strengthening and new ;
To cast off the weakness that fetters us here ;
To work without weariness, doubting, nor fear ;
O, " Nil desperandum ! " Soul, cling to the Faith,
And trust what the Spirit to man's spirit saith.

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PNEUMATOLOGY.

SPIRIT-SEEING.

A BELIEF that spiritual beings may be seen by men has always been widely prevalent ; so much so, that it warrants, and almost necessitates, the conclusion, that there must have been some well-authenticated instances of this kind. What could support in all times such a wide-spread belief, unless there is some ground for it in the nature of man and in the facts of the case ? But when we undertake to cite instances, we find them often mixed up with so much that is crude and false, that even well-attested facts are liable to be rejected. We pass over these, therefore, and make our appeal to the Divine Word, for it has come to be read so carelessly, or large portions of it are so much ignored, that people are liable to forget that, from beginning to end, it abounds in visible disclosures from the spiritual world to men in this, — demonstrating that there is in man a latent faculty of spirit-seeing, and that there are objects that may be brought within its range.

The volume of inspiration is full of testimony on this subject. Many instances are therein recorded of angels and spirits appearing unto, and conversing with, persons yet in the flesh. We will refer to only a few of them by way of illustration. Thus Abraham saw and conversed with angels in the plains of Mamre. (Gen., chap. xviii.) Angels appeared unto Lot, announcing to him the destruction of Sodom, and warning him and his family to flee for their lives. (Ib., chap. xix.) Angels were seen by Jacob after his departure from the house of Laban ; “and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God’s host.” (Ib., chap. xxxii.) An angel appeared to Manoah and his wife ; and when they witnessed his ascent “in the flame of the altar,” they “fell on their faces to the ground,” and “knew that he was an angel of the Lord.” (Ib., chap. xiii.) An angel appeared unto

Zacharias, a man "righteous before God, and walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." And Zacharias — notwithstanding "he was troubled, and fear fell upon him" — held a conversation with the angel, who announced himself as Gabriel, and foretold what was shortly to come to pass. "I am Gabriel," he said, "that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings." And the record adds, that "when he came out [of the temple], he could not speak unto them; and they perceived that he had *seen a vision* in the temple." (Luke i. 22.) The virgin Mary also saw and conversed with an angel, who announced to her the birth of the Saviour. (Ib., 30, 31.) And the announcement of the same august event was also made by an angel to the shepherds. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." (Ib., ii. 10–16.) Thus the event which this angel announced to the shepherds—an event previously unknown to them—was found to agree entirely with the declaration.

We would remark in this connection, that the Greek word *angelos*, as well as the Hebrew *malák*, each of which is translated *angel*, means simply *a messenger, one sent*. Hence it is an appropriate term by which to designate that class of

spiritual beings who are sent on important errands to men. But some critics, who, like the Sadducees of old, are unwilling to believe that there is either angel or spirit, are anxious to confine the application of this word to persons yet in the flesh. And we concede that it may be, and sometimes is, not improperly applied to men, who are commissioned and sent of the Lord, and are therefore his messengers. But a slight examination will convince us that the word is usually employed in the Bible to designate spiritual beings. Who can doubt that it is so employed in the passage just cited? For it is there said, among other things, that "*suddenly* there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host;" and then we are told what happened when the angels were gone away from the shepherds "into heaven." Now, if these had not been beings freed from the encumbrance of gross matter, they would hardly have been called by the inspired penmen "the heavenly host"; nor would the record have told us of their going away "*into heaven*" when they left the shepherds; neither is it easy, upon any other theory, to conceive how they could have appeared so "*suddenly*," or how they could have brought with them, in the darkness of the night, that awe-inspiring radiance, which is described as "the glory of God shining round about them." But the solution of all this becomes perfectly easy, if we suppose them to have been spiritual beings, and that the spiritual senses of the shepherds were opened on that occasion.

Other examples might be cited to show that the word *angel* is employed in Scripture to designate a denizen of the upper spheres. This is its usual signification, and is what we presume most Christians understand by the term.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, we have an account of another vision of angels. It is there said of the women who came early in the morning to the sepulchre, that "they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining gar-

ments. And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Now that these two men were spiritual beings,—so regarded by the beholders,—is evident from the fear which fell upon the women, as well as from their subsequent account of the circumstance; for when they found not the body of Jesus, "they came, saying that they had also seen *a vision of angels*, who said that he was alive." Besides, in the parallel passage in John, these two men in shining apparel are called angels; for we are there told that Mary, as she stood weeping, "stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two *angels* in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Yet it appears from the narrative that the people of those times, including even the disciples themselves, were about as unwilling to believe in any such supermundane appearances as they are now-a-days; for it is said that, when the women came and told the apostles what they had seen, "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

Again, we read that Saul saw and conversed with the spirit of Samuel after the decease of the latter, and heard from him the prophetic announcement of his own overthrow and ruin. (2 Sam., chap. xxyiii.) And it is recorded of the three disciples who were taken up into a high mountain apart, and permitted to witness the transfiguration, that they saw also Moses and Elias talking with Jesus; and the Lord charged them when they came down from the mount, "saying, Tell the *vision* to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." And John assures us in the Revelation, that, when he was "in the spirit," he not only *saw* thousands and myriads of angels, but heard their voices with such distinctness that he was able to write the very words they uttered.

So clear and ample is the testimony which the Bible furnishes to the reality of spirits and spirit-seeing. And in view

of the abundant narratives of this kind recorded in the sacred volume, we submit that it ill becomes us, as believers of the Bible, to mock at the pretensions of Swedenborg, or to condemn his writings, simply on account of the alleged visions they record. Let it be shown that his disclosures are false, fantastic, or unreasonable, — if this can be fairly done ; but in the name of all that is sacred, let not the condemning sentence fall on his writings for reasons which would lead us to discredit the testimony and despise the teachings of nearly all God's most illustrious and gifted prophets, — to reject and scoff at the inspired Word itself, as the production of deluded and visionary men.

Admitting, then, that spirit-seeing is among things possible, the next and very natural question is, What is the explanation of it ? Is there anything peculiar in the psychological condition of the spirit-seer ? Is there any principle or law underlying and governing the phenomena in question ? In other words, *how* can spirits be seen of men, or upon what conditions ?

Swedenborg, we think, gives the only rational answer that has ever been given to this question, and one which encounters none of the difficulties with which every other theory is so greatly embarrassed. He says, that within the perishable-material body of every man is a living spiritual organism which can never die. This is the real man. This is the "spiritual body" of which Paul speaks, which alone is immortal, and which, when freed from the encumbrance of flesh and blood, becomes a conscious denizen of the spiritual world, capable of enjoying a conscious, visible, and audible communion with other spirits, as men in the flesh enjoy communion with each other. This spiritual body cannot be perceived by man's natural senses, because it is not material. Yet it is endowed with the senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, and the like ; and these senses are as much more refined and perfect than our natural senses, as the spiritual world is superior to the natural. And although these senses are or-

dinarily, and for wise and benignant purposes, closed while the spiritual body is clothed with material flesh and blood, just as the senses or appetencies peculiar to the butterfly are closed during its chrysalis or pupa state, yet they are capable of being opened, and sometimes have been opened, during man's abode on earth. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is able to perceive the things of the spiritual world as clearly as he can perceive, by his natural senses, the things of this natural world; he can see and converse with angels and spirits, as men see and converse with each other, — for the spiritual world is not remote from the natural as to space, but is within it, as the soul is within the body. And when the spiritual senses are opened, the individual is not himself aware of being in any peculiar psychological condition at the time. The opening of these senses is so mild and gentle a process, that the subject is quite unconscious of it, — so much so, that, while seeing and hearing angels and spirits, he imagines meanwhile that he sees and hears them with his natural senses.

This is a very brief explanation of the philosophy or rationale of spirit-seeing, as taught by Swedenborg. This is the way that the spirit-seers of the Bible, and all others, have been brought into open communion with angels and spirits, namely, through the opening of the spiritual senses. This, according to the illustrious Swede, was the way in which he was intromitted into the spiritual world, and enabled for so many years to see and converse with the inhabitants of that world as man with man. And is not this a simple and perfectly rational way of accounting for the phenomenon of spirit-seeing? What other theory so reasonable as this can be conceived of? If, as the Apostle teaches and as Christians believe, the resurrection-body be “a spiritual body,” then it is reasonable to suppose that this body dwells within the material organism during our life on earth, and is released therefrom at death. It is reasonable to suppose that it is endowed with senses suited to the needs of a human spirit,

and to the objects and conditions of the spiritual world. We cannot conceive how spirits could see each other without eyes, or hear each other without ears. And if our resurrection-body be endowed with senses adapted to its own world, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these senses may sometimes be opened before the spirit is released from its clay tenement. And when opened, we should expect that angels and spirits, together with other objects ordinarily unseen, would plainly appear.

But we are not left merely to the deductions of reason on this subject. The Scripture testifies abundantly to the existence of spiritual senses in man, and to the fact that these have occasionally been opened, thereby giving the seer sensible perception of spiritual beings and of the things of the spiritual world. Take, for example, our Lord's appearance to the disciples after his resurrection. It is plain that it could not have been his *material* body that they saw, and therefore he could not have been seen with the natural eyes; for on more than one occasion he appeared "*suddenly*" in their midst, when "the doors were shut;" and again, *as suddenly*, "*vanished* out of their sight." Now it is not among the capabilities of material substance thus suddenly to appear and disappear before the natural eyes, — in defiance, too, of closed doors. Besides, the record itself furnishes conclusive evidence that it was with their spiritual, and not with their natural eyes, that the disciples saw the risen Saviour. For we are informed in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, that, "when Jesus drew near" to the two disciples as they communed together on their way to Emmaus, (this was after his resurrection,) "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." And in a subsequent verse we are informed, that, "as he sat at meat with them, *their eyes were opened*, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." Was it the natural or the spiritual eyes of the disciples that are here referred to? If you say the former, your answer involves the necessity of supposing that they

had been travelling, conversing, and eating together in the first instance, with their *natural eyes shut*, — a conclusion not easy for a rational mind to adopt.

Again : we read in the book of Kings, that, when the king of Syria sent “horses and chariots and a great host” to Dothan, to fetch to him Elisha the prophet, and “the host compassed the city both with horses and chariots,” the servant of Elisha was greatly alarmed, and “said unto him, Alas, my master ! How shall we do ? And Elisha answered, Fear not ; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, O Lord, I pray thee *open his eyes* that he may see. And the Lord *opened the eyes* of the young man, *and he saw*.” And what was the spectacle which then burst upon him ? “Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

Here, then, we are taught plainly enough, not only that man *has* spiritual senses, but that these may be, and actually have been, *opened* in him during his earthly existence ; and that, when opened, the scenes and objects of the spiritual world, invisible to the natural eye, become sensibly manifest. Elisha saw the spiritual hosts by whom he was surrounded and sustained, and saw them, of course, with his spiritual eyes ; for his servant did *not* see them, as appears from the record, until the Lord *opened his eyes* ; then straightway he beheld the mountain “full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

Then there are Paul’s remarkable experiences, easily enough explained upon the theory we advocate, but difficult to account for upon any other. On one occasion, when going to Damascus, “I saw in the way,” he says, “a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me.” And at the same time he heard a voice which said, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?” Could it have been the light of this natural world which on that occasion so dazzled and over-

powered the Apostle that he fell prostrate to the earth? Such a supposition were most unreasonable; for it appeared to him "at midday," and is described as "*above* the brightness of the sun." He also speaks of it as "a light from heaven," and afterwards refers to this experience as "the heavenly vision," — language clearly enough indicating the Apostle's belief that the light he saw was not natural, but had burst upon him from the upper spheres. And how well this agrees with the testimony of Swedenborg, who assures us that there is a sun in the spiritual world of far more intense brilliancy than the sun of our world, and that he had often witnessed its amazing splendors when his spiritual eyes were opened. And his explanation of the nature of that sun, and of its light and heat, helps us to understand rationally the circumstance that Paul relates, as also the appearance of our Saviour upon the Mount of Transfiguration, when "his face shone as the sun."

Again, on another occasion, the same Apostle tells us that he was "caught up to the third heaven," (whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell,) "and heard unspeakable words which it is not possible for a man to utter." Now is it to be supposed that Paul's material body was "caught up," or elevated through natural space? If so, what are we to understand by the *third* heaven to which he was carried? How much more reasonable is the explanation of this circumstance which Swedenborg's pneumatology furnishes! He says that heaven is not a *place*, but a certain spiritual *state*; consequently, that it is not *without*, but *within* men. And since there are three discrete degrees in the human mind, therefore there are three corresponding degrees of human or angelic life; consequently three heavens. And as the mind may be opened to either of these degrees, so may the spiritual senses; and when these senses are opened to the third or inmost degree, then the individual is for the time in that state which is signified by the third heaven. And as perfection of life and exaltation of wisdom increase

as man advances from exterior to more interior states, therefore the wisdom of the angels of the third heaven, according to the great Seer, is such as cannot be expressed in the language of men ; it is, as he says, "altogether ineffable." (A. C., n. 3345.) Is there any other view of this subject, or any other explanation of the *manner* in which Paul was caught up to the third heaven, so reasonable as this ?

The same theory helps us to understand, as no other theory of which we have any knowledge can, how it was that at our Lord's baptism "the heavens were opened unto him ;" how the prophets of old were "lifted up," — how to them "the heavens were opened, and they saw visions of God ;" how, in the case of Peter, he too "saw heaven opened, and a great vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit together at the four corners ;" and how John was "carried away in the spirit," and "a door was opened to him in heaven," thereby revealing to his astonished gaze some of the magnificent scenery of the other world. These recorded experiences, together with the things which the inspired penmen tell us they saw when the heavens were opened to them, all converge to the same point, and furnish a strong array of testimony in support of the belief that man is endowed with spiritual senses capable of being opened during his life on earth ; and when opened, enabling him to enjoy a conscious and visible communion with angels and spirits, and a sensible perception of the objects of the spiritual world, which are innumerable and of vast variety. "For angels and spirits," says Swedenborg, "see more objects in their world than man can believe to exist. The world of spirits and the heavens are full of representatives such as were seen by the prophets, and of so grand a kind that, if any one's spiritual sight were opened, and he could look into those worlds, though but for a few hours, he would be all astonishment." (A. C. 1521.)

B. F. B.

Orange, N. J., Nov. 15, 1860.

THE PRAYER OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

MATTHEW vii. 6:—“Ask, and it shall be given you.”

JOHN xvi. 23:—“Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.”

THEY are promises of the great and good Giver by the lips of Him who is evermore the best and the most glorious of the Divine gifts. They sound wholly unqualified,—the giving conditioned only upon the asking; they seem to dispense the prayerful from all those labors which press so heavily upon the rest of the world,—to cast him like a helpless child upon the compassions of a Father whose love is infinite, and whose fulness is inexhaustible. They would seem to encourage the expectation that, as there is no lack of prayers in Christendom, so there can be no lack of blessings. And yet we know that there must be conditions and qualifications. We know that a vast deal of the world's praying issues in nothing, and that there is no point in religion about which men are more doubtful than about the efficacy of prayer. They make it very often a question of fact. They appeal to experience. They will tell you that they have asked and have received nothing; that the idea of Divine interposition is superstitious; that God has already given us all that we need, and that we have only to make a good use of his unsought gifts. It is plain that there must be conditions, and that everything depends upon a right understanding of promises which open heaven and make earth blessed for the believer. It is plain that not all asking will secure the needed gifts, and that there is a great deal of asking amiss; yet these misapprehensions and misuses must not be suffered to throw any discredit upon the soul's dearest privilege and highest act.

“Ask and it shall be given you.” What amount of meaning may fairly be included in this word *ask*. This is the first question of importance. Literally, to “ask,” is simply

to frame upon the lips the language of a request. It is to say, Give! And yet we understand perfectly well that there is a kind of asking which is not really asking, and which we should not expect to be followed by any giving. I think you have all heard men ask for what they did not wish at all,—for what they would have been very sorry to have obtained. You could perceive from the look and tone, that the request did not proceed from the abundance of the heart, and that to gratify it would not be in the least gratifying to the petitioner. An earnest seeker always turns towards him whom he is addressing, and tries to gather from the expression of the face the answer which the lips have not yet framed. Now, God looks upon the heart. He does not regard any request as a real prayer, unless we desire what we ask. Beneath the prayer there must be a heart's desire; not a mere superficial, passing wish, but a real craving and longing, growing out of a deep, abiding sense of want. God gives us what we wish,—not what he would have us wish, but what we *do* wish. It may not be what we ask. Very much of the world's asking of the Father issues in nothing, because it means nothing; it is only a "saying of prayers," not a heart-cry, not in any sense the soul's entreaty. Lo! these many years perhaps we have been asking God to make us wiser and better, more gentle and just and contented and peaceful; we have said, Thy kingdom come within me! Thine influences be multiplied about me! and the years have come and gone, and heaven is as far from us as ever. But did we desire what we asked for? Do not men often pray for one thing and desire another,—pray to be righteous and desire to be comfortable, pray that God's kingdom may come and that God's will may be done, and desire to be their own lords, and to have their own will and way? Shall God thrust upon us what we do not wish? If we must put heart into our work in order that it may come to anything, must we not put heart into our prayers also? God leaves those in ignorance who are indifferent to knowledge, and those poor

who care nothing about wealth ; and he will not make those pious, just, and loving, who, caring nothing for piety, justice, and love, and being occupied incessantly with matters far inferior, merely go through with the ceremony of asking. God looks upon the heart, and again and again, alas ! how often ! after the hymns have all been sung, and every line of prayer and litany has been repeated, he saith, They have asked for nothing, nothing, spite of all this rhetoric and vain repetition, — nothing, and I can give them nothing, — they must go unblest.

Praying in a lifeless, meaningless way, we come to doubt the efficacy of prayer. If men worked as they too often pray, they would soon come to doubt the efficacy of working ; all the fine and serviceable activities of life would sink into the merest drudgeries, and yield none but the commonest results. In praying, as in working, everything depends upon the quantity of being you bring to it, — the man that you are, the child of God that you are, the earnestness, simplicity, sincerity, that go along with you. Your words are nothing unless the whole force of your nature lies behind them ; unless they express your enthusiasm, your genius, your fresh morning thought, the spirit that possesses your heart day and night, and haunts your dwelling, and will not suffer you to be silent. The world's desire ever accompanies the world's work when it is anything more than drudgery. The most splendid successes, the triumphs of science and art, of literature and material industry, are the answers to those eager cravings which make the life of man so earnest and intense. We find what we seek. And we must not only feebly wish, but earnestly desire, to be right in the sight of God and man. The want of success in this direction must be a serious trial to us, like the misery of poverty, or sickness, or bereavement. There would not be much questioning of the efficacy of prayer, if we asked the divine gifts of love and holiness and trust with the desire that stirs in the heart of the mother when her babe is fading away in her arms, with the longings

that cannot be restrained of an utterance. We have had, at least, as much as we ever asked. The prayers may be in Latin or in English, with a book or without a book, — that does not matter, if they are the heart's speech. We may pray kneeling or standing, only the soul must be in asking posture ; we may turn towards the east or towards the west, only we must not be looking away from God whilst his name is upon the tongue. The motions of the spirit are rather to be regarded than the movements of the lips. Desires are the soul's words. True prayer never goes up from a barren, poverty-stricken, worldly heart. The mountain peaks which pierce the heavens, and are bathed in the earliest and latest sunlight, were lifted into those serene heights only by the heat of the consuming fire which burns in the core of the earth. It is not easy to pray aright. Men, by no means the worst, discover sometimes that they know nothing about praying, — that they never in all their lives prayed a real prayer. There must be a preparation of the mind and heart for that wrestling with the angel which prevails. Fear, indeed, often prompts to an earnest utterance ; but the fear of suffering is a very different thing from the love of goodness. And so you observe that when the Scripture says *ask*, — it means that the soul must ask, — that the whole being must ask, — that we must be thoroughly honest in our praying, and ask for what we really crave.

I say that the whole being must ask, — and, with the Christian, the whole being means our nature enriched by the life of Christ. The lesson of prayer reaches its highest expression when we pass from the first to the second portion of our text, and read this significant addition, — “*In the name of Jesus.*” So praying, we shall have whatsoever we seek. Asking “in the name of Jesus” means, of course, something more than merely adding a sacred phrase to our prayers ; it means praying in the spirit of Jesus, as Jesus himself would pray ; it means asking what he would ask, and in his faith that One is with us rich in power and love to answer ; it

means praying out of a soul very near to God, living in great submission to him, and in great sympathy with his purposes. When we close our prayers by saying, "In the name of Christ so be it!" it is rather in testimony of what our devotion ought to be, than of what it is; for the ideal of Christian praying is very grand indeed. If we could pray truly in the name of Christ, the promise would be most literally fulfilled; it would be in truth *whatsoever*. I should hardly dare to set any limits to the unlimited assurance. I should say, Ask the greatest things and the best, — the things for which you almost fear to ask because of their exceeding worth, glory, and beauty; ask for the things which are most out of your reach, and which you would utterly despair of attaining by your own unaided efforts; ask, I should say, only with the submission of Christ, — only with his "Father, not my will, but thine be done," — only with his clear recognition of the Divine presence and love, even when the twelve legions of angels were not sent to succor him; I should say, ask for outward as well as for inward blessings, with a true child's trust, that with God nothing is impossible; ask, even where the strong laws and rigorous conditions of the natural world, the laws of gravity, the chemical affinities and proportions, the tides of air and ocean, the subtile atmospheric influences, the causes or occasions of health or sickness, the natural agencies that at once serve and control us, come in to kill or to make alive. I should not know where to draw the line, and say, Beyond this, asking shall not avail you. I would not draw a line. Unless the Christ within rebukes the petition, let it go forth. The higher laws, which issue in what we call miracles, are never suspended. The age of miracles is not past so long as the great God lives and loves. Pray that your friends may be watched over in their journeyings, that your children may be shielded from harm, that they whom you love may recover from sickness; let your heart have the freest, fullest utterance, for, if it be only in the name of Christ, all your petitions shall flow together,

and all the more confidently and sweetly for their wide wanderings into the one petition, "Thy will, not mine, be done, and let Thy will be my will!" and there shall come in your soul a sweet temper of acquiescence, a resting in God, a trust which shall triumph over fear and desolation. He who prays in the name of Christ asks first for the kingdom of God, first for the inward miracle which changes the inward world, the being and character; then, if there is still need, for the outward miracle which changes the outward world and makes circumstances and condition more propitious. It comes then to this, that availing prayers flow out from the abundance of Christian hearts, — that unto him who hath, more shall be given.

And now I may be told that they who so abound in holy desire, and who are so strong in faith, have no need to pray. But it is not so. The precise opposite, indeed, is the truth. He in whom God dwelt continually — He who could say, out of the completeness of that mysterious Unity, "I and my Father are one" — was ever summoning to his side that Almighty Helper. And when the Spirit dwells richly in us, — when we would live in love as becometh the sons of God, when in the mind and heart of Christ we long for his kingdom in such a world as ours, — we feel more than we ever felt before the need of that encompassing Almightiness; we cannot take a step save with our hand in that Father's hand. When the heart is cold and dead, and it is enough for us to earn and eat our bread; when we are content with our round of common duties and amusements; when we find the world good enough, and should be glad, as we say, to live in it forever, and would put no questions touching the things which are above were it not for the thought of dying, — then we are not likely to ask anything of God, for prayers are the soul's utterances. Prayers burst from the lips when great convictions and strong loves, and lofty ideals and brave words and works, have brought us into great straits. Prayer is the voice of the child that has found his father after years of

loneliness and of wanderings. The more we are, the more capacity have we to desire and to welcome God. He lifts us not into self-reliance, but into those heavenly places in Christ Jesus where we live in and from himself. It is only a divine and purified humanity that can see God, and walk with him, and invite his holy and beautiful presence for all its occasions; but this humanity is nothing without the fellowship of the Spirit. There must be already the elements of fertility in the earth, or the brightest sun will not help it; but for all that, should the earth no longer turn towards the sun, there would be no harvests. The spirit of adoption teaches us to say Our Father. The dignity of our nature appears in our divine sonship. When forms and ceremonies lose their hold upon a community, and the fashion of prayer is fast going out, you will hear continual complaints of the decay of worship, until the hearts of men have been so enlarged and uplifted that they will pray in obedience, not to an outward custom, but to an inward necessity. With the renewal of life and the restoration of belief come asking and giving.

We have seen, then, friends, that to learn to ask aright and effectually is no easy thing, for it is nothing less than to enter into conscious fellowship with God. One may well undergo the most exhausting labors of discipline, if only he may come at last into that gracious estate, and feel the tide of love evermore flowing into his soul, and making his obedience graceful, spontaneous, noiseless, fatal, like the blossoming of plants and the ripening of fruits. We are here that we may learn to pray, to ask of God whatsoever we need, and so become partakers of the divine nature, and living gospels of the divine truth and love. All the experience of life is intended to awaken our desire for goodness and for God. To this end we are smitten and we are caressed. Christ is in the world that he may teach us to pray, to lift the heart in longings towards the Father, to bring from sincere lips a heart-cry for wisdom and for love. No dealing with us can be called severe which compels us to this pass, — for then it

shall be literally asking and giving ; — our fight is fought, our rest has begun, we have entered into the joy of our Lord, we have only to ask henceforth and it will be given us ; and if there be any emptiness in our being, it is but an invitation to Him whose love is a great deep to overflow our souls and fill them full, and make us rich in his own abundant life.

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

We give below the title of a work upon this interesting subject, by one of the most eloquent modern preachers of Liberal Christianity, whose name is doubtless familiar to very many of our readers. As yet we have read only a portion of the pages ; but our attention has been more and more enlisted as we have gone on, and we are satisfied that the two volumes will prove to be full of valuable and well-digested material, brought forward, not in the interest of any sect, but with the noble purpose of gathering from the New Testament the fair meaning of the Christian revelation, and binding together Christians of every name in the acknowledgment of it. The twelfth chapter treats in a very original manner of the “ Gradations and Shadowings of the Christology of the New Testament,” and we must try to give our readers an abstract of its contents.

According to M. Coquerel, it is undeniably the teaching of the New Testament that Jesus Christ, man amongst men during his sojourn upon this earth, has, as Son of God, an ex-

* *Christologie, ou Essai sur la Personne et l'Œuvre de Jésus Christ. En Vue de la Conciliation des Eglises Chrétiennes. Par Athanase Coquerel, un des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris : Joël Cherbuliez, Editeur, 10 Rue de la Monnaie. A Genève : Même Maison. 1858. (Christology, or Essay on the Person and the Work of Jesus Christ. With Reference to the Reconciliation of Christian Churches. By Athanase Coquerel, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church of Paris.)*

istence anterior to time, unique, divine, mysterious, delineated in outlines of necessity obscure and vague, — an existence the activity of which is wholly unlike a human activity, and into which a human existence comes as an intercalation. Unless we are willing to do violence to the language of the sacred writers, this must be admitted to be their representation of the Saviour. We ask, Whence have these writers derived their high and difficult conceptions? And in reply, it can neither be said, on the one hand, that we can find nothing like these conceptions in ancient Gentile literature, and that they are entirely above the flight of the human imagination, nor yet can we say that they came into the New Testament from man. The Hindu systems, the Zoroastrian, Manichæan, and Gnostic ideas, ancient fables, — that of Prometheus for example, — as well as ancient philosophies, offer more or less that is analogous with the representations of the Saviour in the writings of St. Paul and St. John. But it is far from being true that there is anything in this at which piety should be disturbed; indeed, we have here a confirmation, all the more striking because indirect, of the Gospel verities. We see that the human heart, under the pressure of evil and of misfortune, raises itself instinctively to the thought of the necessity of a mediator, — a mediator divine in his origin and in his nature, but putting himself on a level with humanity, and constrained to suffer because man suffers, and to die because man dies. *Some one* between God and man, — there is the idea which appeared, in greater or less distinctness, — sometimes to alarm, sometimes to console, — underneath theories, the common source of which is apparent through their endless varieties. We recognize aspirations towards a Saviour who was sought without hope of finding him, who was summoned and yet not looked for, who was named and yet remained unknown, and whose history was created in advance by the desire for him. A strange, and yet a simple thing, that the thought of man and the thought of God are agreed in the persuasion that our world needs a

mediator ! What discerning mind can fail to recognize here a light which is not that of the Gospel, but which emanates from the same source ? Only to pause upon these dreams, under the plea of the truth which they disclose, is to accept the uncertain glow of the dawn for the fiery splendors of noonday. And we are not gathering our Christology from the New Testament, as those who find no revelation in the Book. It is our conviction that we are in the presence of a collection of writings for the production of which the Divine Intelligence, the Spirit of God, has come to the aid of the spirit of man, — a conjunction not only possible, but very natural, if we only allow that it is essential to intelligent beings to communicate themselves, and that ideas exist to be exchanged. Because we cannot understand the way of these communications, we are no more at liberty to question their reality, than to deny the fact of the soaring of the eagle through the upper air because it is beyond our ken. Inspiration must attach precisely to those doctrines which lie beyond the ordinary and regular domain of the human understanding. What could the human reason of St. Paul know by itself of the creation-work of the Son, — what could the human reason of St. John know about the *beginning* of the Word ?

Moreover, as we judge, the measure of inspiration was proportioned to the parts which had been providentially assigned to one and another Apostle in the great mission of preaching the Gospel to every creature under heaven. One and the same Christ is announced throughout the Gospel ; but the very pronounced shadowings of this Christology, identical in its depths, demand to be considered without any attempt to efface them, and this study conducts to important results. Moreover, we must not forget that the gradual, and, so to speak, intermittent march of the Christian faith in the first days accords with the fact of the successive composition of the sacred books ; and why be surprised, if the revelation to which we owe our knowledge of Christ was given in frag-

ments and at intervals, and so the sanctuary raised by successive stages, — that there are diversities of representation ? *

Before the destruction of Jerusalem with its temple, and the ruin of the Jews, whilst the first Christian generation waited for the near and visible coming of the Lord, St. Paul began to write, and not only announced the Messiah of Israel, the Son of God, the universal Saviour, the living Law, the perfect man ; but in laboring to do away with Mosaism, and break down the wall of separation which towered between the Jews and the Gentiles, he proclaimed also the Son, Creator and Sovereign, subjected in eternity to God alone ; nevertheless his Christology, when it soars to this height, could be set down upon a single page of a small volume. The admirable Epistle to the Hebrews, for which we are probably indebted to one of his disciples, seconds his work, and shows how all the glory and sanctity of the Mosaic covenant are eclipsed by the majesty of Christ. The Synoptics (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), but slightly dogmatical in comparison with the Epistles which precede them, write out the history and the lessons of the Messiah, the Saviour, the moral and religious legislator and king of the world, — relate, with the most surprising simplicity, and without betraying the slightest perplexity on account of the marvellous element, the most extraordinary miracles, — whilst with regard to the Son they almost limit themselves to saying that *no one knows*

* The idea of deep shadowings and of a variety of degrees in the development of the knowledge of Christ, as the Gospel sets it forth, has been admitted from the first ages of the Church. According to Eusebius the divinity of Jesus Christ was reserved by the Holy Spirit for St. John, as for the most worthy. According to St. Chrysostom, "St. John added the most precious treasure to the riches of which the Church was already possessed ; the Evangelists before him did not speak of the mystery of the eternal generation of Jesus Christ." And Augustine says, "The other Evangelists, who abundantly set forth the birth in time and the earthly deeds of Christ, what he did as a man, and who say little about his divinity, accompany their Master over the earth like animals following his steps ; but John, contemplating with more elevated gaze the power of his divinity, flies towards the heavens with the Lord." — *Extract from a note by M. Coquerel.*

him save the Father. In the Epistles of James and Peter we have a Christology ; but for the most part it is thrown into the background by the morality. The Apocalypse predicts terrible struggles for the faithful and great triumphs of the Saviour as near at hand, but especially in this world ; it discloses a heavenly Jerusalem, but it is seen descending from heaven to earth.

The year 70 of the Christian era arrives. Jerusalem yields and disappears under pagan violence, as much as Jerusalem could disappear ; the Mosaic worship ceases ; Jesus has not appeared ; the Apostles and the faithful have looked for him in vain ; Christianity continues to push itself abroad, to separate itself from Judaism, and to become more and more a world-religion ; St. Luke composes his second book, the Book of Acts, and this is upon the plane of his Gospel ; he adds nothing to the Christology of the Synoptics, though he begins with a circumstantial account of the ascension ; but the first age of the Christian era advances, — in the struggle with philosophy and paganism the faith becomes more and more spiritual, more and more universal, and John writes his books, the Christology of which reaches even to the heavens and goes forth into eternity. Here is something more than accidents of the memory, varieties of tradition, and divergences of individual appreciation, — something more than these, unless inspiration, which is a spiritual providence, is but a vain word. Indeed, we have here, not contradictions, but diversities, which may be explained by all that we know of the individuality of the New Testament authors, by the structure of their writings, by the form and color in which they are clothed, by the sphere of Christian faith in which they have appeared.

St. Paul is a scholar, a man of science and of genius, who has not been able to confine himself to the popular Christianity, but has given us "*strong meat for men*," as well as "*milk for babes*." Philosopher, moralist, rabbi, and Christian at once, he was the first to systematize the faith, and has

scattered in great abundance, through the letters drawn out by the occasions of his life, all the elements with which his mind was enriched, — a metaphysics which nothing limits, a vast and profound anthropology, Jewish archæology, and a mysterious Theodicy and Christology. St. John, writing amidst the noise of the disputes of the schools of Asia, desired to bestow upon the Church a more *christological* Gospel; to raise the Saviour entirely above his forerunner, John the Baptist, as the Epistle to the Hebrews raises him above Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and Joshua; to extricate the Gospel completely from the absurdities of *Docetism*, (the fable of a merely *apparent* Christ,) and from all the chimeras of the Gnostic sects; to put Christology under the personal sanction of Christ, and teach the world how he spoke of himself.* In the Synoptics we have the first traditions and authentic narratives of the ministry of Jesus, — the simple faith which recounts the story of the Lord; in the Epistles and the fourth Gospel, we have faith dogmatic and meditative; the one recalls its memories, the other formulates; on

* We extract the following passages from an admirable note by the author upon the authenticity of St. John's Gospel: —

"We find here and there, in the first three historians, passages as theological in their hue as the most mystical in the Evangelist called 'the theologian.' (Matt. x. 40 and John xiii. 20; Matt. x. 39 and John xii. 25; Matt. v. 6, Luke vi. 21, and John iv. 14, vi. 57, vii. 37; Matt. xvi. 12 and John vi. 27; Matt. xxvi. 11 and John xii. 8; Matt. x. 24 and John xiii. 16, xv. 20.)

"In the second place, the internal characteristics of these discourses constitute by themselves a conclusive evidence of truth. We observe a grandeur, a solemnity, tempered by an amazing simplicity, and sometimes by a quiet irony, as in the reply to Nicodemus, and in that to the pretended children of Abraham, which can only be accurate reflections of the wisdom of Jesus, and not subsequent creations from the memory of an aged fisherman of Galilee. Authenticity leaps forth, so to speak, from the midst of these incomparable pages, and it is well deserving of notice that the longest discourses put into the mouth of Jesus are precisely those which most powerfully produce this impression. To read again, with a well-disposed mind, the conversations of the evening when the First Supper was celebrated, and the prayer which closes them, and to believe coldly that St. John has invented all that, — that St. John has made the Christ speak after his manner in these circumstances, — is a stretch of incredulity which seems impossible."

the one hand the historical element prevails, on the other hand the dogmatical. Paul and John carry us into the third heavens, and declare mysteries; the Synoptics are most concerned to make us followers of the humble Son of Mary, as he goes about from place to place doing good.

Now M. Coquerel finds reason for the belief that from Paul, the earliest, to John, the latest writer of the New Testament, each author had under his eyes the writings of his predecessors, and, regarding what had already been given to the Church, and what the Church still needed, was providentially guided so to unfold the lessons of faith, that we have in the body of New Testament Scriptures a beautifully harmonized and adjusted whole. He gives reasons, which, on the whole, are very satisfactory, for the opinion that the writings of St. Paul were known, in all probability, to Matthew, certainly to Mark and Luke. We will try to state a portion of his argument. St. James certainly had read the Epistles, or a part of them, for he is clearly engaged to refute the extravagant consequences which had been drawn by some from St. Paul's statement of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. If they were known to St. James, they must have been widely known in Palestine, and Matthew wrote in Palestine. Mark was the companion of St. Peter, whose writings, aside from the direct reference to the Apostle to the Gentiles in the second and disputed Epistle, bear marks of Paul's influence, and, according to steady tradition, wrote in Rome, where the Epistle to the Romans was a familiar Scripture. St. Luke was Paul's companion. Some of the Epistles of St. Paul must have been widely spread, for it is a mistake to suppose that copies of favorite writings were so very rare in antiquity. The *librarii*, or copyists, were very industrious. For many years Paul must have been the chief Scriptural authority in matters of discipline and ritual amongst the Christians scattered abroad through the Gentile world; and the fear which he expresses (2 Thess. ii. 2) lest supposititious letters should be circulated in his name, would seem

for the third heaven, because they have been caught up into it; St. John and his must give account for the pre-existence, because he alone recounts the prayer of the Lord for his disciples; and the great multitude that heard Jesus on the mount in Galilee must account for the Sermon on the Mount because they heard it.

This order of Christian development is not what we should have chosen as natural and logical. It is that wisdom of God which is foolishness with men; and we may say that Christ accepts it when, upon the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," — a confession which does not go beyond the sphere of Messiahship, — he says to him, "Only my Father which is in heaven can have revealed this unto you," and predicates upon it the prerogatives and success of his future apostleship. And is it not rashness to take better care of the Divinity of Jesus Christ than he has taken of it himself? The Temple in Jerusalem contained two sanctuaries, — one the holy of holies, which the High Priest alone entered; the other the holy place, where the daily service was celebrated. Let us pass, if we can, behind the veil, and gaze upon the holy of holies; but let no one deny the value of those humbler adorations which do not go beyond the first sanctuary, for this too is holy.

Before applying our theory to the fourth Gospel, we may return a moment to show how much the book of Acts supports and confirms it. In the Acts we have an attempt to reconcile the Hellenistic and Jewish sections of the Church; yet the writer does not go beyond, but even falls behind, the Christology of the Synoptics.

We come now to the Gospel according to St. John. The system of degrees in the Christian revelation seems to throw a new light upon this mysterious book, and to supply the key to some of the gravest difficulties which it presents. The Epistles and the Synoptics must have been known to John, whose protracted old age was passed at a centre so important as Ephesus; and, if known, what effect must they have had

upon the composition of his Gospel ; in the writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles, St. John saw the Christ as he himself contemplated him ; and yet out of the frame of the incidents of the Saviour's mission, and not connected with his conversations and discourses. It was Paul manifesting Jesus, not Jesus manifesting or unveiling himself ; it was Paul bearing testimony to the Divinity of Christ, and not the Christ reproclaiming his glory. St. John wished to write a Gospel in which the Christ should be his own witness, and make his own Christology. Moreover, the Messianic idea of the Synoptics seemed to John insufficient, now that the Jewish hope had perished, and glories far beyond those of the Messiahship had gathered about the Redeemer ; he was persuaded that a universal and heavenly redemption would be thought too elevated in comparison with the Saviour as the traditions of Palestine alone represented Him ; hence the exordium of his Gospel, an exordium of which the remainder is a development ; hence, in the abundance of his faith, the transcendent dogmatizing which avails itself of the acts and testimonies of the mission of Christ as so many ladder-steps by which to come as near as possible to the Divinity of the Son and the Glory of the Word. The old opinion, with which criticism formerly contented itself, that St. John wrote to supplement the Synoptics, returns thus under another light, erroneous in an historical point of view, it is true, from the stand-point of Christology ; we see, moreover, why the Evangelist gives us so many discourses of the Saviour, and understand the reason for the soaring of his Christology into heights far beyond any that are attained in the remainder of revelation.

A single closing reflection will suffice to justify these shadowings, these varieties in the Christian revelation. Because the Gospel is various, it is universal ; it is as various as the human mind, and it was necessary that it should be. Christ has come to all, and the Gospel speaks to all consciences ; its voice finds an echo in all hearts. Undoubtedly the passions can make the intellectual and moral, and even the religious

sense, deaf to this speech of heaven; but the voice always sounds, and each human soul can at each instant become attentive, hear it, and believe it.

In a very brief chapter, following this of which we have endeavored to give partly a summary and partly a somewhat free translation, M. Coquerel insists,—1. That Exegetical Christology cannot achieve the reconciliation of Christians;—a uniform interpretation of the sacred records is impossible;—Revelation gives us no system, but rather supplies us with abundant materials for the construction of an individual faith;—there are diversities of gifts, diversities of operations, diversities of minds. 2. That it is plainly the will of God that the Gospel should take hold of the soul, and lead us to the fellowship of the Saviour on one or the other side, as our tendencies are simply practical, or as we incline to the living piety, the sanctification taught by Paul, or the more mystical and profound faith of St. John. Is not this the care and love of our God? Is it not true that certain Christians find their greatest edification, their strength, and their hope, in reading again and again, some of them, the Epistle to the Romans; others, the Sermon on the Mount; others still, the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, or the prayer of our Lord for his disciples? It is not with true believers a systematic neglect of any part of the Gospel; it is an instinctive preference for some other portion which arrests the attention, touches them more, and holds language which better answers their spiritual necessities. In a word, Revelation would be uniform, if God had so willed; it is not uniform, in order that it may be, as we have said, the universal book of humanity. But it is none the less true, that if we wish to impose upon others the legitimate preferences of our own faith,—legitimate for us alone,—we must ever by so doing compromise the peace of the Christian Church.

E.

CHRIST THE LORD.

WHENE'ER we catch in thought a gleam
 Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
 How grand His meeker features seem, —
 Christ's suffering virtues how sublime !

Those eyes which o'er Jerusalem
 Grew dim with gushing pitying tears,
 Had — 't was no earthly ray — in them
 A light to read the future years !

Those hands, those feet to torture held,
 Through which the crashing iron drave,
 Had by a touch disease dispelled !
 Had walked upon the roaring wave !

That mild voice, struggling to repeat
 Words (for a loftier audience meant)
 Learned may be at a mother's feet,
 When angels o'er His childhood bent, —

That voice, with utterance calm and low,
 Providing *her* an earthly home,
 Ere He could say, " 'T is finished now ! "
 And pass to Heaven's eternal dome, —

That voice had hushed the stormy sea !
 On the fierce fiends had terror shed !
 From the blind orb bid darkness flee !
 To life had raised the confined dead !

Whene'er we catch in thought a gleam
 Of the vast powers which crowned His prime,
 How grand His meeker features seem, —
 Christ's suffering virtues how sublime !

* * *

RANDOM READINGS.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

THERE is no help for being sensitive, but it ought to teach a person tenderness towards others. It does not, however. A great many people who pride themselves upon their "frankness," and always "speaking their mind," are the very last ones who will hear the same things from anybody else. *They* never are untrue to their convictions, — not they. They mean to be faithful and do their duty, and so they are always flaring your faults in the most offensive manner. But go to one of these people, — say to him, "Mr. Hetchel, I feel it my duty to tell you that your temper is not the sweetest, that your children behave bad at school, that they lie, pinch, play truant, and are dirty into the bargain," — and lo! you have disturbed a whole wasp's nest of evil passion, and probably your family and the Hetchels will be put in non-intercourse all the rest of your life. Speaking one's mind, with these people, means their privilege of sticking needles into every one's feelings they choose, whereas all the neighborhood must be sweet as summer towards them. s.

PRAYING PEOPLE DEAD.

THE ladies who thought they prayed Theodore Parker out of the world can find abundant precedents in history. As far back as the thirteenth century the Dominicans (the reader of history will remember that they established the Inquisition) claimed that they had this power over the lives of their enemies. After Pope Innocent died, with whom they had quarrelled, they assumed that his death was granted in answer to their prayers, and it became a proverbial saying, "From the litanies of the Dominicans, good Lord, deliver us." (See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, fourth volume.) At the present day, the same thing is practised in Central Africa. When any one sickens among the Wanyamwezi, his friends suspect that it is owing to the incantations of some one. When he dies, they are apt to fix upon the suspected person as the author of his death through mystic or magical rites. In this case, however, Negro-land is more enlight-

ened than Christendom. The Wanyamwezi do not consider it a virtue and a merit to pray people out of the world. It is a capital crime, and if the guilty party is convicted, he is sure to suffer death. (See Burton's Lake Regions of Central Africa.) s.

MRS. DALL'S FORTHCOMING WORK.

WE have been favored with a reading of it in the advance sheets, — "A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor." The illustration is found in the autobiography of Marie Zakrzewska, which the reader will find full of remarkable incident, and which he will not tire of perusing. We give one glimpse of her from Mrs. Dall's vigorous and earnest words of introduction: —

In the autumn of 1856 I first saw Marie Zakrzewska.* During a short visit to Boston (for she was then resident in New York), a friend brought her before a physiological institute, and she addressed its members.

She spoke to them of her experience in the hospital at Berlin, and showed that the most sinning, suffering woman never passed beyond the reach of a woman's sympathy and help. She had not, at that time, thoroughly mastered the English language; though it was quite evident that she was fluent, even to eloquence, in German. Now and then, a word failed her; and, with a sort of indignant contempt at the emergency, she forced unaccustomed words to do her service, with an adroitness and determination that I never saw equalled. I got from it a new revelation of the power of the English language. She illustrated her noble and nervous thoughts with incidents from her own experience, one of which was told in a manner which impressed it forever on my consciousness.

"Soon after I entered the hospital," said Marie, "the nurse called me to a ward where sixteen of the most forlorn objects had begun to fight with each other. The inspector and the young physicians had been called to them, but dared not enter the *mêlée*. When I arrived, pillows, chairs, foot-stools, and vessels had deserted their usual places; and one stout little woman, with rolling eyes and tangled hair, lifted a vessel of slops, which she threatened to throw all over me, as she exclaimed: 'Don't dare to come here, you green young thing!'

"I went quietly towards her, saying gently, 'Be ashamed, my dear woman, of your fury.'

"Her hands dropped. Seizing me by the shoulder, she exclaimed, 'You don't mean that you look on me as a woman?'

* Pronounced *Zak-shef-ska*.

"'How else?' I answered; while she retreated to her bed, all the rest standing in the attitudes into which passion had thrown them.

"'Arrange your beds,' I said; 'and in fifteen minutes let me return and find everything right.'

"When I returned all was as I had desired,—every woman standing at her bedside. The short woman was missing; but, bending on each a friendly glance, I passed through the ward, which never gave me any more trouble.

"When, late at night, I entered my room, it was fragrant with violets. A green wreath surrounded an old Bible, and a little bouquet rested upon it. I did not pause to speculate over this sentimentality, but threw myself weary upon the bed; when a light tap at the door startled me. The short woman entered; and, humbling herself on the floor, since she would not sit in my presence, entreated to be heard.

"'You called me a woman,' she said, 'and you pity us. Others call us by the name the world gives us. You would help us, if help were possible. All the girls love you, and are ashamed before you; and therefore I hate you,—no: I will not hate you any longer. There was a time when I might have been saved,—I and Joanna and Margaret and Louise. We were not bad. Listen to me. If *you* say there is any hope, I will yet be an honest woman.'

SONG SNATCHES.

LONGINGS.

FROM this valley's gloomy hollow,
Where the chilling vapors rest,
Could I find a path to follow,
O how glad I were, and blest!
Yonder swell the hills in brightness,
Green with ever-youthful spring,
Soon I'd tread their slopes with lightness
Could I mount on soaring wing.

Harmonies melodious blending
There are breathing heavenly calm;
Gentle breezes hither wending
Waft the fragrancy of balm.
Golden fruitage there is glowing,
Hidden half in leafy bloom,
Richest flowers sweetly blowing
Dread no frost to rob their bloom.

O how sweet forever straying
 In the sun's unclouded light,
 Purest gales around me playing,
 Fanning fresh from every height!
 But, alas! the swollen torrent
 Roars with foaming might along,
 And its angry whirling current
 Soon would overwhelm the swimmer strong.

See, yon drifting bark is nearing;
 But, alas! the helmsman fails!
 Cheerly in, though nothing fearing,
 Blessed souls will swell the sails.
 Summon all thy faith and daring,
 Heaven will pledge a helping hand;
 Trust some wondrous angel's bearing
 Thee to yon bright wonder-land!

SCHILLER, *translated by* WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

HINT.

For the distant still thou yearnest,
 And behold the good so near!
 If to use the good thou learnest,
 Trust thou 't always find it here.

AS THOU ME, SO I THEE.

O my close, tight-fisted brother,
 None will help thee,—that believe:
 For one hand must wash the other;
 He must give who would receive.

GOETHE, *translated by* J. S. DWIGHT.

THEODORE PARKER'S BETTER FRAMES.

THEODORE PARKER seems to have had a double consciousness. In his controversial moods he would say some of the most profane things: in his better moods, some very sweet and excellent things. Here is an emanation from one of his better frames:—

“Jesus! there is no dearer name than thine
 Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
 No wreaths or garlands ever did entwine
 So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

" There every virtue set his triumph seal ;
 Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace
 In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,
 And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

" Once on the earth wert thou before men's eyes,
 That did not half thy beauteous brightness see ;
 E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
 Nor our weak orbs look through immensity."

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,
 A laughing boy I see ;
 Two little feet the carpet press,
 And bring the child to me.
 Two little arms are round my neck,
 Two feet upon my knee :
 How fall the kisses on my cheek !
 How sweet they are to me !

That merry shout no more I hear,
 No laughing child I see ;
 No little arms are round my neck,
 Nor feet upon my knee !
 No kisses drop upon my cheek,
 Those lips are sealed to me.
 Dear Lord, how could I give him up
 To any but to thee !

ALL 's for the best, though all
 So doubtful look and dark ;
 And if the sky should fall,
 'T would bring us down a lark.

PARENTS, when unlike their children, are often unnecessarily alarmed at the dispositions which they show,—like a hen who has hatched ducklings and sees them take to the water.

The President of the United States is the prime minister of the sovereign people.

Remember Apollo,
Ye lovers who follow
The nymphs who bewitch you, — and don't be too quick !
For more than one Daphne has turned out a stick.

Statesmen often resemble rope-dancers, who maintain themselves at a dangerous elevation by swaying from one side to the other.

The Roman Catholic confessional makes a man a spy upon himself.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Capt. H. M. I. Army, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. New York : Harper and Brothers. — Captain Burton left Zanzibar in January, 1857, on an exploring expedition into Central Africa, as far as Lake Tanganyika, in which service he was employed over two years. This large volume of 550 pages gives the details of his explorations and discoveries, both geographical and ethnological. The expedition, it will be seen, penetrated into that unknown region concerning which some knowledge has long been sought with eager curiosity. The reader turns with special interest to the chapters on ethnology, in which the writer gives a very full and satisfactory description of the manners, customs, social condition, character, and religion of the Central and East African tribes. The picture is somewhat revolting, though not altogether unrelieved. The practice of slavery, with its degrading consequences, is traced in its influence on the African character. In the very interesting chapter entitled, "Village Life in East Africa," the writer thus sums up the results of his observation : "The assertion may startle the reader's preconceived opinions concerning the savage state in Central Africa, and the wretched condition of the slave races, negroid and negro ; but it is not less true, that the African is in these regions superior in comforts, better dressed, fed, and lodged, and less worked than the unhappy ryot of British India. His condition where the slave-trade is slack, may indeed be compared advantageously with that of the peasantry in some of the richest

European countries." The descriptions of scenery and of personal adventure are interspersed through the narrative, and the work is copiously illustrated. It is a useful and entertaining book of travels.
s.

Italy in Transition. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M., Author of "A Mission to the Mysore," "The Successful Merchant," "The Tongue of Fire," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — The author travelled through Savoy, Sardinia, Lombardy, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Papal Dominions, conversed with men of various classes when the mind of Italy was awake with its new ideas, and he gives here the fruits of his observation. The book abounds in pleasant gossip, and descriptions of the people and the principal cities. The writer had his eye and ear specially open to discern the state of the Catholic Church, and how strong might be its hold on the faith and the affections of the people at the seat of its power. The book will be read with interest by all who sympathize in the regeneration of Italy.
s.

Studies in Animal Life. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of "Life of Goethe," "The Physiology of Common Life," etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is a little book of 146 pages, with many illustrations, written in a style free from technicalities, and familiarly adapted to all classes of readers. Curious and instructive facts in natural history are very pleasantly told. The omnipresence of life revealed by the microscope, mollusks and their eggs, polypes, biology as a means of culture, principles of classification, beetles, pearl-oysters, origin of species, metamorphoses, life within life; — such is the range of topics. It is a good book to put into the hands of young persons to open their minds to the mysteries of the animal kingdom which lies about them.
s.

A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter and their Relations to Each Other. By Professor FARADAY. Delivered before a juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during the Christmas Holidays of 1859 – 60. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F. C. S. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Har-

per and Brothers. — Professor Faraday is one of the most successful lecturers on physical science ; in eloquence, ease, and aptness in his experiments, subtilty of speculation, and power of touching his audience with his own contagious enthusiasm, he has for many years been favorably known to the British public. These six lectures were delivered to an audience of young persons, and were specially adapted to them. They are reported verbatim by Mr. Crookes. They may be read with equal profit by most non-professional readers. The following are the subjects of the lectures : The Force of Gravitation, Gravity and Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Heat, Magnetism and Electricity, The Correlation of the Physical Forces, the Electric Light. The boys ought to read these as well as the story-books. s.

Chapters on Wives. By MRS. ELLIS, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." New York : Harper and Brothers. — Novels generally wind up with marriage. Mrs. Ellis, in these sketches, goes beyond, and paints the scenes of domestic life, its trials and its failings, and tries to help those who enter it in actualizing more perfectly its highest ideals. The book comprises five sketches, not essentially connected, all written in a healthful moral tone, and bearing with quiet and kindly influence on the happiness of home. s.

Jack in the Forecastle ; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale. By the Author of "Tales of the Ocean," "Salt-Water Bubbles," etc. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. — This book comprises a narrative of cruises and adventures of the writer between the years 1809 and 1817. It has pictures of life at sea, and descriptions of countries and peoples visited in all parts of the world. It gives a vivid impression of the trials and hardships of the sailor, like Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." It imparts much knowledge of men and things ; is written in a style fresh, easy, and natural, and will be found by the reader one of the pleasantest among books of travel. It is largely illustrated.

Home Ballads and Poems. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Whittier's later poems have less of the trumpet tone than the earlier ones, and more mellowing softness ; but they stir the heart no less with the love of freedom and detestation of wrong. Most of these "Home Ballads and Poems"

we recognize as having appeared in the periodicals, and we welcome them all the more in a permanent form, to be read over and over again, as we would welcome a strain of remembered music, and bring back the old pleasurable associations and emotions. These later effusions make a neat volume of 206 pages, which no admirer of Whittier will fail to get.

A Dictionary of Correspondences, Representatives, and Significatives, derived from the Word of the Lord. Extracted from the Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Third edition. Boston: Otis Clapp. — This work was originally published about twenty years ago. The present is an improvement on former editions, and has about 1200 additional words. It is designed for those who read the Bible according to Swedenborg's system of interpretation. The spiritual or analogical meaning of words is given, with abundant references to the Word and to Swedenborg's expositions, where the meaning given is further verified and applied. It will be deemed an important aid by most readers who have faith in a spiritual within the literal sense of the Scriptures. s.

Life and Religion of the Hindoos. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By JOGUTH CHUNDER GANGOOLY (baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. — He tells his story with charming simplicity, and corrects some popular mistakes about the Hindoos and their superstitions. The book is in two parts, the first part devoted to the "Life and Religion of the Hindoos;" the second part details Philip's own life and personal experience, including his conversion to Christianity, and the struggles and difficulties which he had to pass through. The book reveals an order of talent in the young convert for which many persons had not given him credit, and which his childlike manners might not indicate. Dr. Ellis's Introduction, including the letter of Rev. S. N. Bush, who was for some time Gangooly's instructor, and who had ample opportunities to know his character, the depth of his convictions, the quality of his mind and genius, impart additional interest to the volume. s.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. From the fifth London edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. A very modest title to a book full of excellent and pithy sayings. It is the joint production of Julius Charles Hare and brother, the former well known already

to the religious public. His calm, half-spiritualized countenance fronts the title-page. The proverbs and essays have a fine flavor both of wisdom and scholarship, and the American publishers have given the thoughts a fit setting in the beautiful paper and typography of the present edition. s.

Pictures and Flowers for Child-Lovers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This is a little book of poems, of which infancy and childhood are the inspiring themes. They are not "original," we are happy to say, but are the best utterances of some of the best writers, making a small volume of choice selections. We can recommend it as genuine to parents, and all the little folks. s.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Don't imagine from the title that this is a dull book. It is as full of good sense and genial humor as it can hold. Open at the chapter "Concerning two Blisters of Humanity;" look at the portraits of Mr. Snarling and Miss Lemejuice, and you will be pretty sure to read all the thirteen chapters, with the "Conclusion," and will rise from the perusal with better knowledge of human character, and in more loving mood towards all the world. If the reader is a clergyman, he will find hints for sermons on almost every page, and whether clergyman or not, he will find some of the best lessons on human life, delivered with a quaintness and good-nature that keeps him in the best of moods. The print and paper are uncommonly good, and the book has an English air. s.

PAMPHLETS.

A Discourse preached Oct. 28, 1860, on resigning the Pastoral Charge of the First Church and Parish in Dedham, after a Ministry of Forty-two Years. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Dr. Lamson's farewell discourse is full of tender reminiscences of a long and faithful ministry. s.

The Duty of Disobedience to the Fugitive-Slave Act; an Appeal to the Legislators of Massachusetts. By L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: American Anti-Slavery Society. — The duty is put home by a detail of facts, from whose logic the reader will not escape except by renouncing his humanity. s. 3✓

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